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A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

ADVENTURES AND SUFFERINGS

OF

CAPTAIN DANIEL D. HEUSTIS

AND HIS COMPANIONS,

IN

CANADA AND VAN DIEMAN'S LAND,

DURING A LONG CAPTIVITY;

WITH

TRAVELS IN CALIFORNIA,

AND

VOYAGES AT SEA.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE CANADIAN MOVEMENT.

BY BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR.

The true history of this movement is yet to be written; and, when written, it will be a triumphant vindication of the patriotic spirits engaged in it. Justice may move slowly, but it is certain.

The policy of the British government toward its colonies is well known. It is, and ever has been, *to get as much out of them as possible, at the smallest cost.*

This policy has been steadily pursued ever since the infamous and cowardly treaty of Paris, in 1763. The people have been peeled, crushed, deprived of nearly every right, fined, taxed, imprisoned, until, from *men*, they have been reduced almost to the level of *things*.

We lack space — neither is it in unison with the design of this work — to enter into minute detail relative to the past history of the Canadas. A rough outline must suffice.

When New France was made over to England, the bulk of the population was of French descent, and so continues, although the immigration of Anglo-Saxons has reduced the proportional majority. It would seem that toward this important class true policy would have dictated conciliation; but the Court of St. James thought otherwise. Their rights of property have been violated, and, until very recently, they have been excluded from every place of honor or emolument. This proscription, together with a succession of unremitting exactions and petty oppressions, has kept them in a state of semi-revolt. Like gunpowder, the spark was but wanting to cause an explosion.

But tyranny stopped not with this insulted class. The iron hand has been laid upon the whole people. The British government threw a "tub

to the whale" in 1791, by dividing the Province of Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada, and giving a constitution for the government of each; a constitution which Gov. Simcoe, the first executive of Upper Canada, in his opening speech, pronounced "the very image and transcript of that of England." Practically, the "image" proved to be a mere charcoal caricature. Notoriously bad as is the structure of the British constitution, this was found, in its working, to be infinitely worse. Those who made the constitution neutralized the whole, by providing that the Legislative Council should be appointed *by the Executive*, and that this irresponsible body should have a veto on the bills passed by the People's House. This power was exercised to the utmost. The most beneficial acts of the popular branch were almost invariably rejected; especially those which were calculated to elevate the masses, give character to the country, throw open to enterprise her uncultivated soil and affluent streams, and extend her trade. Bills for general common school education; for encouraging emigrants of capital to settle; for securing the purity of trial by jury, by an impartial selection of jurymen; for abolishing the feudal law of primogeniture; for regulating the mode of elections, so as to protect the rights of citizens; for reforming the overgrown salaries of officials; for exempting Quakers and other religionists from bearing arms, and from militia fines in time of peace; and scores of others, of like character, were scornfully thrown under the table, after they had been matured by the lower house in accordance with "the will of the people."

Let us look a moment at the cost of thus misgoverning the Canadas, at the time of the outbreak. Lord Gosford had $44,000 a year, for oppressing the 600,000 people of Lower Canada, and Sir Francis Head had $22,000, for taking the same kind care of the 300,000 people of Upper Canada. The salary of the Attorney-General of Upper Canada was $4,800; that of the Solicitor-General $3,000; that of the Chief Justice about $8,000, and each of the five Judges $4,400. The Governor's Secretary had a handsome salary, with an addition of six dollars for every marriage license. The Postmaster-General of the Provinces, who, with the above-named functionaries, was appointed by the home government, received an enormous annual income from salary and perquisites. The above must suffice as specimens of the innumerable host of foreign leeches that were sucking the life-blood of the colonies. "Their name is legion."

During the three or four years preceding the insurrection, the Assem-

bly of the Lower Province refused to raise the money for official salaries, because many of the recipients were pluralists, holding offices inconsistent with each other, and because they had all uniformly opposed every effort of the people for redress. The British Parliament, however, "cut the gordian knot," by passing a resolution, taking seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars out of the provincial treasury, to pay these mercenary hirelings; and this in defiance of the strenuous opposition of O'Connell, Brougham, and even the Duke of Wellington. Of this outrage the Westminster Review spoke thus:—

"The House of Assembly, unable to procure the redress of certain grievances, has for some time refused to vote the supplies. The whig administration has thereupon proposed to the House of Commons certain resolutions, to the effect that *the grievances of the Canadians shall not be redressed*, and that the Governor of the Province shall be authorized to appropriate the public moneys without the consent of the House of Assembly. This proceeding is in direct violation of the constitution of Lower Canada, as settled by the act of the 31st George III. c. 31. This act of the whigs is founded upon the expectation that the people are too feeble to resist."

The over-laden back will either break or endeavor to cast off its load. It was so with the Canadians. They had submitted to official insolence, to foreign domination, to excessive taxation, to unequal and oppressive duties, to restriction of trade, until submission, instead of being a virtue, became cowardice. The living thousands were at last aroused. The death-sleep had passed off. But they did not, even then, resolve upon adopting the dernier resort. They remonstrated, as they had often done before, earnestly, eloquently, indignantly. They laid a complete and unanswerable statement of facts at the foot of the throne. It was spurned. They tried another course. At the suggestion of Papineau, they formed a commercial league against the mother country. The French Canadians bound themselves by oath to use exclusively home products, or those of the United States. This brought matters to a crisis. They had at last touched the most sensitive nerve of the "nation of shopkeepers" — *the pocket.*

The Canadians have been censured for rushing precipitately into rebellion, so totally unprepared as the result proved them to be. They had an avalanche of numbers, but they lacked organization, discipline, arms, ammunition, and money. How, it is very properly asked, could they have expected to resist successfully the drilled soldiery

of Great Britain? To this we reply — they were forced into the measure by the government, against their will and judgment. They had by no means exhausted the peaceful resources at their command. This matter is briefly but fully explained by M. Papineau, in an historical work, quoted by M. Regnault, in his "Criminal History of the British Government." M Papineau says:—

"I challenge the English government to deny, when I affirm, that none of us were prepared for, expected, wished, or even anticipated an armed resistance. But the English government had resolved to rob the province of its revenue and its representative system; it had resolved to devote some of us to death, and others to exile; it was for this that martial law was proclaimed, and the citizens were tried by court-martial for acts which it was decided, some weeks before, formed no ground for accusation; founding the necessity of creating military tribunals on the impossibility of obtaining sentence of death from the civil tribunals. Yes, once more the executive power, having in view the interests of the metropolis, formed inhuman combinations against innocent men, which had been admitted to be illegal; the provocation came from it, but the insurrection was not lawful. *We had resolved not yet to rebel.* This has been proved to the government by our papers, which have been seized, a government which calumniates, in order to become persecutors."

This is the testimony of a man of unimpeachable character, and the acknowledged leader of the masses of Lower Canada. He was emphatically the O'Connell of his country.

The facts corroborate his evidence. While the people were confining their action strictly within constitutional limits, Papineau was accused of treason, but escaped to France; and leading Patriots, in and out of Montreal, were arrested and imprisoned. Collision with the populace was provoked by the British soldiery, at the instigation of the government, and THE INSURRECTION COMMENCED.

We need not relate the particulars of that disastrous struggle. They are too fresh to be forgotten. But if ever a people were justified in appealing to the last argument, the Canadians were so, before God and man. Wrongs were perpetrated upon them at which the Czar of Russia would blush; and he who would condemn *them*, must, with thrice the emphasis, condemn the American revolution; a revolution sanctioned by the deliberate verdict of all Europe.

Many are in the habit of looking at *results* instead of *causes*, and judging accordingly of the merit of a movement. If successful, the *rebel* becomes a *hero;* if unsuccessful, a *traitor*. Such men have yet much to learn, before their wisdom will be perfect.

The Patriots, though engaged in a conflict almost void of hope, fought bravely, gloriously. The whole country was roused. Beacon fires blazed on every hill-top, and the green valleys teemed with strong hearts ready for martyrdom. They baptized many a battle-field with their blood, and caused thousands of the British soldiery to bite the dust. Weak, undisciplined, unorganized, without provisions, arms, or ammunition, they yet proved themselves no contemptible foe. Had they possessed but the ordinary means for such a contest, British dominion would long since have ceased in North America. No towering monument perpetuates the glory of their achievements, and none is needed. The heart of every friend of liberty enshrines their memory.

The end is not yet. The fire, once kindled, never expires. It may smoulder beneath the surface, unperceived by human eye, but it will break out again with added power. With the people of Canada, it is now a settled opinion that they shall sooner or later be independent. They are beginning to feel their strength. The British government is itself conscious that its hold is fast relaxing. Its legislation indicates an intention to *procrastinate*, rather than totally to avoid, the result. The union of the two Provinces in one, which was insolently termed a measure of pacification, is a failure. It robs the French of Lower Canada of their proportionate influence, and thus keeps them in a state of irritation. The honest truth is, the home government cannot legislate successfully for the Provinces; and if they do not themselves sever the chain the people will do it for them.

"REVOLUTIONS NEVER GO BACKWARD." It is a trite but emphatic truth, demonstrated a thousand times in the history of the past, and will be a thousand times in the history of the future. A revolution once started on its course, its termination is as certain as the pathway of the sun. Like that glorious luminary, it may be veiled in cloud, but it will still travel on behind the cloud. It moves on when no mortal eye can see it; it moves on when the calm of deathlike quiet seems to pervade the whole land. Wake but the dormant principle of *liberty* in the bosom, and all the gilded opiates of tyranny cannot hush it to sleep again. How many times did the American revolution appear to be at an end, with its purpose unaccomplished! Traitors and mutineers in our own camp; a broken currency; a starved and unpaid militia; a hundred adverse influences, conspired to crush the enterprise. But the people had *wrongs* to redress; wrongs that burned at the heart's core; wrongs that made them oblivious of suffering; and they *conquered*. The same

spirit, and the same oppression, that pushed our revolutionary sires onward in the thorny path to victory, will influence the people of the Provinces. British despotism may deprive every patriot of his weapon; may crowd the cells of their prisons, and the holds of their transport vessels; but the PRINCIPLE will exist and operate, silently perhaps, but effectually, until, like the little leaven, it "has leavened the whole lump."

The connection of citizens of the United States with the Canadian movement has been the theme of no stinted denunciation. Upon this point we have space but for few words. The act of Congress, of April 20, 1818, provides, "that if any person shall, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, begin or set on foot, and provide or prepare the means, for any military expedition or enterprise, to be carried on from thence against the territories or dominions of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district or people, with whom the United States are at peace, any person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be fined not exceeding three thousand dollars, and imprisoned not more than three years."

If an infraction of this law was committed — a point, by the way, which it is not our province now to discuss — ENGLAND, at least, has no right to complain. That government is world-famous for its total disregard of international obligations; and its treaties with other powers, especially minor ones, have been repeatedly broken.

Let us cite an instance; one of the many acts of provocation and insult which aroused the spirit of liberty in the breasts of the patriotic citizens of our country residing on the frontier. The American steamer Caroline was quietly moored at the wharf of a port in the State of New York. She had no connection with the Patriots, a considerable body of whom then occupied Navy Island. She had made a few trips to the island, carrying passengers, each one paying his fare. This was a lawful and legitimate business. At the dead of night, while this vessel was thus lying at an American wharf, with several peaceful American citizens sleeping on board, a band of armed British tories, acting under the orders of their commanding officer, crossed over from the Canada side, boarded the steamer, murdered several innocent persons, applied the incendiary's torch, and sent the burning vessel over the falls of Niagara, with living men, as is generally believed, on board! What did the British government? Did they make prompt and ample restitution, so far as in their power, for this outrageous infraction of international law?

Did they punish the incendiaries and murderers? No! They formally sustained the act, and rewarded with high honors the perpetrators of it! From that hour to this the wrong remains unredressed. The American people demanded energetic action from our government; and the demand was met by expending quires of paper and quarts of ink! The whole affair evaporated in *official correspondence;* and, when the Ashburton treaty was on the *tapis*, it was thrown into the scale as a make-weight.

The tyrants of England, and the tyrants of all other countries, may be assured that, whenever and wherever an effort is made to "cast the cords" of oppression off, the great heart of the American nation will respond. It is no infraction of enactments to *feel* or to *speak* our sympathy, or to transmit means for the contest.*

Who does not recollect how the popular pulse throbbed when the news reached us that Greece — famed in song and story — with the upraised cross, was struggling against the crescent; that Poland had bearded the Bear of Russia; that young Texas had stricken itself from the roll of Mexican dependencies! The chivalry of the nation was roused, and thousands of our gallant spirits rushed to the battle-field. All the means necessary to continue these contests were freely furnished. The press was pregnant with good will; thronged assemblies were convened; loud huzzas answered to eloquent appeals; and the whole people were moved as by the upheaving of the volcano. Yet were we "at peace" with Turkey, with Russia, and with Mexico.

Those of our citizens who passed over the line, and took sides with the Canadians on their own soil, had the legal right to do so. And the act was heroic. If he who bravely throws himself into the *melee* with hope and triumph before him deserves renown, much more does *he* who fights under the certainty of ultimate defeat. If he who joins his own

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* On the question of national neutrality, Chancellor Kent, in vol. 1, p. 142, of his Commentaries, says: "It was contended, on the part of the French nation, in 1796, that neutral governments were bound to restrain their subjects from selling or exporting articles contraband of war to the belligerent powers. But it was successfully shown, *on the part of the United States*, that neutrals may lawfully sell at home to a belligerent purchaser, or carry, themselves, to a belligerent power, contraband articles, subject to the right of seizure *in transitu*. The right has since been explicitly declared by the judicial authorities of the country. The right of the neutral to transport, and of the hostile power to seize, are conflicting rights, and neither power can charge the other with a criminal act."

In the case of the Santissima Trinidad, 7th Wheaton, p. 253, we find the following decision of the Supreme Court of the United States: "No neutral state is bound to prohibit the exportation of contraband articles, and the United States *have not prohibited it.*"

country in a contest for freedom merits the wreath of glory, much more does *he* render himself immortal, who buckles himself to the strife for those who are not of his kindred or people. The Americans who were engaged in this movement left home, friends, fortune, wives, and children behind them — for what? For toil, privation, poverty, imprisonment, exile, and death. They made a sublime effort in behalf of humanity Living or dead, all honor to their names and memory!

NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life — Residence in Roxbury, Massachusetts — Removal to Watertown, New York — Travels in Canada — Sympathy for the Canadian People — The Outbreak in Lower Canada — Battles of St. Dennis, St. Charles, and St. Eustache.

My native place is Coventry, Vermont, where I was "ushered into this breathing world" in the year 1806. The particular day and hour of this somewhat important event to me, I shall leave veiled in obscurity, not having the vanity to suppose that it can be of any consequence to the thousands who I confidently hope will honor this unpretending story with a perusal. My father's name was Simon Heustis. He was a farmer, in moderate circumstances as to property, and the father of ten children. When I was at the age of ten years, he removed to Westmoreland, N. H., a quiet, agricultural town, near Keene, which, during my imprisonment, was rendered famous as the retreat of Governor Dorr, where he found a safe refuge, and received the warmest sympathy and kindest attentions of the inhabitants. Here my father and mother educated their numerous family as well as their limited means would allow. They were both members of the Presbyterian Church, and inculcated the principles of religion in their daily walk and conversation. For the blessings of liberty and republican government I was early taught to cherish a lively gratitude. Tyranny and oppression, of every kind, I was led to abhor and detest.

Of the events of my boyish days, and the thousand little incidents, adventures, frolics, and amusements, in which I was an eager participant, and which cast such glorious and invigorating rays of sunlight on the horizon of youth, it is not my purpose to speak. They are written on the tablet of memory, and the rough storms I have since encountered have only served to render the inscription still more legible and permanent.

The story which I have to relate, will necessarily be a dark picture of suffering and misery. There will be much in it to call forth the sympathetic tear, and there will also be some ludicrous passages, that may excite a smile. My experience and observation during an imprisonment of six years, nearly five of which were passed in a distant penal colony among a congregated mass of criminals of every grade, have furnished me with ample materials for a thrilling book; and, if I shall succeed in working these materials into proper shape, and in dressing my thoughts in suitable style, I have no fears of disappointing those who may undertake to read my narrative.

In 1825 my father was removed to a brighter and better world. In the spring of 1826, being then 20 years old, I came to Boston in quest of employment. That season I worked for Mr. Joshua Lewis, a farmer, in Roxbury, a few miles out of Boston. In the fall I returned to Westmoreland, in ill health, and remained there during the winter.

The next spring I again found employment in Roxbury, on the farm of Mr. Joseph D. Williams, till July. After that I went into the employ of Dea. Elisha Wheeler, who kept an extensive grain, meal, and West India goods store, on the Neck, very near the Roxbury line. I remained with Deacon Wheeler nearly eight years, and it affords me pleasure to speak of his many virtues and noble traits of character. As a business man he has ever been distinguished for honesty and fairness in his dealings. I invariably found him kind, pleasant, and gentlemanly, and shall always remember with gratitude the friendly manner in which he treated me and others in his service.

In March, 1834, I went to Watertown, Jefferson county, N. Y., where an uncle of mine, James Wood, was residing. Watertown is the shire town of Jefferson county, and a place of some importance. It contains several manufactories, and is the centre of considerable trade.

My uncle gave me employment one season in the boating business between Sackett's Harbor and New York city.

After that I went into the service of Messrs. Clark and Burr,

morocco-dressers, at Watertown, who were doing an extensive business. I remained with them two years and a half. During that time I had occasion to travel much in Canada, between Toronto and Montreal, purchasing pelts and selling morocco. In these travels I saw much of the condition of the Canadian people, and frequently listened to their bitter complaints against the government under which they lived. They were harassed in a thousand ways, robbed of their dearest rights, plundered of their substance, and all their remonstrances no more heeded than the idle wind. They were taxed, most exorbitantly, to support a host of proud, overbearing, insolent, and virtually irresponsible government-officers, in whose appointment they had no voice, and over whose conduct they could exercise no control or supervision. It would require volumes to detail the grievances under which the people of Canada became restless, and of which, as it appeared to me, they very justly uttered their emphatic complaints.*

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* That indefatigable, uncompromising, and devoted champion of the rights of the people of Canada, Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, who was repeatedly elected a member of the local Parliament of Upper Canada, where he was unwearied in his endeavors to procure a change in the policy of the British government; who, by means of his newspaper, always conducted with energy and ability, exerted a mighty influence in the cause of liberty; who was sent to England by the reformers, on a mission having for its object a peaceful and legal redress of the wrongs of Canada; — this much injured man has recently addressed a letter to Earl Grey, Secretary of State for the Colonies of England, dated at Albany, N. Y., Nov. 22d, 1846, from which I make the following extract: —

"Although I am at this moment the only remaining political exile who took part in the insurrection of 1837, in Upper Canada, yet I deny, as I ever have done, that armed opposition was anything more than a resistance to unlawful power, for lawful, just, and praiseworthy objects. I really wish we could have borne a little more of the insults, injuries, and oppressions, which I vainly endeavored, as your lordship well knows, to lessen or mitigate, for many years, and at great personal and pecuniary risks and sacrifices. * * * * * * * * *

"My lord, I gave you and your colleagues a hundred warnings of the precipice on which you stood. I invited you to consider whether you could keep colonies, of immense extent, in view of the United States, on the principle of continually sacrificing the interests of the people to those of a vile faction. I laid on your table the memorials of a majority of the whole people of Upper Canada. I appeared in England as the agent of the various denominations of professing Christians who were aggrieved by your infatuated policy of exclusively establishing, endowing, organizing, and pensioning the clergy of the Episcopal Church. I had many long conversations with successive ministers of state; my

Who can wonder, that what I saw and heard excited in my bosom a strong feeling of sympathy for the Canadian people? They were tired of British rule, and would fain throw off the yoke that was on their necks, as our fathers had done when that yoke oppressed them. I should have been recreant to the principles of liberty in which I had been nurtured, had I not deeply sympathized with a people thus struggling to be free.

In the spring of 1837 I went into business with my cousin, A. R. Skinner, at Watertown. We traded in West India goods and groceries, and also carried on butchering.

The public mind, in that vicinity, and along the whole line of the frontier, was then considerably awakened in regard to Canadian affairs. The clouds which precede the storm were already, in dark and threatening aspect, gathering in the horizon. It was evident that a crisis was approaching, which might decide the future destiny, for weal or woe, of the Canadian people. During the summer and autumn of 1837 my business led me frequently into Upper Canada, and I found that the people were growing more and more discontented and manifested a strong desire to be relieved from British thraldom.

In Lower Canada the people, incensed at the plundering of their treasury, and other high-handed acts of the home government, congregated in immense assemblages, recounted their grievances, and "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," in the defence of their inalienable rights. These meetings were addressed by M. Papineau, who had been for several years Speaker of the Lower House of the Legislature, and whose talents and genius, no less than his devotion to their cause, had made him the acknowledged leader of the people in Lower Canada. His presence was everywhere hailed with delight by the assembled thousands. The reformers had used no violence, and the government could charge them with no unlawful act. Nevertheless, it was clearly seen that they were gaining strength by the agitation, and that, if it was long continued, the

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arguments and memorials are on record in the colonial department. After an eighteen months' residence in London I returned to Canada: a new legislature was chosen; it embodied, through the labors of a special committee, over which I presided, the various grievances and wrongs which forty years of dissension and misrule had engendered; it ordered a schedule of them to be printed IN A VOLUME OF 570 OCTAVO PAGES, and circulated by thousands throughout the colony."

result would be disastrous to British rule in Canada. It was therefore the cunning policy of the government to hasten the crisis, by provoking a premature outbreak, and then taking advantage of the unorganized and undisciplined condition of the people, to crush them and their cause, at once, by "the armed heel of military preparation." The Executive Council accordingly issued warrants for high treason, against some of the prominent friends of the popular movement, and a detachment of cavalry, from Montreal, proceeded to St. Johns, and arrested P. P. Desmarais and Dr. Joseph Davignon, two worthy and influential citizens. The prisoners, heavily ironed, were dragged, by a circuitous route, through one of the most populous and patriotic districts, on the banks of the River Chambly. The sight of these devoted men, thus torn from their homes to be immured in prison, and perhaps to suffer death on an ignominious scaffold, for having dared to protest against the despotic proceedings of a tyrannical government, aroused the people, and it was resolved to make a rescue. Accordingly, the farmers of the parish of Longueiel armed themselves and liberated their friends, the affrighted cavalry being glad to escape with their lives. On their arrival at Montreal, they reported that the whole district through which they had passed was in arms.

This was joyful news for the government. They wanted some excuse for wreaking their bloody vengeance on the patriots who had so boldly opposed their misrule. "The long-desired blow is at last struck," said one of the tory papers. "Blood has at last been shed by the rebels, who now stand unmasked, and fairly subject to the worst penalties of the laws they have insulted. No British subject could desire better things."

Arrests now became the order of the day. The Montreal jails were crowded with the prisoners. The reign of terror had commenced. Lieutenant-colonel Wetherall was immediately sent into the disaffected district, with a large detachment of cavalry. The whole country presented a scene of distress. The houses were deserted, the women and children having fled.

The horrid butcheries and massacres that followed at St. Dennis, St. Charles, and St. Eustache, will ever form a memorable leaf in the history of British cruelty. The particulars are revolting to the feelings of humanity. The patriots, at these several villages, defended their homes and firesides with most exalted bravery. But they were poorly armed, short of ammunition, undisciplined, and almost entirely unprepared for the attack.

The battle of St. Dennis took place on the 23d of November, 1837. A force of 800 men, with four pieces of cannon and a howitzer, was despatched from Montreal to attack and pillage St. Dennis and St. Charles, where several of the leading reformers were residing. It was not anticipated that such an armed force would be sent to arrest half a dozen civilians, and no preparation had been made to oppose such a body. There were not more than thirty men at St. Dennis, previous to the arrival of the troops, and they were collected to prevent the seizure of Dr. Wolfred Nelson, by constables. When it was known that the troops were coming, the tocsin was sounded. About 300 men, armed with fowling guns and pitchforks, rallied around the gallant Dr. Nelson, and, after an engagement of six hours and a half, repulsed the British regulars and drove them back, with a loss of fifty men and one piece of cannon. The loss of the patriots was quite severe. The fatal discharge of the howitzer into a large building, which was crowded with men, occasioned a melancholy destruction of life. About one hundred fell in the action; yet the survivors and their friends were encouraged by the favorable termination of the fight, and were ready to meet the foe again at St. Charles.

The battle of St. Charles was fought on the 25th of November. The government force, 700 strong, of regulars, infantry, and cavalry, were met by a considerable body of honest farmers, poorly armed, and ignorant of war. Col. Wetherall says: "On arriving at two hundred and fifty yards from the rebel works, I took up a position; they opened a heavy fire, which was returned. I then advanced to another position, one hundred yards from the works; but finding the defenders obstinate, I stormed and carried them, burning every building within the stockade, except that of the honorable Mr. Debartzch. The affair occupied about an hour. The slaughter on the side of the rebels was great; only sixteen prisoners were then made. I have counted fifty-six bodies, and many more were killed in the buildings, and their bodies burnt." Other accounts state that the farmers fought bravely, and that the butchery was dreadful. Upwards of one hundred were in a barn, full of hay and straw, which was set fire to, and they were burned alive, or smothered to death. Nearly one hundred men were driven into the river, and there perished. The wounded were inhumanly bayoneted. The houses were then fired by the soldiery, and the village entirely destroyed. The horrors of this scene of carnage and death it would be impossible to describe.

On the 30th of November, the victorious army, having completed their work of slaughter in the district they had visited, and destroyed and pillaged the property of the patriots on the line of their march, and having garrisoned the several villages where the patriotic spirit was known to be most rife, returned in triumph to Montreal, exhibiting the trophies they had won, and entering the city with as much pomp and parade as if they had conquered a hostile nation.

The next great event in this sanguinary struggle was the battle of St. Eustache. This took place on the 14th of December. The village is twenty-one miles north of Montreal, on the banks of the Ottawa River, in a most lovely and picturesque rural settlement. The people, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their country's independence, determined not to permit the arrest of their proscribed leaders, Dr. Jean Oliver Chenier, and the county representatives, Messrs. Girouard and Scott, for each of whom a reward of £500 had been offered by the government. The village was attacked by Sir John Colborne, with 200 cavalry, a large train of artillery, several regiments of European soldiers and Canadian loyalists, in all amounting to 2,250 strong The patriots numbered some 300 men, with strong and resolute hearts, but, like the people of St. Dennis and St. Charles, poorly armed, with very little ammunition, and nothing to rely upon but the most undaunted bravery. As the enemy advanced upon the village, the heroic Chenier addressed his comrades, telling them that they could escape, if they wished, by a road not yet occupied by the British; but never would he leave his home, and suffer defenceless women and children to fall into the hands of a merciless enemy, without striking a blow for their protection and defence. He concluded by saying that those who were prepared to sell their lives at the dearest possible rate could remain with him. Unanimously, the whole people cried out, "LIBERTY OR DEATH; we will never desert our homes and families."

The plan of defence was hastily arranged. They took possession of several buildings, including the church, which was occupied by Dr. Chenier and sixty others. The enemy surrounded the village and cut off all retreat. The clergyman's house was first burnt, and the people who retreated to the cellars of the convent were either burnt or stifled to death. The soldiers next surrounded the church, set it on fire, and left the wounded to perish in the flames; those who leaped from the windows were met by volleys of musketry. Dr. Chenier and a few brave men jumped through a window into the graveyard,

where they fought with all the desperation of a forlorn hope. A ball soon brought their leader down, but he rallied his sinking strength, rose and discharged his gun at the enemy; twice again he was brought to the ground, and twice he rose to the attack. The fourth time HE FELL TO RISE NO MORE! Chenier's fall was the signal for an indiscriminate slaughter of the remainder of his brave band. "No QUARTER" was the cry, and, with few exceptions, all were massacred. Some few made for the ice, in the hope of gaining the opposite woods. One by one they were picked off by the marksmen posted at certain distances, and they perished amid the bleak wintry snows of Canada.

After fighting four and a half hours, Sir John obtained complete possession of the village, which was then pillaged and committed to flames, a very offensive smell arising from the burning bodies. The brutal soldiery were let loose, to violate the women, to plunder and destroy property, and to glut their fiendish propensities in the commission of nameless outrages. Dr. Chenier's mutilated body was exposed, with the clothing stripped from his yet warm limbs, the body cut into quarters, and his heart torn out and exhibited to the gaze of the barbarous soldiers. His beautiful and accomplished wife implored in vain for the remains of her husband, that she might give them a decent burial. No disposition was made of the mangled body until the stench became intolerable, and then the friends were not allowed to deposit it in the cemetery. After having been interred a while, the mourning widow had it taken up, and for fear of further violence secreted it in a garret, till she, with her own hands, could cleanse it, sew it together, and bury it in a secret place; where, says his friend and schoolmate, Dr. Theller, when Canada shall be free, a monument will be erected to his memory; though no storied urn can so well tell his worth as the inscription already written upon the hearts of freedom's friends.

On the 16th of December Sir John Colborne returned to Montreal, and rode through the city to receive the applause that greeted the return of such a conqueror. The following day the greater part of his force reached the city, escorting one hundred and five prisoners.

Accounts of these massacres of patriotic republicans by the troops of Queen Victoria soon flew to the United States, and were received with mingled feelings of indignation and horror. Public meetings were immediately held in many of the towns and cities of the States bordering on the Canadas, at which the highest enthusiasm was manifested in favor of the patriot cause;

resolutions of cordial sympathy, pledging aid and support, were adopted; money, provisions, ammunition, and clothing were collected, and committees appointed to distribute these supplies to the best advantage. In short, the popular feeling was most ardently enlisted in behalf of an attempt so bravely, though unsuccessfully made, to obtain the boon of liberty.

I have given the foregoing very brief sketch of the Lower Canada rebellion, as it is sometimes termed, because my narrative would be incomplete without a glance at this dark portion of Canadian history, and also because the events alluded to made a deep and abiding impression on my own mind, and were among the causes which induced me to embark in the attempt to liberate the people of Canada from the thraldom of British tyranny. My account, however, is necessarily very meagre, and those who desire to know more of the origin and history of that movement, will do well to consult other authors.

Doctor E. A. Theller, a fearless volunteer in the patriot cause, was taken prisoner in Upper Canada, in January, 1838, tried for high treason and sentenced to death, but afterwards respited and sent to the fortress at Quebec, from whence he effected a most wonderful escape. Subsequently he published a highly interesting work, in two volumes, entitled "Canada in 1837–8," which, while it contains a faithful history of the Canadian revolt, gives an account of the author's own personal adventures, imparting to the story all the interest of a thrilling romance. I most cordially commend this work to the attention of all who have not read it.

CHAPTER II.

Attempted Revolution in Upper Canada — Escape of the Leaders to the United States — Occupation of Navy Island — Destruction of the Caroline — Enlistment of the Author, and Journey to Buffalo — Evacuation of Navy Island — The Watertown Arsenal Guns — Hickory Island — General Van Rensselaer.

In the Province of Upper Canada the reformers were not idle during the enactment of the scenes described in the preceding chapter. They had arrived at the conclusion that longer submission to the arbitrary mandates of the British crown, and its despotic minions who exercised authority in the Provinces, would result in a loss, to them and their children, of all the rights which men hold dear. They therefore determined — after having exhausted, in vain, all the peaceful means within their control, to obtain redress — to make an effort to revolutionize the government of that Province. A day had been agreed upon for assembling in the vicinity of Toronto, the seat of government of Upper Canada, a volunteer force of armed citizens, adequate to take possession of that city, occupy the public buildings, and organize a new government. By a misunderstanding in relation to the time for striking the decisive blow, the attempt was rendered unsuccessful. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, Sir Francis Bond Head, being seasonably apprised of the intended attack, was enabled to rally a force sufficient to prevent it, inasmuch as a large portion of the patriots, owing to the mistake in regard to the time, did not arrive in season to cooperate with their friends. Those who did assemble were discouraged at not finding themselves supported, as they had expected to be, by thousands of congenial spirits, and, being tired out by a long and tedious march over bad roads, they began to falter in their purpose. Colonel Van Egmond, a man of great influence and military experience, who, in his young days, had served as aid-de-camp to Napoleon, had been selected to take the command of the patriots. He had not arrived. There being no one to direct operations, Mr. Mackenzie, in conjunction with Captain Anthony Anderson, a man of daring bravery, made such preliminary arrangements as the emergency demanded. After some

skirmishes, in which the patriots were successful, Sir Francis received strong reinforcements. He then marched out of the city with his army, in three divisions, the main one taking the direct road toward the patriots, and the other two going a mile to the right and left, with the intention of surrounding the patriot encampment. A spirited fight took place between the main body of the loyalists and the patriots. The former commenced the battle with a heavy fire of grape and canister from their park of artillery, followed by volleys of musketry, which the patriots, with their rifles, returned with deadly effect. Colonel Van Egmond had then arrived, and the patriots had received small reinforcements. They returned each volley with spirit until a report spread among them that they were surrounded. They were then compelled to retreat, leaving their killed and wounded on the field.

After the retreat, Mackenzie, Fletcher, Van Egmond, and others, held a consultation, and concluded that it would be useless, under the existing circumstances, to collect their scattered forces. Many of the patriots then returned to their homes, while others kept together, for the purpose of making their way into other districts, where they expected to find the people in arms. Some of the leaders escaped to the United States.

Thousands of men from the distant townships, who had been notified that the attack on Toronto would take place a few days after the time of the actual outbreak, were on the road to join the patriot standard; but when they heard of the disastrous result of the scheme, and were met by the government troops, they made a virtue of necessity, and pretended they had come to aid in quelling the insurrection. They were enrolled as volunteers, and compelled to serve as such, much against their inclinations.

If the plans and advice of Mr. Mackenzie had been adopted in this critical affair, there is not the least doubt that the revolution would have been consummated with very little sacrifice of life or property. After the arrangements had been completed, and notice of the time of the revolt sent into the distant townships, some of the leaders at Toronto, in the absence of Mr Mackenzie, sent out another notice, calling upon their friends to rally several days earlier than the original plan contemplated. As it was impossible for the last notice to reach the distant places in season, great confusion was the consequence. Mr. Mackenzie, on learning how matters stood, endeavored to countermand the mistaken notice, but it was too late; the men were on their way; and if they were ordered back the scheme would

be revealed to the government, and the plan would thus be frustrated. Mr. Mackenzie then tried to turn these untoward circumstances to advantage. He urged an immediate attempt to take Toronto, with the small force then assembled, as delay would enable the Lieutenant-Governor to mature his plans of defence, and to obtain strong reinforcements. But there was division in the patriot councils, and the golden moment was suffered to pass unimproved. If the blow had been promptly struck, aided as it would have been by a large majority of the citizens, such was the weakness and terror of the loyalists that there can be no doubt that an easy victory would have crowned the effort.

The tavern of Mr. Montgomery, three miles from Toronto, was committed to flames by order of Sir Francis, on a pretence that it had been the head-quarters of the rebels. The valuable property of Mr. Mackenzie, in the city, and the house, barn, and outhouses of Mr. Gibson, were also consigned to the devouring element, after the loyal volunteers had appropriated to their own use such articles as they coveted.

A party that had been sent out to scour the country returned on the succeeding day, with a number of prisoners, among whom was Colonel Van Egmond. These unfortunate men were confined in damp and unwholesome cells, where hunger and cold engendered disease, of which the gallant and noble Colonel Van Egmond and several others died.

Colonel Samuel Lount and Captain Peter Matthews were captured, taken to Toronto, tried, adjudged guilty, and condemned to death. The popular feeling was strong in their favor, and the governor was besieged with petitions from all quarters, praying that their lives might be spared. Over 30,000 persons thus entreated for executive clemency, but in vain. Previous to their execution, which took place on the 12th of April, 1838, Sir George Arthur had succeeded Sir Francis B. Head, as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. The change, however, was but a removal of one tyrant, to fill his place with another, still more bloodthirsty. I shall speak of the barbarous execution in a succeeding chapter.

The city was then garrisoned, and the loyalist militia quartered in every disaffected district. The families of those engaged in the insurrection were treated with the most brutal ferocity.

Wm. L. Mackenzie and David Gibson, two of the most prominent leaders of the reformers in and out of Parliament, crossed the lake to Buffalo, where they were received with open arms,

and welcomed to the "land of the free, and the home of the brave." A number of the most respectable citizens volunteered to guard the hotel where they stopped, lest some prowling tories or British spies, incited by the heavy reward offered by Governor Head, should make an attempt to kidnap them. The next day Mackenzie addressed the people in relation to the wrongs of Canada, giving an account of the defeat of the patriots, and its consequences.

Volunteers at once enrolled their names for the patriot service. Their head-quarters was the Eagle tavern, from which floated the Canadian banner. Arms, clothing, provisions, and munitions of war, were freely contributed.

The Canadian refugees were desirous of raising their banner on British soil, where they could enrol and discipline the volunteers that might join them. Mackenzie, with only twenty-five others, embarked in a small boat, and took possession of Navy Island, in the river immediately above Niagara Falls. This island belongs to Great Britain, is about a mile and a half long, a mile in breadth, and is described by Sir F. B. Head as "a lovely wooded spot." It is within half a mile of the Canadian shore, and well adapted for the purpose intended.

Here they were soon joined by volunteers to the number of 600; Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, of Albany, was appointed commander, and the camp exhibited a scene of active preparation for warlike movements. Many of the oppressed Canadians resolved to second and support this bold movement, and, at the most imminent risk, left their homes and crossed the lake in open boats, at a very inclement season of the year, to share the fortunes of their countrymen and friends.

The tories at Toronto were frightened half to death when the news of the occupation of Navy Island reached that city. All the military force they could muster, amounting to nearly 5000 men, was immediately ordered to take a position at Chippewa, opposite the island, to prevent the patriots from landing.

About this time General Donald McLeod and Captain Silas Fletcher, prominent patriots, fled from Canada, hotly pursued, and after some "hair-breadth escapes" crossed the St. Lawrence in a small boat, and made their way to Watertown. Their exit from Canada was so sudden that they did not take with them even complete suits of clothes. They met with the most cordial and substantial sympathy from the people of Watertown, who listened with eager attention to their exciting story, and, as they spoke of the outrages committed on the unfortunate patriots

every heart throbbed with indignation. They afterwards proceeded to Rochester, where they found Doctor Rolph, another prominent exile from the land of despotism.

While General McLeod and Captain Fletcher were at Watertown the news of the destruction of the steamboat Caroline reached town. The excitement created by this daring outrage, as may well be conceived, was intense. It was a national insult, of the grossest kind. It comprehended an armed invasion of our territory, the murder of peaceful American citizens, and the wanton destruction of an American vessel. I need not give the particulars of that tragic affair. They are known the wide world over. Mr. Mackenzie says: "The Caroline sailed under the American flag, which the assailants took to Toronto and displayed at annual festivals in honor of this outrage. She was set in a blaze, cut adrift, and sent over the Falls of Niagara. We witnessed the dreadful scene from Navy Island. The thrilling cry ran around that there were living souls on board; and as the vessel, wrapt in vivid flame, which disclosed her doom as it shone brightly on the water, was hurrying down the resistless rapids to the tremendous cataract, the thunder of which, more awfully distinct in the midnight stillness, horrified every mind with the presence of their inevitable fate, numbers caught, in fancy, the wails of dying men, hopelessly perishing by the double horrors of a fate which nothing could avert; and we watched with agonized attention the flaming mass, till it was hurried over the falls to be crushed in everlasting darkness in the unfathomed tomb of waters below." The American people will never rest satisfied until some more substantial atonement has been made by the British government for this flagrant act of aggression. Our government has disgraced itself by accepting the flimsy apology which, at the eleventh hour, was offered us.

On the 10th of January, 1838, I gave up business and devoted myself to the cause of Canadian liberty. I started immediately for Navy Island, and was accompanied by several brave men who had the same object in view. I carried with me four rifles and the same number of muskets, which had been presented to me by friends in Watertown. I was also well supplied with ammunition. Those who accompanied me also had good and trusty rifles, and other needful equipments. We travelled by stage to Rochester, a distance of 120 miles. There I met General McLeod, Captain Fletcher, and Doctor Rolph. They entrusted to my care three pieces of cannon, to convey to their friends on Navy Island. We then proceeded by railroad to

Batavia, and thence again by stage to Buffalo, where we arrived on the evening of the 15th, and put up at the Eagle tavern, the head-quarters of the patriots. There we soon learned that Navy Island had been evacuated the day before, and that about 500 of the men were then in Buffalo.

W. L. Mackenzie was stopping at a private house, and it was reported that the authorities of the United States were anxious to arrest him. I had letters to him from General McLeod and Doctor Rolph. Without much difficulty I found his place of retreat, and after a little parley with the landlady, who was exceedingly cautious, lest her guest should fall into the hands of his enemies, I gained an introduction. Mr. Mackenzie was enjoying the society of his wife, and those kind attentions which their circumstances demanded were cheerfully bestowed. I met with a cordial reception, and spent a few moments in talking over plans for future operations.

A man named T. J. Sutherland had been commissioned as a Brigadier-General by the provincial government at Navy Island, and was then on his way to take command of a considerable number of Canadian refugees and American volunteers from Ohio and Michigan, who, it was expected, would unfurl the patriot banner at Malden, on the Canada side of the Detroit River. General McLeod wished me to take a Lieutenant-Colonel's commission under Sutherland. Mackenzie advised me not to do so, as he had no confidence in the man. Subsequent events proved that Sutherland was totally unfit for the command to which he had been appointed, and that Mackenzie had rightly estimated his character.

It may be proper to remark here that I held only a Captain's commission in the patriot service. Some of my friends supposed that I was a Colonel, but they were mistaken. Though repeatedly urged to accept a higher commission, I preferred to fill a subordinate station.

The next evening, by agreement, Mackenzie met me at the Eagle tavern. General Van Rensselaer, Mr. Gibson, and the famous "Bill Johnson," the hero of the "Thousand Islands," were present at this meeting. It was judged inexpedient to continue operations in that quarter, under the then existing circumstances. In addition to the large force stationed on the Canada side to prevent a landing, the authorities of the United States were making great exertions to thwart our plans. We therefore turned our attention to other points, with a view of making a demonstration at some subsequent time. It was finally

agreed that an attempt should be made to take Fort Henry, at Kingston, on or about the 22d of February. With a view to make preparations for this new scheme I returned to Watertown, at the particular request of Bill Johnson. Mr. Gibson and Mr. Mackenzie and wife accompanied me. Under an assumed name, Mr. Gibson took lodgings at a hotel. Mr. Mackenzie kept secreted twelve or fifteen days, during which time his letters came to my care.

A circular was issued and extensively distributed through Jefferson county, calling upon the friends of Canada for contributions. In answer to this circular, provisions, clothing, and money, were freely offered. Teams were sent round to collect these articles, the general depot being at Watertown.

Active efforts were also made in enlisting men and procuring the necessary arms and ammunition. Teams were sent out in all directions to collect munitions of war. I went with one to Carthage, Champion, Rutland, Denmark, and Lockport, and returned well laden with the free offerings of a free people.

On the night of the 17th of February we borrowed, without leave, about 700 stand of arms from the arsenal at Watertown. It was the general opinion, the next day, that the arms had gone toward Canada; but the U. S. Deputy Marshal, Jason Fairbanks, Esq., in his pursuit of them, went in an opposite direction, and before he had travelled many miles ruined a valuable horse, worth nearly as much as the guns. For future security a guard was set over the arsenal. Nevertheless, some of the arms escaped on subsequent occasions, and it was mischievously reported that the sentinels were very useful in passing them out of the building. Eventually they were nearly all returned.

Whether the seizure of these arms was a justifiable act or not, is a question I shall not stop to discuss. It certainly was well planned and boldly executed, which cannot be said of all the projects to liberate Canada. The matter was afterwards investigated by the grand jury, but very little information could be obtained. The testimony of a teamster, named Carter, who lived near French Creek, and who had occasionally been employed by Bill Johnson, was about as much to the point as any. It was nearly as follows. He was asked if he was acquainted with William Johnson. He replied that he was.

"Have you been in his service recently?"

"I have."

"Was you at Watertown on the —— day of February?"

"I was."

"Did your carry a load from Watertown to French Creek?"

"I did."

"Where did you get that load?"

"When I drove up to Gilson's hotel, in the evening, a man came out and said he would take care of my horses. He was a large man, or else he was considerably bundled up. I gave up the horses to him and went in to warm me. In about half an hour the horses were again brought to the door. I went out, and the man told me to drive to French Creek as quick as possible."

"What did your load consist of?"

"I don't know."

"Why didn't you look to see?"

"I didn't want to know."

"Was it light or heavy?"

"It drawed pretty heavy."

"What did you do with the load?"

"When I got to French Creek, the next morning, I drove to Buzzell's hotel, where I stopped and went in to warm me. Being very cold, I remained some time. When I went out my team was standing at the door, but the sleigh had been unloaded. I then took my team and drove home, and that is all I know about it."

Several pieces of cannon belonging to artillery companies in different towns in the county were also borrowed without much ceremony, and probably without much regret on the part of the companies. They were afterwards returned in good order.

On the evening of the 21st of February about 600 men assembled at French Creek, a small village on the American side of the St. Lawrence, with the intention of marching the next day upon Kingston, on the opposite side of the river. General R. Van Rensselaer was to command the expedition. With a company of fifty men he marched on the ice that evening to Hickory Island, six miles from French Creek. This was a small island, with only one house on it.

The next morning I led another company of fifty men to the Island. Captain Lightle soon joined us with another company. About noon Leman L. Leach made his appearance with a company from Syracuse. Colonel Martin Woodruff remained at French Creek for the purpose of forwarding the volunteers as they arrived. A large number of men in sleighs visited the island during the day, but many of them only stopped a short time. At no time did our force consist of more than 300 men.

Three persons were arrested, suspected of being spies from Canada. They were placed under guard and detained till night, when they were released. About sundown Bill Johnson joined us. Our number had then materially diminished. There was much disappointment manifested at not finding a larger force assembled. We had calculated on a thousand men, good and true, for this expedition, and had provided an ample supply of arms, ammunition, and provisions. With feelings of deep mortification we were obliged to pronounce the enterprise a failure. But so unwilling was I to relinquish the attack upon Fort Wellington, that I still offered to go if ninety-nine would accompany me in the hazardous assault. My proposal was considered too daring and impolitic, and but few were willing to embark in an expedition which promised nothing but inevitable defeat and destruction. We therefore returned to French Creek, Johnson and myself being the last to leave the island. Various excuses were made by those who disappointed our expectations. I am willing the mantle of charity should hide their conduct.

Some of us remained at French Creek over night, but the larger portion dispersed in various directions. The inhabitants of the village, fearing an attack from the British in the course of the night, had fled into the country. The occupants of one or two houses, known to be tories, burnt blue lights in their windows, that their British friends might spare them in case of an attack.

The day after we left Hickory Island two peaceable farmers, from Jefferson county, named John Packard and George Holsonburgh, went there merely out of curiosity. They were arrested by a company of British dragoons, and closely confined in Kingston jail till August, when they were discharged without a trial. They had no connection with the patriots, and, notwithstanding that fact was fully and clearly represented to the proper authorities, they were imprisoned six months! So much for British justice.

General Van Rensselaer, after the failure at Hickory Island, went to Syracuse, where he was arrested and lodged in jail, charged with a breach of the neutrality law. He was required to give heavy bonds for his appearance at Albany, in September, for trial. He had no difficulty in procuring bail, and at the appointed time was tried, adjudged guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine and be imprisoned. He was a son of the late postmaster at Albany. The father was a gallant soldier in the last war, and was wounded at Queenston. At the commencement of the Ca-

nadian difficulties the son was editing a paper in Albany. His sympathies were at once enlisted in behalf of the patriots. He was one of the earliest to join their standard, and was chief in command at Navy Island. He had been educated at West Point, and was at that time thirty or thirty-five years old. I formed an acquaintance with him, and believed him to be a man of undoubted courage, and well qualified for a military chieftain.

It had been represented to us that thousands in Canada were ready to flock to the patriot standard as soon as it could be planted on their soil. They were destitute of arms; and any attempt to revolt, without assistance from abroad, would but result in defeat, the consequences of which would be terrible to themselves and their families. If we could take Fort Henry, a rallying-point would be established, where the Canadians could muster, provide themselves with arms, and prepare to meet the tyrants who were oppressing them. The scheme appeared practicable, and I have always lamented that no better success attended it. It is a satisfaction, however, to feel that no efforts were spared on my part to realize the high hopes which were entertained of this enterprise, so unfruitful in its results.

I accepted an invitation to ride home, with some friends from Watertown. On the way we stopped at Depeauville, for dinner. We there met the U. S. District-Attorney, N. S. Benton, Esq., and Deputy-Marshal Fairbanks, on their way to French Creek, in the expectation of official business. Our sudden return from Canada gave the Deputy-Marshal an opportunity to crack a few jokes at my expense. The learned Attorney wished to know by what authority we had presumed to arrest and detain men on the Island. Without knowing his official character, I replied that it was highly probable that gentlemen of as much consequence as he appeared to imagine himself might have been arrested, if found there under suspicious circumstances. Turning to his companion, he said, "Mr. Fairbanks, take notice of that; it's a long road that never turns."

On the 27th of February William Johnson was arrested, by Mr. Garrow, U. S. Marshal, and gave bail for his appearance at Albany, in September, to answer to a charge of violating the neutrality law. At the trial he was acquitted.

CHAPTER III.

Arrest of the Author — Journey to Auburn, in Charge of the U. S Marshal — Amusing Incident — Curiosity to see a Famous Man — Examination before Judge Conklin — Discharge — Examination of Benjamin Collins — The Witnesses — Trials in Canada — Execution of Lount and Matthews.

On the 20th of February I was politely waited upon by the U. S. Marshal, Nathaniel Garrow, Esq., and very kindly told that my sympathy for the Canadians had been indulged a little too freely, and not exactly according to the "statute in such cases made and provided." In other words, I had an account to settle with Uncle Sam, for having treated one of his darling pets, the neutrality law, with disrespect. Mr. Benjamin Collins was placed in the same category, and bail in the modest little sum of $10,000 was demanded, for our appearance at Albany, in September, for trial. We had no difficulty, however, in finding good bondsmen. But, before the bail bonds were executed, I told Mr. Collins we had better not give bail, as we should be compelled to go to Albany at our own expense, and we could have a preliminary examination, which might result in our discharge, by going with the Marshal to Auburn. At any rate, we could as well give bail in Auburn as in Watertown, and the government would have to bear our expenses while in charge of the Marshal. I therefore told Mr. Garrow that we should not give bail. He said he should be ready to start with us at ten o'clock that night, in the stage. I offered to give bail for my appearance at the appointed time, but the Marshal said he would take my word for it, and we were at liberty to go where we pleased.

The stage started at the appointed hour. The only passengers were the Marshal, two Deputy-Marshals, Mr. Collins, and myself. The stage agent told the driver to stop when he arrived opposite the Jefferson County Bank, to take in a passenger. The driver obeyed his instructions; but a salute from the village cannon, which our friends had arranged as expressive of their good wishes, was the only passenger obtained at the place designated. The cannon's loud peal was sweet music in our ears,

speaking as it did in a voice of encouragement and sympathy from those with whom we had long been intimate, and whose confidence and esteem we highly prized.

We arrived at Oswego the next day, at noon, where we remained until the following morning, the Marshal having some official business to attend to. We were allowed to go where we pleased without any restraint, and all our bills, even to the blacking of our boots, were settled by the Marshal.

When we left Oswego, our company was increased by the addition of George Rathbun, Esq., a young lawyer of that place, who had acted as aid to General Van Rensselaer at Hickory Island, and one other person, whose name I do not recollect. They were supposed to have committed the same enormous offence which was laid to our charge. Daniel C. Burns, a constable of Oswego, was taken as a witness.

On the road, the Marshal appeared to be in a facetious mood, and created some merriment by his remarks concerning the patriot army, and by inquiring of me what commission I held. For the sake of the sport, he said he would furnish champagne for the company, if I would consent to pass for "General Mackenzie," at the hotel where we were to stop for dinner, and where the Marshal was well known. The fame of "General Mackenzie" had spread through the land, and the desire to see him was great, especially in the section of country through which we were travelling. It was generally supposed that the Marshal was about to arrest Mr. Mackenzie, and the report that he had him in custody would easily gain credence. I consented to act the part assigned to me. Constable Burns was to officiate as my waiter, or servant, and he took a seat on the box with the driver.

It being just before the March election, there was a caucus at the hotel, of about 200 persons. As soon as he arrived, the driver, according to instructions, reported that the Marshal had "General Mackenzie" in his charge. The news spread like wildfire, and before we entered the hotel a large crowd had congregated in the passage-way, anxious to catch a glimpse of the hero. The Marshal apparently treated me with much respect, and Mr. Burns was exceedingly devoted in his attentions. We had to wait a few moments for dinner, the crowd around the hotel in the mean time being considerably augmented. One man actually sent his horse and sleigh the distance of a mile and a half, after his beloved wife, that she might see the distinguished stranger.

A few of the more aspiring were anxious for an introduction, and among the number was one whose honest visage and sturdy frame bespoke him a tiller of the soil.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Mackenzie," said he, grasping my hand, "and hope you will get clear; for it is too bad to punish a man, in this free country, for fighting against the British tories, law or no law. I think our government had better look after the rascals that burnt the Caroline, and let you alone. They are murderers and pirates, and ought to be hung as much as anybody; that's my notion. The British had better be careful how they insult us. We've got some of the old revolutionary spirit yet, as they'll find out, if they don't mind how they carry sail. Good luck to you, General; I hope the court will clear you."

"I thought General Mackenzie had a sandy complexion," said one of the multitude, whose bump of credulity was not so prominently developed, perhaps, as it might have been.

"He wears a wig; don't you see his red whiskers," instantly replied Constable Burns, to whom the remark had been addressed. This answer was perfectly satisfactory. My personal identity was fully established.

At the dinner-table all my wants were anticipated by the affable host and his attendants. Not even the Marshal, who had frequently dined at that house, and whose patronage was of some consequence to the landlord, received the same degree of attention that I did.

After dinner we returned to the sitting-room, and there a new scene opened upon our view. The women of the village, old and young, had flocked into the room in our absence, and were standing two or three deep, in a sort of semi-circle, waiting our return. This was what I had not anticipated. It was an additional act in the play, which I was not prepared to perform. However, I passed through the ordeal with as much composure as possible, and met the sparkling glances of youthful maidens, and the eager gaze of aged matrons, peering through spectacles, with all the coolness I could command. To a bashful man such scenes are embarrassing.

"Poor man! How I pity him!" ejaculated one of the fair creatures, in an audible whisper.

"What will they do with him, mother?" inquired a young girl, with much anxiety depicted in her countenance.

"Do you think they'll hang him?" whispered another, while the tears were coursing down her cheeks.

"It's too bad; he was only fighting for liberty!" were the last words I heard, as we were leaving the room to resume our seats in the stage.

Such manifestations of interest in the fate of those who have risked fortune and life in a struggle for liberty, are not uncommon. In all such contests the heart of WOMAN instinctively entwines its sympathies around the oppressed and the unfortunate.

"Which is he?" "Show him to me!" As we passed through the crowd, these and similar expressions came from those who had not yet had an opportunity to gratify their curiosity. Their more knowing friends very wisely pointed to me, and doubtless rejoiced in being able to enlighten their neighbors.

The driver snapped his whip over the ears of his leaders, and again we were on the road. Just as we started, three enthusiastic cheers, that made the welkin ring, were given for "General Mackenzie," the ladies waving their handkerchiefs in token of approbation.

We indulged ourselves in a hearty laugh; and the Marshal observed, "That was admirably done; we couldn't better it, if we should try."

As we were detained at the hotel some time, the information that "General Mackenzie" was in the stage had preceded us on the road, and of course I had to maintain the dignity of my position at the several stopping-places.

When we arrived at Auburn, in compliance with a desire I had expressed to the Marshal to stop at a good patriot house, he took us to the Northern Exchange, one of the best hotels in the place, and told the landlord to furnish us with whatever we wanted. He then went to his own residence, leaving us to pass the Sabbath in our own way, without molestation.

On Monday morning we visited the Auburn State Prison, by invitation of the Marshal, whose son was the keeper, and who politely conducted us through the whole establishment. Since that time I have had occasion to contrast the treatment of the inmates of the Auburn Prison with that which I have received at the hands of British tyrants. The Auburn prisoners had been convicted of crimes of almost every hue, yet their discipline was much less severe, and their living much better, than the unfortunate patriots had meted out to them, for no other crime than an attempt to establish republican institutions in Canada.

Several influential citizens of Auburn called to see us, inquired if they could render us any assistance, and offered to become our bondsmen, if we should need any.

The examinations took place before Judge Conklin, of the U. S. District Court. Mr. Benton, District-Attorney, from Herkimer county, appeared for the government. We employed no counsel. Among the witnesses against me, were Jason Fairbanks, Deputy-Marshal, Alvin Hunt, Esq., Editor of the Watertown Jeffersonian, Nathan Wiley, Luther Gilson, Linus W. Clark, and Austin R. Skinner, all from Watertown, besides several from French Creek and Adams. Their testimony did not sustain the charge. The last witness put upon the stand was the Deputy-Marshal, and the District-Attorney endeavored to prove by him that I had insulted and abused him (Benton) by saying, at Depeauville, that gentlemen of as much consequence as he might have been put under guard, if found on Hickory Island under suspicious circumstances. After the evidence was all in, Judge Conklin, addressing the Attorney, said, "You do not expect to hold Mr. Heustis to bail on this testimony." Benton replied, "Yes, may it please your honor, I think abusing an officer is sufficient to hold him to bail." The Judge, with a smile, remarked, "I consider that nothing but bar-room talk," and turning to me, added, "I shall discharge you." So the distinguished Attorney had to travel his long road still farther, to find the turn. He felt the cutting remark of the Judge, and hung his head a little lower than it had been.

After my discharge the Marshal publicly congratulated me, in the crowded court-room, on my safe deliverance from the clutches of the law. It was very easy to perceive that the popular voice sanctioned the decison of the Judge.

Colonel Martin Woodruff, of Salina, Onondaga county, was the next one called. He waived an examination and gave bail. George Rathbun, Esq., was examined and discharged.

When the case of Benjamin Collins came on, the District-Attorney stated that he was not prepared to proceed, as the witnesses by whom he expected to prove the charge had kept out of the way, and he had not been able to summon them. He therefore wished that Mr. Collins would give bail, and waive an examination. Mr. C. said, if the government would provide him with a suitable team, a span of horses and sleigh, he would go himself and get the witnesses. Strange as it may seem, the team was provided, and he immediately started for Watertown, a distance of 100 miles, *after witnesses to convict himself!* In due time he returned, with all the witnesses required. In the course of the examination one of them was asked if he was on Hickory Island, on the 22d of February. He replied that he was.

"Did you see Mr. Collins there?"
"I did."
"Did you see him have any arms?"
"I can't say that I did."
"Was he an officer, exercising any command?"
"I don't know that he was."
"How came you at Hickory Island?"
"I went because the rest did."
"Did you have any arms?"
"Yes, I had a good rifle."
"What else did you have?"
"I had 250 balls, and powder enough to push 'em, by G——"

The Judge reminded the witness that he ought to be a little more careful, or he might criminate himself. Mr. Collins was finally discharged, and thus ended the examinations, which cost the government a round sum of money, and did very little good. The District-Attorney did not gain many laurels in the business. I returned to Watertown with Mr. Fairbanks.

During the spring and summer of 1838, hundreds of quiet and peaceable men, in Canada, were tried for high treason. They had been thrust into prison, their families abused, their property sacrificed, and every effort made to get them convicted. After suffering much by imprisonment and brutal treatment, many of them were acquitted. It was impossible to find juries wicked enough to declare them guilty, notwithstanding the whole power of the government was exerted against them, aided by the judges, who were all bitter tories. Those who were convicted were doomed to perish on the scaffold, or endure the more lingering and dreadful sentence of transportation to a penal colony.

Among the martyrs were Colonel Samuel Lount and Captain Peter Matthews, to whom I have before alluded. Their execution was such a barbarous act of cruelty, that I must briefly allude to the circumstances attending it, although they may be known to the public generally. It took place on the 12th of April. The day before, Mrs. Lount presented to the Governor, Sir George Arthur, a petition signed by 30,000 inhabitants, who were opposed to shedding their blood. But that cruel tyrant insulted the wretched woman, by sneeringly asking her if she thought her husband was prepared to die; and, being answered in the affirmative, telling her that at another time he might not be so well prepared. He said that men who could control the sympathies of so many loyal people were dangerous citizens, and he should not pardon them. The unhappy wife swooned and fell

senseless at his feet. He turned upon his heel, and ordered her to be removed from the apartment. That night the families of the condemned were permitted to take a last sad farewell, and language is inadequate to picture the scene. Colonel Lount left a widow and seven children, and Captain Matthews a widow and fifteen children. They were wealthy men, and the poor and unfortunate had often been relieved by their quiet and unobtrusive acts of benevolence. Ardently beloved, both in Canada and the United States, their melancholy fate served to excite the public mind still more against the government which had slain them.

Mr. Charles Durand gives the following account of the last days of these noble martyrs, which is confirmed by Doctor Theller, both of these gentlemen being confined in the same prison, under sentence of death: "Matthews always bore up in spirits well. He was, until death, firm in his opinion of the justice of the cause he had espoused. He never recanted. He was ironed and kept in the darkest cell in the prison, like a murderer. He slept sometimes in blankets that were wet and frozen. He had nothing to cheer him but the approbation of his companions and his conscience. Lount was ironed, though kept in a better room. He used to tell us often, in writing, not to be downcast; that he believed 'Canada would yet be free,' and that we were 'contending in a good cause.' He said he was not sorry for what he had done, and that he would do so again. This was his mind until death. Lount was a social and excellent companion, and a well-informed man. He sometimes spoke to us under the sill of our door. He did so on the morning of his execution! He bid us 'farewell!' and said he was on his way to another world. He was calm. The gallows was erected just before our window grates. We could see all plainly. The martyrs ascended the platform with unfaltering steps, like men. Lount turned his head to his friends, as if to say a 'long farewell!' He and Matthews knelt and prayed, and were then launched into eternity. O! the horror of our feelings! Who can describe our emotions!"

CHAPTER IV.

Organization of Patriot Lodges — Burning of the Sir Robert Peel — Scheme to liberate the Niagara Prisoners — Preparations for the Attack on Prescott — Embarkation at Sackett's Harbor — Desertion — Unsuccessful Attempt to land at Prescott — Going ashore at Windmill Point — Our Flag unfurled — A Naval Exploit — Supper at a Farm-House — Colonel Von Shoultz appointed Commander-in-Chief.

Sometime in the month of May, a Mr. Estabrooks, of Cleveland, Ohio, came to Watertown and instituted a secret society, or lodge, on the same plan as those previously established at Cleveland and other places. These lodges were designed to promote union and concert of action among the friends of Canadian independence. I was admitted a member the first night. Very soon our lodge numbered *nineteen hundred members*. Some of our members went into the neighboring towns and organized other lodges, and in a short time they were formed in nearly every town in that region. Similar societies existed in Canada.

On the night of the 29th of May, the British steamer Sir Robert Peel, owned principally by Judge Jones, of Brockville, a rank tory, was seized by a party of Canadian refugees and Americans, at Wells' Island, and destroyed by fire, the crew and passengers first being ordered on shore. According to the testimony of the passengers, the attacking party manifested no disposition to plunder or to take life. They were painted and disguised as Indians. Judge Jones, the owner of the boat, had rendered himself odious in the view of all except inveterate tories, by the severity of his treatment of the patriots. He had counselled the burning of their buildings and the confiscation of their property, and when they were brought before him for trial he exerted all his power to send them to the gallows.

The destruction of this boat was the act of a few individuals, and the patriots, as a body, were not responsible for it. It was done, probably, in retaliation for the burning of the Caroline, though no lives were taken, the "Indians" not being so savage as the loyal miscreants of Queen Victoria. Lord Durham, Governor-General of the Canadas, offered a reward of $4,000 for the apprehension of any one concerned. The offence having been

committed in the State of New York, the offenders could only be brought to punishment before her judicial tribunals. Several persons were arrested and tried at Watertown, but were acquitted for want of proof. The event served still more to inflame the public mind on both sides of the line.

Early in August, sixteen persons were tried at Niagara, Upper Canada, and condemned to be hung on the 25th of that month. Several of them were Americans, who had taken part in the fight at the Short Hills, in the Niagara district, on the 21st of June. Linus W. Miller, a young lawyer, from Stockton, Chautauqua county, N. Y., was one of them. At one of our lodge meetings a prominent member told me he had made arrangements for a party of men, from Syracuse, to meet him at Oswego, for the purpose of going over to liberate these prisoners, and he wished me to accompany them, which I cheerfully consented to do. We had a band of fifty brave and noble spirits engaged for the enterprise. We went by different routes, but all met at Youngstown, on the American side of Niagara River, a distance of 150 miles from Watertown. Our men were all promptly on the ground, and we had every thing in readiness to cross the river, which was to be done in the night.

Before the appointed time for crossing had arrived, however, news came that the sentence of the prisoners had been commuted to transportation for life to Van Dieman's Land, and that they had been removed to Fort Henry, at Kingston. The prisoners received notice of the commutation of their sentence on the 22d, three days before their execution was to have taken place. The next day they were removed, chained and handcuffed, to Fort Henry, the strongest fortress in Canada, except that at Quebec. Their removal had put them out of our reach, and we disbanded and returned to our respective homes. I afterwards had an opportunity to cultivate an acquaintance with some of these men, at Van Dieman's Land, where they arrived a short time before me, and where we suffered alike the captive's awful doom.

About this time, a plan was maturing in our lodge meetings for another attempt to hoist the patriot standard on the soil of Canada. It was at first understood that the expedition was to start in November, and go by way of Cleveland, where it would be joined by a large force raised in that vicinity. At a meeting of the leaders or officers, at Watertown, General Estes proposed that instead of going to Cleveland, we should go down the St. Lawrence and land at Prescott, a small town opposite Ogdensburgh. There was considerable difference of opinion as to the

best plan, but the majority finally adopted the proposition of General Estes. It was said that 5,000 men, including 500 Polanders from the city of New York, had pledged themselves to be ready for this movement. Thousands of Canadians, it was reported, were anxious to join us, and would do so as soon as an opportunity should be offered them.

It had originally been agreed that our men should assemble at Sackett's Harbor, on the 5th of November, and take passage on board the steamer United States, Captain Van Cleave, a regular packet boat, running between Oswego and Ogdensburgh. The arrangements not being completed, we did not embark until the 11th. Some five or six hundred men arrived at Sackett's Harbor on the 5th, and after remaining there several days, returned to their homes. Thus much we lost by bad management at the outset.

About noon, on the 11th of November, the steamer United States again touched at Sackett's Harbor. Colonel Martin Woodruff, of Salina, was on board, and met me on the wharf. I inquired if he had with him the 500 Polanders from New York. He replied that only six of them had come. I then asked how many men he had, in all. He said about 160. I told him our scheme would fail; that we should be defeated. He said he was aware of it, and added, "I can't back out, neither can you. We must go and do our best. I had rather be shot than to back out now." I assured him I should go at any rate; that I had rather die than be branded as a coward; and that whatever might be the issue, we ought to meet it like men fighting in a good cause.

In all we had about 400 men on board when we left Sackett's Harbor. Colonel Woodruff gave me an introduction to Colonel Von Shoultz, a Polander, who afterwards, as the sequel will show, became our chosen leader. He was a gentleman of fine personal appearance and pleasing address. Of his bravery and heroism I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Our force was considerably augmented at Cape Vincent, French Creek, and Millen's Bay. At the latter place we found two schooners, loaded with provisions, arms, and ammunition, intended for our use. They had sailed from Oswego a few days before, and had on board between one and two hundred men. The United States towed these schooners down the river, one being lashed on each side.

Our design was to attack Fort Wellington, at Prescott. A few miles above that place the schooners were to be detached from the steamer, after having taken on board all the men, and

then to drift down to the wharf, where one hundred picked men, headed by Colonel Von Shoultz, were to land and attack the fort. I was to have been one of the party.

At the appointed place, it then being past midnight, the schooners were cut adrift. At this point we were deserted by a large portion of the men, who refused to go on board the schooners, but proceeded on the steamboat to Ogdensburgh. Only 200, when the time of trial came, proved true. The schooners were lashed together, and glided down the river with the current. As we touched the wharf, John Cronkhite jumped ashore to make fast. The current was so strong that the line broke, and we drifted by the landing. The sentry on the wharf fired his gun and fled. It was quite dark, which produced some confusion. Cronkhite succeeded in getting on board again. He was a man of few words, but ever ready in action. After our escape from Van Dieman's Land, he went to the Sandwich Islands, and from thence to Oregon. Since then I have not heard from him.

There being no wind, we drifted down the river about one mile and a half, and then one of the schooners got aground on a bar. The other was anchored near by.

General J. W. Birge had been intrusted with the command of this expedition. He had been at Ogdensburgh for two or three days, under pretence of perfecting the arrangements. On the morning of the 12th, while the schooners were in the situation just described, he came along side of us in a small boat, but did not come on board. I asked him what was to be done. He said we must go ashore, and get the cannon ashore as quick as possible. He then pulled for Ogdensburgh, and I have never seen the coward since. The last I heard of him, he was sick with a complaint vulgarly called the belly-ache.

The schooners were about half a mile from the shore at Windmill Point. Colonel Von Shoultz and eight or ten others, including myself, were in the first boat that touched the shore. We took possession of a stone windmill, six stories high, to the top of which we nailed our flag. This flag was presented to Colonel Von Shoultz by the patriotic ladies of Onondaga county. It had an eagle and two stars, wrought on a ground of blue, and was a very neat and beautiful specimen of woman's handiwork. As it was unfurled to the breeze, from the summit of the mill, it was hailed with enthusiastic cheers. That flag we never struck. After we surrendered, it was secured by the British officers, and sent to London, where one of our number has since seen it in the celebrated Tower, among the trophies taken on

many a bloody field of battle. It is not boasting to say, that among all those relics of war, collected from every quarter of the globe, not one was secured at greater cost, considering the small force we had to defend it, than the patriot flag taken at the battle of Prescott.

Situated within one hundred rods of the mill were three stone houses and two wooden ones. We took possession of the stone buildings. Under the direction of Von Shoultz, we fortified the mill, by building a substantial stone wall, six feet high, on the side fronting the open field.

We succeeded in getting on shore, from one of the schooners, three pieces of cannon, a quantity of provisions, arms, and ammunition, after which the vessel was seized by the authorities of the United States. The other schooner still remained aground on the bar.

In the course of the forenoon, the British steamer Experiment, with a company of marines on board, came down from Prescott, to take the schooner. Captain Sandum — who was chief in command of the British naval force on the lakes and rivers — as soon as he got within hailing distance, ordered those on board the schooner to go below and surrender. No attention was paid to his order, and the steamer continued on her course. Mr. Tiffany, an experienced gunner, had a loaded cannon mounted on a pair of low wheels, ready to fire, before Captain Sandum was near enough to discover it. When he saw the cannon, he gave orders to put the boat about. Just as the steamer presented a broadside, Mr. O. W. Smith succeeded in touching off the cannon, which sent a ball whizzing into the very midst of the crowd of men on the deck of the steamer. We afterwards learned that six men were killed, and seven wounded, by that little cannon ball. The steamer immediately returned to Prescott. This successful naval exploit, at the commencement of hostilities, we regarded as a favorable omen.

The discharge of the cannon started the schooner off the bar, and she was then run into Ogdensburgh, on the opposite side of the river. Eventually she was seized by officers of the United States, and we lost all the arms and provisions on board. Mr. Smith and some others came over to us in small boats.

In the afternoon, we mustered our men, and found they numbered less than two hundred.

Just before night Bill Johnson came over from Ogdensburgh in one of his boats, stopped a short time, and then returned. He was armed with a rifle, bowie knife, and pistols. He assured us

that he should be over again in the morning, with a number of men, and should remain with us. But I never saw him after that time.

At night, after our sentries had been placed, four of us went to a farm-house, about half a mile distant, and asked the lady if she could provide us a supper. She said she could, and immediately set about it. After supper, I asked her what was to pay. She said, "Nothing." I left the money on the table, and we departed. We had strict orders not to take any thing without paying for it, and in all cases to protect women and children. Previous to our trial, this woman was taken to Kingston, to see if she could identify any of us. She recognized me very readily, but when she told the inquisitors of my leaving the money, after she had declined taking it, they concluded they had no farther occasion for her testimony, and she was sent home, never more to be called as a witness against us.

In the evening, finding ourselves deserted by General Birge, we elected Colonel Nicholas Augustus Sultuskie Von Shoultz our commander-in-chief, without a dissenting vote. He accepted the command, and made a brief address, in which he avowed his willingness to serve us in any capacity in which he could be useful, and exhorted us to be true to the noble cause of liberty.

Colonel John Kimball was appointed aid to Colonel Von Shoultz. But, discretion being "the better part of valor," John deemed it prudent to make a retreat, the next morning, to his home in Jefferson county, where it is understood he arrived in safety, with no damage except tired legs.

A scouting party was kept out all night, to report the first approach of an enemy.

During that night, in which no eye slept, we could but realize that our situation was one of extreme peril. In regard to the number expected to join us, we had been wofully disappointed, and of those who had started with us, a large majority had ignobly deserted. Our leaders had also proved traitors and cowards. We had lost much of our ammunition. Our position was exposed to attack, both by land and water, by a force vastly larger than we could muster. Amid all these unfavorable circumstances, foreboding almost certain defeat, there was no repining, no wavering, no flinching from the contest, on the part of the resolute and heroic band of young men at Windmill Point. A braver company never shouldered muskets.

CHAPTER V.

Approach of the British — Unprotected Females shot — Battle of Prescott *— Hard Fighting — Deaths of Phillips, Brown, Butterfield, and Johnson — Capture of Daniel George and others — Wheelock and Finney wounded — A Stormy Night — Sufferings of the Wounded — The Dead on the Field of Battle — A Visit from Ogdensburgh — Attempt to remove the Wounded — An Escape — Armistice for burying the Dead — The Enemy reinforced — Their Compliments returned — Interference of U. S. Officers — The Surrender.*

On the morning of the 13th of November, 1838, the sun rose clear and the sky was cloudless. A little after sunrise, we saw the long line of British soldiers leave Prescott, on their way to attack us. Soon after, three armed steamboats came down the river, from Prescott, and anchored opposite the windmill. The soldiers approached us obliquely, until they arrived in front of our position, about three-fourths of a mile distant, and then marched directly upon us. Nothing daunted by the imposing appearance of the enemy, we rallied and formed a line, about twenty rods northwest of the mill, in an open field of fifteen or twenty acres. A small guard was left in charge of the buildings, making our force in the field only about 180. The enemy consisted of the 83d regiment of regulars, under Colonel Dundas, and 900 volunteers, under Colonel Frazer, in all amounting to about 1700. The 83d regiment occupied the centre of their line, which was formed two or three deep.

On the approach of the British troops, a woman and her daughter, eighteen or twenty years old, who lived in one of the houses near the windmill, left their home to go into the country, to a place of safety. When the fiendish soldiers came within shooting distance of these unprotected females, they fired upon them, killing the mother, and badly wounding the daughter in the jaw. This unprovoked and barbarous act of cruelty would have disgraced a band of savages. In the course of the next winter, while we were imprisoned in Fort Henry, the daughter visited us, in company with some friends, and her face was still bandaged up, in consequence of the wound she had received.

Our line was formed with a space of two or three yards be-

tween the men, so as to cover the enemy's front. We marched toward the enemy, until we were within about thirty rods of their line, when the firing was commenced, and soon became sharp on both sides. On our side every man loaded and fired as fast as he could, and for MORE THAN THREE HOURS we maintained our ground, and poured an effectual shower of bullets into the serried ranks of that hostile army. The crack of our rifles and muskets made one continuous roar, and we could perceive the enemy falling at every discharge. Never did experienced veterans fight with more coolness, precision, and dauntless bravery; and it is useless for me to undertake to eulogize the patriotic young men who thus stood before ten times their number of well-disciplined British soldiers, and for upwards of three hours returned their fire with deadly effect, without the least inclination to abandon the field. Neither shall I attempt to do justice to the gallant hero who led our little band forth to meet the Goliaths of Britain. His noble bearing in that hour of conflict added new lustre and brightness to the halo of glory which surrounds the memory of Poland's unfortunate sons. His name shall be written on the scroll of fame, while the tyrants of the world are consigned to oblivion.*

After standing before our galling fire as long as they thought prudent, the enemy retreated over a rise of ground. We followed up the retreat, until we discovered a movement to flank us on the right and left, made with a view to cut off our retreat to the stone buildings. This movement was partly successful. Thirty-three of our men were thus cut off and taken prisoners. This was a serious loss, as it took about one sixth of our force. Our commander, Colonel Von Shoultz, then ordered a retreat to the windmill. The enemy, flushed with their success in taking the prisoners, rallied again, and made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to drive us from our stronghold, the fortified stone buildings. They were effectually repulsed.

Before we abandoned the open field, and while in pursuit of the enemy, as they retreated behind the rising ground, a musket ball was shot through the body of Captain James Phillips, of Ogdensburgh, killing him instantly. Captain John Thomas, who was fighting by his side, has since related to me the particulars of his death. Captain Phillips was advancing at the head of his men, and was within a few rods of the 83d regiment, urging on his followers, who were pouring a brisk and deadly fire into the

* A spirited engraving of this battle-scene fronts the title-page.

ranks of the enemy, when a ball struck him, and he fell dead on the spot. He had been a wealthy farmer in Canada, and had lived not many miles from the spot where he fell. Eight or ten months previous to the time of his death he had been compelled to leave Canada, on account of his attachment to the principles of liberty. His fate was deeply regretted by thousands who had known his worth. His age was thirty-eight, and he left a family to mourn his loss. He was brave and fearless in the fight, and his name and deeds will long live in the memory of freedom's votaries.

On our retreat to the buildings, I saw one of my comrades fall, only a short distance from me. At first I thought it was Colonel Woodruff. I went to the spot where he lay, and ascertained it was Charles E. Brown. I turned him over, and saw that he was expiring. He was pierced with two balls, one through the head, and the other through the breast. I was obliged to leave the body on the field. The report that it was burned in a barn is not true. He belonged to Brownville, Jefferson county, and was a nephew of General Brown, a distinguished officer in the last war. He was a fine young man, being only about twenty-four years old, and his early death was a severe affliction to his parents and friends. The bereaved mother, I have been told, lamented his fall with that deep and inconsolable feeling of sorrow which none but a mother can experience.

During the engagement, Nelson Butterfield was severely wounded in the body. His comrades bore him to the mill, where he lay twelve or fourteen hours, in the most excruciating agony, and then death came to his relief, every attention having been paid to him which our circumstances would permit. He was from Philadelphia, Jefferson county, and belonged to a highly respectable family. His age was about twenty-two years. He fought bravely, and met his fate with heroic fortitude.

The road leading from Prescott to Johnstown ran parallel with the river, in front of the windmill. Below the road, four or five rods from the mill, on a small eminence, we had placed a cannon, divested of drag ropes, to decoy the enemy into an attempt to take it. It was designedly stationed so that its captors would encounter a raking and destructive fire from the stone buildings, where our men were securely posted. Lieutenant Johnson, of the 83d regiment, advanced into the road, about twenty rods above the mill, with a company of fifty or sixty men, and bravely attempted to lead them up to the assault. He was considerably in advance of his company, rushing toward the prize, and calling

upon his men to follow, when he was shot dead, receiving three balls in his body. His followers then retreated with all possible speed, but nearly the whole company were cut down by our sharp-shooting riflemen.

It has since been charged upon us, in British papers, that we mutilated the body of Lieutenant Johnson, after his death. This charge is totally false. His body, it is true, was left on the ground. We had no means of burying the dead, and from the constant firing kept up, it was impossible, in most instances, to remove the bodies from the field. In the course of the day, some hogs, running loose in the road, were seen molesting the remains of Lieutenant Johnson. Colonel Von Shoultz immediately ordered the hogs shot. No indignity was offered to the body by any of our men. His sword was taken by L. L. Leach, as he passed the body in going from the mill to one of the houses. Colonel Von Shoultz presented the sword to me, saying that my conduct in the action had merited it. I left it in the mill, when we surrendered, where it undoubtedly fell into the hands of our captors.

From the steamboats on the river, cannon balls and shells were fired upon us in the principal engagement, and at intervals during the day, but not with much effect. These boats would occasionally return to Prescott, and for a short time leave the river clear. During one of these intervals, Mr. Daniel George, with three or four others, attempted to cross the river to Ogdensburgh, in a small boat, after hospital stores for the wounded, which were very much needed. No sooner did they make their appearance on the water than the steamer Experiment started from Prescott in pursuit. Having nothing but pieces of board to paddle across with, the Experiment overtook them before they reached the opposite shore, but not before they were in American waters. A company of marines, on board the Experiment, completely riddled the boat with bullet holes, but no injury was done to those in it. They were ordered on board the Experiment. As they went on deck, William Gates, of Cape Vincent, was struck on the side of the head, by a stout negro, with such violence as to prostrate him. The steamer then put back to Prescott, and the prisoners were confined in Fort Wellington.

Among the wounded, in the first day's fight, were two young men from Watertown, named Munroe Wheelock and Lorenzo E. Finney. They were machinists, worked together, and had both enlisted at the same time. Wheelock received a severe wound in the thigh. He was standing almost directly behind

me at the time, and the ball which struck him pierced my coat on the left side. I bound up his wound with a handkerchief, as well as I could, and carried him to one of the stone houses and laid him upon some hay, where he remained four days, in great distress, which we could do nothing to alleviate. Of his treatment after our surrender, and the suspicious circumstances attending his death in the hospital, I will speak hereafter.

His companion, Finney, was shot through the body, but not mortally wounded. He was carried to one of the stone buildings, where he remained till the next morning, when he was removed to the mill, for better accommodations. Here I did every thing in my power to render his situation as comfortable as possible. Previously, we had not been on very intimate terms of friendship; but when I saw a brave comrade in distress, all thought of past difficulties was at once annihilated, and I was led to feel a deep interest in his fate, and much anxiety to relieve his sufferings. He was heroic and daring on the field of battle, and after being wounded requested his companions, if he died, to tell his friends he did not die a coward. His age was twenty-one years. His removal to Kingston, recovery, and final discharge, I shall allude to hereafter.

In the afternoon, there was no general engagement, but there was a constant firing between the scouting parties, from behind the walls and trees in our vicinity. The main body of the enemy kept out of our reach, but small detachments of men were constantly reconnoitering our position, and whenever they approached within gun-shot of the buildings, or of the men who had taken position behind the trees and walls, they were sure to meet with a warm reception.

When night set in, a cold storm of sleet and snow had commenced, and was increasing in violence. This added much to the cheerless and desolate prospect before us, and served to render the situation of the wounded still more uncomfortable. We had no fires, no beds, no suitable covering for the unfortunate sufferers. They had nothing but a couch of hay, on which to pass the tedious hours. Amid all the hopeless circumstances with which we were surrounded, our greatest anxiety was for the relief and comfort of these suffering comrades. It would be impossible to describe their melancholy condition. They endured their pains with manly fortitude, and with very little complaint. An occasional sigh or groan was heard, which filled our hearts with agony. There was little opportunity or disposition to sleep that night. Yet, all things considered, our gallant little band

exhibited great courage and cheerfulness. There was no fear or quailing manifested. We felt conscious of having struck a blow in the cause of freedom, which, if not completely successful, would at least save us from the disgraceful reputation of being afraid of the British lion. With all the dark prospect before us, we had no anxiety to exchange situations with the cowards who had deserted before they got within sight of the enemy, and who had that day stood upon the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, to cheer us on in the fight! We knew that

> "Freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is always won."

The morning of the 14th, (Wednesday,) dawned upon us in gloom and sadness. Constant excitement, severe toil, scanty provisions, and loss of rest and sleep, had been our experience ever since we left Sackett's Harbor. We began to feel the bad effects arising from such long-continued exertions and privations. The storm of snow and rain continued to beat upon us with its desolating fury. The broad field before us was thickly strewed with the bodies of the dead, over which the storm had spread a covering of snow, which was their only shroud. Hundreds thus lay exposed to the "peltings of the pitiless storm," yet they were all resting in the quiet sleep of death! Their race was run! Their eyes were forever closed upon the world! Friends and enemies were all alike to them! The sight of such a battle-field is well calculated to awaken peculiar emotions. My pen is inadequate to portray the scene.

The first demonstration against us, on the second day, was from several floating batteries on the river, which opened a brisk cannonade on the buildings. Almost simultaneously a battery was opened upon us from the land, in front. The firing continued a few hours, without making any impression. The guns were not heavy enough to batter down the thick walls by which we were protected.

A company of regulars and volunteers, to the number of eighty or more, took possession of a stone house in our vicinity, which enabled them to annoy us considerably. Colonel Von Shoultz quickly perceived that the enemy would reap important advantages from the occupation of that house, and he determined to dislodge them. With a detachment of eleven men, and a small cannon, he went out to attack the house. The occupants, when they saw our intrepid leader approaching, with his handful

of men, retreated through the back door, and decamped, in double quick time. The front door of the house being fastened, Solomon Reynolds and John Thomas were the first to break through it. In their hasty flight, the enemy left Joseph Norris, one of our men, whom they had previously secured as a prisoner. Not having any men to spare, to fortify the house, Colonel Von Shoultz ordered it to be set on fire. It belonged to a tory, named Frazer.

As on the previous day, there was a scattering fire kept up between the outposts, but nothing of special importance transpired before night.

In the evening, a boat came over from Ogdensburgh, and two or three men came on shore. They had an interview with Colonel Von Shoultz, and asked him which he would prefer, a boat to take us away, or a reinforcement of 600 men. The gallant reply was, "Send us 600 men, and we will get away ourselves." Our commander intreated them to send over a boat to take away the wounded. This they agreed to do, and said we had better carry them down to the shore, that there might be no delay in getting them on board. According to request, we conveyed the wounded to the water's edge, where they remained two or three hours, unsheltered from the cold storm, waiting the arrival of the boat. While they were lying in this condition, the steamer Paul Pry approached as near the shore as she could, safely, there being danger of getting aground. In letting off steam she made a great noise, which being heard at Prescott, the British steamers immediately came down the river, and the Paul Pry paddled into Ogdensburgh, in desperate haste. On whom the blame of this bad management ought to rest, I have not the means of deciding.

With heavy hearts we carried the wounded back to the mill. I will leave the reader to imagine with what feelings they were again transferred to their uncomfortable pallets. They had indulged the delusive hope of being taken to the opposite shore, where they would have been warmly greeted, and where their wounds would have been properly dressed, and every effort which friendship and sympathy could devise, would have been made to alleviate their sufferings. But, alas! they were doomed to disappointment. The cup of bitterness was not yet full.

The 600 men who were to come to our assistance, if they ever started must have taken a circuitous route, for we have never yet seen them. A wise discretion probably kept their ardor cooled down. They might have read of the renowned exploit

of Don Quixotte de la Mancha, in attacking a windmill, and learned from it a useful moral, namely, to keep out of the way of all such hideous-looking objects. And, as a reward for their prudence, like the faithful squire, Sancho Panza, each one of them ought to be made governor of an island. The "Thousand Isles" in the St. Lawrence, would afford them an ample field to display their valor.

On Thursday, the 15th, in the afternoon, the enemy received some thirty-two pounders, from Kingston, with which to renew the cannonade on our stone buildings. Before they got them on to the ground, however, we killed one of their wheel horses with a cannon ball, and cut away the whiffletree, at which the leaders became frightened, and ran away. The attempt to get the guns on to the field, that night, was then abandoned.

This was the third day we had held out against the enemy. Yet no succor came. We still fought on, with no intention of surrendering, so long as we had ammunition and provisions.

Thursday night our force consisted of only 117 men able for service, as was ascertained by actual count.

A proposition was made to me, at this time, by two men who had determined to cross the river, in an old canoe they had found, to go with them, as they could carry one more. I declined the offer, in the presence of my comrades, and they took another man, and the three escaped. I did not blame them. They had fought well, and seeing no other chance of escape, and no prospect of doing any good if they remained, they decided to retreat. I had induced several brave young men to join in this hazardous enterprise, and I would not forsake them. I preferred to stay and share their fortunes.

On Friday morning, the 16th, the steamboats came down from Prescott, and made another attempt to batter down the windmill and other stone buildings; and the thirty-two pounders, on the field, also opened upon us a vigorous and heavy cannonade. This firing was kept up till one o'clock, in the afternoon, but with no perceptible effect.

At one o'clock, a white flag was seen approaching us. Leman L. Leach was sent out to meet it. The enemy asked for one hour's cessation of firing, which was granted. During the armistice, we mingled freely with the British soldiers, on the field, collecting the bodies of the dead. In removing the bodies, it was no uncommon thing for the enemy to assist us, and for us, in return, to assist them. While thus engaged, Colonel Frazer, of the volunteers, communicated with some of our men by the

secret signs used in our lodges, he having been a member in Canada. He said, in my hearing, that if we had come with as strong a force as was expected, he should have joined us with 500 men; but, as it was, he was compelled to fight us with 900.

Two of the enemy's wounded men, one of them a brother to Colonel Frazer, were picked up and brought to our head-quarters, where we paid them all the attention in our power. Colonel Von Shoultz sent word to their commander to come and get them, as we had not the means of dressing their wounds. They were accordingly removed to their own camp.

When the hour was out the firing was renewed by the enemy. Colonel Dundas had then received a reinforcement of another regiment from Kingston, making the whole force brought into the field against us, as near as can be ascertained, not far from 2600, besides the armed steamboats and floating batteries on the river.

We had now fired away all our cannon-balls. In this emergency we contrived to load our pieces, a few times, with links of chains and scraps of old iron. The enemy were so very accommodating as to send us, occasionally, a ball which exactly fitted our six-pounder. We lost no time in returning all such compliments to the British, and invariably "gave them as good as they sent." Our brave boys did not wait for that ball to stop rolling, before they started in pursuit of it; and we hurled it back with more precision and effect than it had been sent to us. In some instances we could perceive that it did good execution.

The steamboat Telegraph, with Colonel Worth and two companies of United States troops on board, was constantly cruising up and down the river, to prevent any succor from reaching us. In fact, every possible exertion had been made, by the United States authorities, to thwart and defeat us. In view of the outrageous insults we had received, as a nation, from the British tories in Canada, we did think this extreme vigilance, on the part of the United States government, in harassing the friends of Canadian liberty, altogether unworthy of republican America Had the poor Malays, or the barbarous inhabitants of some remote island, or the feeble savage tribes in our southern and western wilds, or even the contemptible Mexicans, perpetrated an outrage equal in enormity to the burning of the Caroline, even though provoked to it by flagrant acts of wrong on our part, the whole naval and military force of the country would have been in readiness to avenge the insult! But, in this case, troops were sent to the frontier, not to punish our insatiate foe, but to

assist her in crushing the republican spirit which threatened to uproot British power in Canada!

When Texas rebelled against the government of Mexico, thousands of American citizens crossed the lines, and assisted in achieving her independence. They went and returned, as they pleased, without molestation from the government of the United States. Yet the contest in Texas was not so much a struggle for freedom as that in Canada.

Hunter C. Vaughn, one of the fearless band at Windmill Point, was a son of Captain Vaughn, of the steamer Telegraph. He went down to the shore, and seeing his father pacing fore and aft on the deck, waved a handkerchief to him. The father recognized his son, but could do nothing for him! His boat was in the service of the United States! It was with the greatest difficulty, as we afterwards learned, that the troops could be restrained from rushing to our assistance.

Towards night, Colonel Abbey, in view of our exhausted and critical situation, went to Colonel Von Shoultz and advised a surrender. Our commander told him to do as he thought best, himself, but by no means to encourage others to lay down their arms. Colonel Abbey then returned to the mill, and told the men not to surrender, but to hold out till the last moment, in the hope of receiving assistance. He then went to the enemy and surrendered. He afterwards averred that his object in so doing was to save the lives of the brave and gallant young men. He said he told the enemy what commission he held, and did not expect to save himself. But, however good the motive may have been, this step on the part of Colonel Abbey was a very unfortunate one. It made the enemy acquainted with our situation, and produced an unfavorable effect upon our men. It is my opinion that we should have held out some time longer, if the course of Colonel Abbey had been different.

About four o'clock, the British force, at the sound of the bugle, advanced in solid columns, with the evident intention of storming our fortress. A consultation was then held by the officers in the mill, not including Colonel Von Shoultz, who was defending one of the houses. It was thought by some that farther resistance would be in vain, and that many lives might be saved by a surrender. Others were for holding out longer. It was finally agreed to send out a flag of truce, to know on what terms Colonel Dundas would receive our surrender. This flag was borne by Colonel Woodruff, accompanied by myself and two others. We had not proceeded more than four or five rods be-

fore we were fired upon. We then returned to the mill. The murderous disposition evinced by the enemy, in firing upon unarmed men, bearing a white flag, was well calculated to arouse feelings of indignation in every generous bosom; for, only a few hours before, they had sent a similar flag to us, which had been respected.

Still, considering our entire destitution of cannon-balls, and the overpowering force that surrounded us, it was thought by many that no effectual resistance could much longer be maintained. After discussing the matter a short time, a general surrender was reluctantly decided upon. We then marched out of the mill, in a body, still holding out the white flag.

When Captain Sandum, commanding on the river, saw our white flag fired upon, he immediately landed his men, with the determination, as he afterwards testified on our trial, if the act had been repeated, of firing upon those who committed the outrage. We surrendered to him, and the 83d regiment then opening to the right and left, we were marched in between the lines and surrounded. We were very soon robbed of our money, watches, caps, clothes, and every thing our ferocious captors could lay their hands upon, leaving some half naked, while every kind of insult was offered to us.

Alexander Wright, a Canadian by birth, but who had been living at Ogdensburgh, refused to surrender, saying he knew the gallows would be his fate. He was instantly shot down, and stabbed through the heart with bayonets. John Morrisett, belonging to Lower Canada, was stabbed in the side with a bayonet, and cut on the shoulder with a sword, but not mortally wounded.

The following extract from a letter, written by Colonel Von Shoultz, while in Fort Henry, to J. R. Parker, Esq., of Oswego, will show how nobly he maintained his ground to the last:—

"Friday, at about mid-day, a parley came from the British, for the purpose of taking away the killed that remained on the field, and I delivered over to him the British wounded I had taken up, as I had no medical stores of any kind, and it would have been a base and unmanly policy to augment the sufferings of the wounded enemy. One hour's cessation of hostilities was granted, for burying our dead; but, having no shovels, we could not do it. When the time was out, the British steamers came down with heavy artillery, and the battle began. As I could get no one to take the defence of the house on our left flank, I went there myself with ten men. As I had suspected, that house was

most strenuously attacked. From the situation of the house, I was not able to see how it went on in the other houses and the mill. We must have been surrounded by at least two thousand men, and a detachment of the 83d regiment. My whole number of men, when this last battle began, was one hundred and eight. I kept my position, though the roof crumbled to pieces over our heads, by the British fire from their artillery, until dark, when I was informed that all had surrendered. I also then surrendered. I was stripped to the shirt sleeves by the militia. I lost my watch, trunk, money, and the clothing I had on.

"We are tried by court-martial! I have had my trial; am prepared for death."

All the buildings we had occupied, except the windmill, were immediately set on fire. That was spared, probably, on account of a report we had circulated that a large quantity of powder was secreted in it.

Leonard Root, of Sackett's Harbor, refused to surrender, but hid himself in the oven of one of the houses, and perished in the flames.

While the soldiers were setting fire to one of the houses, an officer went up stairs, and the flames made such rapid progress that he was unable to descend. He went to a window and called upon his men to assist him down. They answered, "Yes, d—n you, we'll help you down," and instantly shot him dead, supposing him to be one of our men.

Thus ended the battle of Prescott. Four days, from Tuesday morning till Friday evening, we stood our ground manfully. Having been an humble actor in the scene, I may have already transgressed the rules of propriety, in speaking of the heroes of that battle. If I had no higher motive than to indulge a vain and boasting spirit of self-glorification, it would indeed be wise for me to keep silent. But justice has never been done to the memory of the gallant Americans who fell on that hard-fought field, and it becomes my duty to speak in their behalf, as well as in behalf of those who experienced the tortures of a living death, in the custody of British tyrants. Doctor Theller, in speaking of our little band of warriors, says, "Their gallant bearing will live in history. The poets of the age will rehearse their deeds. They were an honor to human nature, and a credit to the American name."

CHAPTER VI.

The March to Prescott — Tortures of the Wounded — The Passage to Kingston — Confinement in Fort Henry — The Names, Age, and Residence of the Heroes of Prescott — List of the Killed and Wounded — Loss of the Enemy — Money sent to the Prisoners by their Friends — Filthy Bread — Robbery — Style of Living — A Christmas Present — Trial and Execution of Von Shoultz — Incidents in his Romantic Career.

It was past sundown when we surrendered, and considerable time was occupied in making the arrangements for our march to Prescott. The robbery, of which I have before spoken, was so speedily and effectually done, that very little delay resulted from that operation. Never did a band of wild Arabs plunder their victims with more ravenous ferocity.

We were marched in couples, with a line of soldiers, of the 83d, on each side, to guard us safely. All the wounded who could possibly go on foot, with the assistance of their comrades, were made to do so. Lorenzo E. Finney, to whom I have before alluded, as having been wounded on the first day, was supported on one side by his young friend, Charles F. Crossman, and on the other by myself. He had been robbed of his coat and boots, and had lain three days and a half without having his wound dressed; yet he was compelled to walk, through mud and snow, the distance of one mile and a half. He bore his sufferings and hard treatment with uncomplaining fortitude. He was conveyed to the hospital at Kingston, and was kept in confinement till the next spring, when he was discharged without a trial, having nearly recovered from his wound. He is now living at Watertown, where I had the pleasure of meeting him after my return from captivity.

Monroe Wheelock, whom I have before mentioned among the wounded, was in like manner compelled to walk to Prescott, supported by two of his comrades. He was wounded on the first day of the siege, and had been in great distress ever since. During the march he suffered extreme torture, his wound being in the thigh, and his agonizing shrieks would have touched the hearts of our captors, if they had not been dead to all the finer

feelings of humanity. He lingered a few days in the hospital, at Kingston, and then expired. There were some mysterious circumstances attending his death, which gave rise to a suspicion, in the minds of his room-mates, that he had been poisoned. He was a double-jointed man, very strong and muscular, and it was conjectured that the physicians wanted his body for anatomical purposes. This conjecture was strengthened by the fact that when his father went and asked for his body, they refused to give it up! His age was about twenty-three years, and his death was deeply lamented.

We were paraded through the village of Prescott, where the tories had their houses illuminated in honor of the great victory. In the streets, a vile set of wretches amused themselves with trying to insult and abuse us. Such is British magnanimity! The meanest of all mean things, is to take advantage of the powerless condition of a fallen foe, to needlessly aggravate his sufferings.

When we had been duly exhibited to the populace of Prescott, the next step was to cram us all into the forecastle of a small steamboat, which required pretty hard squeezing, the space not being sufficient for us to lie or sit down, except a few at a time. Here we had the wounded in our midst, and very soon the air became exceedingly foul and unwholesome, in consequence of being breathed over so many times, unrenewed by ventilation. Faintness, headache, and other complaints, were now added to extreme exhaustion, both of mind and body. Altogether, our situation was such that death would have been a happy relief. This, however, was but a foretaste of the sufferings in store for us.

At the time of the surrender, Colonel Von Shoultz and Captain John Thomas escaped to the bank of the river, and concealed themselves beneath some shrubs, where, after considerable search, they were discovered by the militia left behind to scour the neighborhood.

Colonel Von Shoultz was known to have been our commander, and the vilest treatment was awarded him. His hands were tied behind his back, and, amid jeers and scoffs, he was escorted to the steamer at Prescott. As he went on board, one of the officers told him that he would be hung the next morning, at three o'clock. Our hero replied that death had stared him in the face quite often, and he would endeavor to secure a little rest, as he had had none for four nights. He sat down, with his hands still tied behind him, and immediately fell asleep. On waking up, at four or five o'clock in the morning, he remarked, with an air of indifference, "I declare they must have forgotten me."

It is just eight years, to a day, since we left Windmill Point, that I find myself engaged in writing this page of history. In those eight years what indescribable sufferings and hardships I have witnessed and experienced! Far preferable would it have been to have fallen on the field of battle, in the thickest of the fight, than to have endured the tortures I shall vainly attempt to describe in succeeding pages.

Every man of us was searched, in the hope of finding papers that would assist in convicting us. As we had taken the precaution to destroy all such documents, the search was not very successful. I happened to have in one of my pockets, two letters from Bill Johnson, in one of which he requested me to raise fifty men and send them to him, at Grindstone Island. I was not aware that I had these letters with me, and in the search they were overlooked. The next day, on our passage to Kingston, I discovered and destroyed them. If these letters had been secured, my fate might have been different.

That night, sitting on the floor, and leaning my back against that of a fellow-prisoner, I enjoyed a little of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," it being the first time I had thrown myself fully into the arms of Morpheus since leaving Sackett's Harbor.

The next morning, Saturday, November 17th, we started for Kingston, still being closely imprisoned in the crowded and unwholesome forecastle. Nothing was furnished us to eat until afternoon, when some half-boiled fresh beef, without a particle of salt, bread, or potato, was brought down to us. It was such miserable stuff that we could not eat it, notwithstanding we had been so long without food. I had eaten nothing but a few hard biscuits since Tuesday evening, when I took supper at the farmhouse, and the sight of this meat made me sick.

It was about midnight when we arrived at Kingston. We were tied together, in couples, Von Shoultz at the head, and a rope, passing between us, *united us all in the bonds of hemp!* In this condition, with a line of soldiers on each side, we were marched to Fort Henry, about one mile distant from the landing, the band playing Yankee Doodle. During this march we were subjected to the foulest abuse from the spectators, pelted with clubs, and spit upon with impunity. Our heroic leader was struck with a stake on the hip, which caused a lameness from which he never recovered. J. H. Martin and myself, being near together, were struck by men whom we knew, and who may yet have occasion to repent.

The wounded were sent to the hospital, and the rest of us were shut up in three rooms, communicating with each other.

The next day, in the forenoon, a quarter of beef, weighing about 100 pounds, was thrown into our room, with a biscuit for each man, there being 105 men to feed. No materials for cutting up or cooking our meat were furnished us. All our pocket-knives had been taken from us, as was supposed, but it so happened that J. H. Martin had managed to keep one. It was a little, old, Connecticut knife, with a wood handle. As I had been a butcher, it devolved upon me, as a matter of etiquette, to carve the quarter of beef. I endeavored to cut it into as many pieces as we had mouths, and then each one took his portion, some eating it entirely raw, and others warming theirs on an old box stove. This was all we had to eat that day. Queen Victoria's boarding-house, on the whole, afforded rather poor accommodations.

On the morning of the 13th, when the battle first commenced, we had only 186 men. Four of these ran away without fighting at all. Five others, who had fought gallantly, made their escape previous to our capture. Their names were Junah Woodruff, William Hathaway, Benjamin Fulton, —— Tracy, and a Polander, whose name I cannot give. The following is a list of those killed and taken prisoners, numbering 177:—

Names.	*Age.*	*Residence.*	
Samuel Austin,	21	Alexandria, Jefferson	County.
Charles Allen,	24	Scriba, Oswego	"
David Allen,	37	Volney, "	"
Philip Alger,	—	Salina, Onondaga	"
Dorethus Abbey,	48	Pamelia, Jefferson	"
Duncan Anderson,	48	Lyme, "	"
Orlin Blodget,	19	Philadelphia, Jefferson	"
John Bradley,	28	Sackett's Harbor, "	"
Thomas Baker,	47	Hannibal, Cayuga	"
John Berry,	42	Oswego, Oswego	"
Chauncey Bugby,	22	Lyme, Jefferson	"
Hiram Barlow,	19	Morristown, St. Law'ce	"
Charles Brown,	20	Hastings, Oswego	"
John Brewster,	19	Henderson, Jefferson	"
George T. Brown,	23	Evans' Mills, "	"
Rouse Bennett,	19	Norway, Herkimer	"
George Blonden,	21	Lower Canada.	
Ernest Barance,	40	Native of Poland.	
John Bromley,	38	Depeauville, Jefferson	"
Nelson Butterfield,	22	Philadelphia, "	"
Charles E. Brown,	24	Brownsville, "	"
Christopher Buckley,	30	Salina, Onondaga	"

Names.	*Age.*	*Residence.*
Hiram Colton,	21	Philadelphia, Jefferson County.
Philip Coonrod,	21	Salina, Onondaga "
Lysander Curtis,	35	Ogdensburgh, St. Law'ce "
Robert G. Collins,	32	" " "
Eli Clark,	61	Oswego, Oswego "
Charles F. Crossman,	19	Watertown, Jefferson "
Paschal Carpenter,	20	Leroy, " "
John Cronkhite,	29	Alexandria, " "
Calvin S. Clark,	19	Fort Covington, Franklin "
Peter Cranker,	23	Orleans, Jefferson "
Hugh Calhoun,	35	Salina, Onondaga "
Truman Chipman,	44	Upper Canada.
Nathan Coffin,	27	Liverpool, Onondaga "
Levi Chipman,	45	Upper Canada.
James Cummings,	40	Orleans, Jefferson "
Leonard Delano,	26	Watertown, " "
Joseph Drumma,	22	Salina, Onondaga "
David Defield,	28	" " "
Joseph Dodge,	28	" " "
Moses A. Dutcher,	23	Brownsville, Jefferson "
William Denio,	21	Leroy, " "
Luther Darby,	48	Watertown, " "
Aaron Dresser,	24	Alexandria, " "
Rensselaer Drake,	23	Salina, Onondaga "
John Elmore,	19	Leroy, Jefferson "
Selah Evans,	35	" " "
Adam Empy,	40	Rossee, St. Lawrence "
Elom Fellows,	23	Dexter, Jefferson "
Michael Fraer,	23	Clay, Onondaga "
Edmund Foster,	22	Alexandria, Jefferson "
Lorenzo E. Finney,	21	Watertown, " "
William Gates,	24	Lyme, " "
Emanuel Garrison,	26	Brownsville, " "
Gideon A. Goodrich,	43	Salina, Onondaga "
Nelson Griggs,	28	" " "
Jerry Griggs,	21	" " "
John Gilman,	38	Brownsville, Jefferson "
David Gould,	24	Alexandria, " "
Cornelius Goodrich,	18	Salina, Onondaga "
Francis Ganyo,	18	Lower Canada.
John Graves,	25	Cosmopolitan.
Daniel George,	28	Lyme, Jefferson "
Daniel D. Heustis,	32	Watertown, " "
Charles Hariz,	22	Lyme, " "
Edmund Holmes,	24	Plattsburg, Clinton "
Garret Hicks,	45	Alexandria, Jefferson "
Hiram Hall,	17	Orleans, " "
David House,	26	Alexandria, " "
Jacob Herald,	—	France.
Moses Haynes,	20	Salina, Onondaga "
James Inglish,	28	Adams, Jefferson "
Henry Johnson,	29	New York City.

Names.	*Age.*	*Residence.*
John M. Jones,	35	Philadelphia, Jefferson County.
George Kimball,	20	Brownsville, Jefferson "
Hiram Kenney,	20	Palermo, Oswego "
Joseph Lefore,	29	Lyme, Jefferson "
Daniel Liscomb,	40	" " "
Samuel Livingston,	40	Lisbon, St. Lawrence "
Joseph Lee,	21	Palermo, Oswego "
Andrew Leeper,	44	Lyme, Jefferson "
Hiram Loop,	25	Scruple, Onondaga "
Samuel Laraby,	35	Rossee, St. Lawrence "
Paul Lamear,	—	Ogdensburgh, " "
Sylvester A. Lawton,	28	Lyme, Jefferson "
Leman L. Leach,	40	Salina, Onondaga "
Oliver Lawton,	22	Saratoga, Saratoga "
Peter Myer,	20	Salina, Onondaga "
Sebastian Myer,	20	Rochester, Munroe "
Calvin Matthews,	25	Lysander, Onondaga "
Andrew Moore,	26	Adams, Jefferson "
Justus Merriam,	18	Brownsville, " "
Jehiel H. Martin,	32	Oswego, Oswego "
Phares Miller,	18	Leroy, Jefferson "
John Morrisset,	20	Lower Canada.
Chauncey Matthews,	25	Liverpool, Onondaga "
Foster Martin,	34	Antwerp, Jefferson "
Frederick Milow,	—	Germany.
Oster Myer,	30	Poland.
Alonzo Mayatt,	18	Lower Canada.
Joseph Norris,	26	Rossee, St. Lawrence "
Lawrence O'Reiley,	46	Lyme, Jefferson "
Alson Owen,	27	Palermo, Oswego "
Benjamin Obrey,	18	Madrid, St. Lawrence "
Oliver Obrey,	21	" " "
William O'Neil,	42	Alexandria, Jefferson "
John Okonskie,	32	Poland.
Jacob Putman,	24	Palermo, Oswego "
Asa Priest,	45	Auburn, Cayuga "
Gayus Powers,	24	Brownsville, Jefferson "
Ira Polley,	22	Lyme, " "
Levi Putman,	24	" " "
Lawton S. Peck,	20	Brownsville, " "
Jacob Paddock,	18	Salina, Onondaga "
James Pierce,	22	Orleans, Jefferson "
Ethel Penny,	19	Lyme, " "
James Phillips,	38	Ogdensburgh, St. Law'ce "
Joel Peeler,	41	Rutland, Jefferson "
Russel Phelps,	38	Lyme, " "
Timothy Rawson,	24	Alexandria, " "
William Reynolds,	19	Orleans, " "
Asa H. Richardson,	24	Upper Canada. "
Edgar Rogers,	18	Watertown, Jefferson "
Andrew Richardson,	28	Rossee, St. Lawrence "
Solomon Reynolds,	33	Queensbury, Warren "

Names.	*Age.*	*Residence.*
Orson Rogers,	19	Philadelphia, Jefferson County.
Lysander Root,	27	Sackett's Harbor, " "
Charles Rogers,	—	Philadelphia, " "
Baptiste Raza,	20	Montreal, L. Canada.
Charles Smith,	21	Lyme, Jefferson "
John G. Swansberg,	28	Alexandria, " "
Price Senter,	18	Perry, Genesee "
Hiram Sharp,	25	Salina, Onondaga "
Andrew Smith,	21	Orleans, Jefferson "
William Stebbins,	18	Brownsville, " "
James L. Snow,	20	Hastings, Oswego "
Henry Shew,	28	Philadelphia, Jefferson "
Orin W. Smith,	32	Orleans, " "
Joseph W. Stewart,	25	Waynesburg, Mifflin Co. Penn.
Thomas Stockton,	40	Rutland, Jefferson County.
William D. Sweet,	19	Alexandria, " "
——— Savoy,	44	Lewisburg, Lewis "
Sylvanus Sweet,	21	Alexandria, Jefferson "
Oliver Tucker,	22	Rutland, " "
Joseph Thompson,	26	Lyme, " "
Abner B. Townsend,	19	Philadelphia, " "
Samuel Tibbetts,	25	Salina, Onondaga "
John Thompson,	27	Madrid, St. Lawrence, "
Nelson Truax,	20	Antwerp, Jefferson "
John Thompson,	24	Morristown, St. Law'ce "
Giles Thomas,	27	Salina, Onondaga "
George Venamber,	23	Alexandria, Jefferson "
Charles Vanwermer,	21	Ellisburg, Lewis "
Tenike Venalstine,	30	Salina, Onondaga "
Martin Vanslike,	23	Watertown, Jefferson "
Hunter C. Vaughn,	21	Sackett's Harbor, " "
Nicholas A. S. Von Shoultz,	43	Salina, Onondaga "
Charles Wilson,	23	Lyme, Jefferson "
Stephen S. Wright,	25	Denmark, Lewis "
Nathan Whiting,	45	Liverpool, Onondaga "
Charles Woodruff,	21	Salina, " "
Joseph Wagner,	24	" " "
Riley Whitney,	28	Leroy, Jefferson "
Simeon Webster,	21	Salina, Onondaga "
William Wolcot,	20	Clay, " "
Jeremiah Winegar,	59	Brownsville, Jefferson "
Sampson A. Wiley,	20	Watertown, " "
Edward A. Wilson,	27	Ogdensburgh, St. Law'ce "
Henry E. Wilkey,	20	Orleans, Jefferson "
Samuel Washburn,	23	Oswego, Oswego "
Bemis Woodbury,	22	Auburn, Cayuga "
Patrick White,	25	Lower Canada.
Monroe Wheelock,	23	Watertown, Jefferson "
Lorenzo West,	26	Salina, Onondaga "
Alexander Wright,	21	Ogdensburgh, St. Law'ce "
Martin Woodruff,	34	Salina, Onondaga "

The following-named persons, included in the foregoing list, were killed at Windmill Point: Nelson Butterfield, Charles E. Brown, Nathan Coffin, Rensselaer Drake, Adam Empy, Edmund Foster, Moses Haynes, Samuel Laraby, Paul Lamear, Oster Myer, Benjamin Obrey, James Phillips, Leonard Root, —— Savoy, Tenike Venalstine, Lorenzo West, Alexander Wright — 17.

Wounded, and died in the hospital: John Bromley, Frederick Millow, Monroe Wheelock — 3.

Wounded, but not mortally: Philip Alger, Ernest Barance, Hiram Colton, Leonard Delano, Selah Evans, Lorenzo E. Finney, Jacob Herald, George Kimball, Andrew Moore, John Morrisset, Oliver Obrey, John Okonskie, Orson Rogers, Giles Thomas, Stephen S. Wright, William Wolcot, Bemis Woodbury — 17.

The loss of the enemy was stated on our trial, by a government witness, to have been about twenty officers, and upwards of 300 men, killed, and a very large number wounded. According to the best information I am able to obtain, their loss was much greater than represented. I have lately seen and conversed with a citizen of Canada, who assisted in burying the dead taken from the field at Prescott. He says he aided in the interment of 700, and he thinks there were 300 buried without his assistance. This would make the whole number killed amount to *one thousand!* The man appeared to be a creditable witness, and I see no reason for disbelieving his statement.

The following extract from the official account of Colonel Gowan, an inveterate tory, although false in some respects, contains admissions in regard to the bravery of the patriots, and the loss of the British, which are worthy of notice. In speaking of the fight on the 13th, when we were first attacked, he says: "After a few *hot and heavy* exchanges between the steamers and the enemy's artillery from the tower or windmill, the battle commenced on the left, by driving in the American outposts. As the left wing advanced *the fire of the enemy was very galling*, and Colonel Frazer, seeing so many of the brave marines, and their gallant companions, the Glengarys, falling, ordered the whole to advance and charge, which order was promptly obeyed. Three British cheers, and a few paces of 'double quick,' with the cold steel in front, soon exhibited the long-legged Yankees, and gave our gallant boys possession of the ground, on which their right flank had taken post. Meanwhile, the right wing was advancing against the main body of the enemy, who were entrenched behind stone fences, and occupied a large barn, and

two large stone houses close to the windmill tower. As this division advanced, *the enemy opened a most galling fire upon it*, and, we regret to say, *too many of our brave companions in arms fell*, gallant sacrifices for the insulted honor of their country; and, amongst the rest, the amiable but undaunted Lieutenant Johnson, of the 83d. The ruffians were so securely planted behind the stone fences, *that they stood the charge to the last;* and so closely was the ground contested, that Colonel Gowan received the bayonet of one of the brigands in the left hip, while in personal conflict with him."

The only wound which I received in the fight was caused by a cannon-ball striking the ground about four feet from me, and throwing a gravel stone against my face, causing it to bleed freely, but doing no essential injury. After the battle, I found that my coat had been pierced with bullets in six different places; and several others were as thickly peppered as mine.

On Monday, the 19th, we were separated, and confined in five distinct rooms. There were forty-two in the room with me, which was just large enough for us all to stretch out in, leaving a passage-way in the centre, a foot wide. We had nothing but the bare floor to sleep on.

Sheriff McDonald came in and told us that he would allow one man in each room to write a letter to our friends. I wrote to Barnard Bagley, Esq., of Watertown, acquainting him with our situation, and giving him the names of the prisoners, and the names and residence of the friends to whom they wished him to write. I informed him of our need of clothing and money, as we had no change of linen, and many had been robbed of their money, coats, shoes, and other articles of necessity.

In a few days I received an answer from Mr. Bagley, informing me that our friends had contributed $300, which he had sent to the Sheriff, for our use. During our imprisonment at Kingston, which lasted ten months, we received money at different times, from our friends at Watertown, in all amounting to the sum of $700.

Letters were written from the other rooms to Salina, Ogdensburgh, Oswego, and Syracuse, and money was received from these and other places, in all amounting to between $3,500 and $4,000. This money, if we could have used it ourselves, would have alleviated our situation much. It had to pass through the hands of our keepers, who lost nothing by the operation.

A man named Counter, a wealthy baker, was the contractor for supplying the prison with provisions. He was a member of

the Methodist Church, and if it had many such members its character would need purifying, to render it fit for this world, to say nothing of the world to come. He took our money and purchased various articles which we needed, and for which we had to pay his own price. Notwithstanding the prices were exorbitantly high, we always got the meanest articles. We were, in fact, robbed of half our money by this hypocritical saint.

Our bread, baked in this monster's oven, was a perfect compound of unclean ingredients. We made a complaint to Sheriff McDonald about it, and exhibited to him specimens of the dirty stuff. The Sheriff sent for Counter, and, in our presence, gave him a caustic reprimand, in which certain profane expressions were freely introduced, without much regard to the religious professions of the contractor. In conclusion, the Sheriff ordered him to furnish better bread in future.

A part of our money was spent in purchasing bedding, of which we had thus far been destitute. Counter bought us a straw bed for every two men, and two blankets to each bed. We had no bedsteads, but spread our beds out on the floor at night, and rolled them up in the morning. This was not a very aristocratic style of living, surely; and when, in addition to our mean accommodations, we found the prison infested with vermin, we were in a proper state of mind to exclaim, in the language of a celebrated politician, "our sufferings *is* intolerable."

We had to pay for our dishes, shaving utensils, knives and forks, and all the little conveniences that were furnished us. In this manner the money contributed by our kind-hearted friends was expended. When we left Fort Henry, we were not allowed to take with us any of the articles which had thus been procured. Not satisfied with meanly cheating us in the original purchase, our keepers finally concluded to rob us of the whole, for the benefit, I suppose, of the amiable contractor, who probably sold what we left behind, to prisoners who succeeded us.

When Christmas arrived, the benevolent feelings of the aforesaid Mr. Counter were evidently awakened and called into vigorous action, by the hallowed associations of the day; in addition to our usual allowance of food, he sent us in a bread pudding, sweetened with molasses! It was very dry and hard; dainty people might have refused to eat it; but such a refusal on our part would have been unreasonable, for the allowance was very small to each man, not enough, hard as it was, to baffle the digestive organs! That the philosophy of Epicurus formed no part of Mr. Counter's system of prison discipline, we had pre-

viously ascertained, to our entire satisfaction. But we were not prepared fully to appreciate the disinterested benevolence of the contractor, in sending us such a Christmas present, until a few days afterwards, when he presented to the Sheriff a bill for that same pudding, by which it appeared that he had charged us the nice little sum of *forty dollars* for the luxury!

After we had been in prison a few days, the Queen's Attorney, Armstrong, took Von Shoultz into a separate room, and required him to make and sign a statement, to be used as evidence on his trial. On the 3d of December the trial took place before a militia court-martial. Von Shoultz pleaded guilty to the charge of having been arrayed in arms, and said he was fighting in the cause of liberty. The trial was nothing but a mock ceremony, as the case of the chivalric Polander had been prejudged, in the tory councils, and the court-martial had nothing to do but to record the sentence of death. After his condemnation, he was removed from Fort Henry to the jail in the village of Kingston, and we never saw him again. The last parting scene, in which he bid us all farewell, filled every heart with grief. He spoke a kind word to each one, and exhorted us all to die like men. His bearing, in this hour of severe trial, as it ever had been, was manly and noble. On the 6th, three days after the sham trial, the death-warrant was read to him, and on the 8th he suffered a martyr's death on the scaffold. During his short imprisonment, he won the esteem of all who came in contact with him. The officers of the 83d regiment, in particular, who had witnessed his heroism on the field of battle, sought his acquaintance, and became deeply interested in his fate. They implored Sir George Arthur to spare his life, but that bloody tyrant turned a deaf ear to every supplication in behalf of the victim he had determined to sacrifice. When the hour for the execution arrived, Von Shoultz shook hands with those around him, and every eye was suffused with tears. He was prepared to die. In his last moments he betrayed no unmanly weakness; he marched with a firm and fearless step to the gallows, where his virtuous and patriotic life was brought to a premature close.

For the following facts relative to the brilliant career of our murdered leader, I am indebted, principally, to a letter addressed to the editor of the Syracuse Standard, by Warren Green, Esq., of Salina. Mr. Green had been intimately acquainted with him during his residence in Salina. In a letter, dated "Kingston Jail, 7th December, 1838," the day before his execution, Colonel Von Shoultz informed Mr. Green that he had appointed him ex-

ecutor of his will; and said, if the British government would permit it, he wished to be buried on Mr. Green's farm.

Colonel Von Shoultz was of Swedish descent, a Pole by birth, and of noble extraction. He had just finished an education, which versed him deeply in the sciences, both useful and ornamental, and had acquired high literary honors, when he found himself engaged in that sanguinary and unequal contest between Poland and Russia, the unhappy termination of which lost to himself a country, and to that unfortunate country every thing but a name. As he was extremely modest in his pretensions, he was seldom heard to revert to personal achievements incidental to events so memorable, and then only under circumstances of the highest excitement. But in these occasional departures from self-reserve, and, incontestably, from other sources, it was learned that the important part he enacted was brilliant with heroic adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Certain it is, he signalized himself amid a host of heroes; for his rise was sudden, from the comparative obscurity of the scholar to the responsible command of a colonel.

In the sanguinary and decisive struggle before the walls of Warsaw, his father and a brother fell martyrs to the sacred cause of liberty. His mother and a sister fled, in the disguise of peasants, but were taken and banished to Russia, and are now confined to a space of ten miles square of that empire. Gashed and scarred with wounds, but covered with imperishable glory,—a fugitive, wandering from country to country; friends and fortune lost, despoiled of home and kindred, with a constitution much impaired,—Von Shoultz finally landed on our shores.

Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Lapland, Norway, Germany, Holland, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, Spain, Portugal, and England, had been the theatre of his travels, and he had not only acquired a general geographical knowledge of them all, but an intimate acquaintance with the habits, manners, and customs of the inhabitants. He spoke eight different dialects; but, at the time of his arrival here, he had only an imperfect knowledge of our own. His father's interest in the celebrated mines of Cracow, led him to an intimate knowledge of the manufacture of salt. Thrown upon his own resources, in a land of strangers, stripped of every vestige of property except a few family relics, he cast about him with his usual energy for the means of a livelihood, and these considerations brought him to the Onondaga salines, in the fall of 1836. Here he fitted up a small laboratory, made his experiments, became confirmed in the truth of a new

theory, and succeeded in convincing at least one individual of the practicability and utility of his improvement. He then proceeded to Washington, obtained letters patent, visited and analyzed the principal springs in Virginia, made the most favorable impressions wherever he extended his business or acquaintance, and finally returned to Salina and put two furnaces in operation, on his plan, successfully. While thus engaged, the diabolical outrages perpetrated by the British government on the people of Canada, awakened his sympathies in behalf of the oppressed. His soul was fired at the thought of again being permitted to strike for freedom. His enthusiastic recklessness of danger led him into its very vortex, and he perished, a victim upon the altar of liberty! He was a good military engineer, a skilful commander, and a man of the most fearless intrepidity. Had he fallen in battle, we might have regretted his fate without impugning its justice; but it will be a reproach to the British government, through all succeeding time, that this chivalrous champion of freedom was sacrificed, in the prime of life, for imitating the example of Lafayette and other heroes of the American revolution. A fearful retribution will yet overtake the bloody executioners.

"On a review of the sparkling incidents of his brief and romantic career," says Mr. Green, "I still think of him as the creature of a high-wrought fancy, rather than of sober reality; like a meteor of uncommon brilliancy, which has suddenly illumined the path of my dull existence, and as suddenly disappeared forever."

He was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished American lady, of Salina, whose miniature was torn from his neck at the time of his capture. He wrote, a few days previous to his death, a beautiful song, entitled "The Maiden's Answer," which he sung, with a thrilling yet plaintive voice, to his companions. It referred, in touching and appropriate terms, to her whom he loved with all the ardor of his impulsive nature.

CHAPTER VII.

The Reign of Terror — Execution of several Prisoners — Comments of the Democratic Review on these hideous Murders — The Author's Trial — Anecdote of "Old Hicks" — Character of Sheriff McDonald — His Profanity — Uncommon Vigilance to prevent our Escape — Visits from our Friends — Private Money smuggled into the Prison — Six Breakfasts eaten by one Man — Pardon of a Portion of the Prisoners — Mrs. Skinner's Effort in my Behalf — A Visit from the Governor — Celebration of the Fourth of July in Prison.

The reign of terror had now commenced. We were in the hands of the Robespierres of Canada, and the guillotine was in readiness to despatch its victims. The gloom and monotony of prison life; the unrelenting murder of our beloved commander, the uncertainty which brooded over our destiny; the bloodthirsty disposition evinced by the tories, and especially by Governor Arthur, to whom we were obliged to look for clemency; the summary process of trying us by a court-martial, composed of persons known to be violently hostile to us, and selected for that very reason; the effort to induce some of our men to turn queen's witnesses, by an offer of free pardon for themselves; — all these things tended to render our situation exceedingly unpleasant. It was boldly declared, in advance of any trial, that all the leaders, at least, would be hung. How comprehensive the tory definition of the word "leaders" might be, we had no very satisfactory means of deciding. Every man who was known to have been an active participator in the patriot movements on the frontier considered that his doom was sealed. In previous chapters the reader will have learned that I was somewhat deeply implicated, and the fact that I had been arraigned before the civil tribunals of my own country, on account of my connection with these movements, rendered my case one of the most desperate. The reflections incident to such a situation, as may easily be imagined, were not of the most agreeable character. Still, I never indulged in melancholy forebodings.

On the 12th of December, four days after the execution of Von Shoultz, Colonel Dorethus Abbey and Daniel George were

led to the scaffold. I had been in the room with Colonel Abbey. Three or four days before his murder, the Sheriff came in, and told him he had received orders for his execution, and wished him to get ready to remove to the cell of the condemned, immediately. He received the intelligence with manly coolness, and, on leaving, shook hands with us all, bidding us farewell. There is a melting power in that single word "farewell," — when spoken for the last time, under such peculiar and distressing circumstances, — which opens the fountain of the heart, and sends tears of sorrow trickling down the hardy cheeks of manhood. Separation from friends is at all times afflictive to the feelings; but when they leave at the bidding of the executioner, who is to sever the brittle thread of life and consign them to "that bourn from whence no traveller returns," how sad, how solemn, how overpowering is the scene! What a throng of deep emotions crowd the heart, and cause every fibre to palpitate!

Colonel Abbey was a native of Connecticut, and a printer and editor by profession. To his three orphan children he addressed affectionate letters, on the evening previous to his death. To one of these letters there was a postscript, written the next morning, as follows: "I slept soundly and quietly last night; I now feel as though I could meet the event with composure."

Mr. George was taken prisoner in attempting to cross the river, as described in a previous chapter. He belonged to Lyme, Jefferson county, and was a brave, resolute, and worthy man. He left a disconsolate widow, who has never recovered from the shock. I have seen and conversed with her since my return from bondage. Nothing can assuage the grief of that heart-broken woman.

Colonel Martin Woodruff, of Salina, was executed on the 19th. He was a man of great courage, and a first-rate officer. At the Windmill he displayed heroic bravery; and he met his fate, as he had fought, with lion-hearted resolution. I knew him personally, and always found him true to the patriot cause, in which his soul was enthusiastically engaged. He left a mourning widow and three children. The Kingston Spectator thus described the scene of his murder: "He was placed on the platform, the cap pulled over his face, and the hangman then fastened the rope to a hook in the beam over head. The platform fell, and a revolting, disgusting, and disgraceful spectacle was presented to view. The knot, instead of drawing tight under the ear, was brought to the chin; it did not slip, but left space enough to put a hand within, the chief weight of the body bearing upon the rope at the

back of the neck. The body was in great agitation, and seemed to suffer greatly. The spectators said it was shameful management, and then two hangmen endeavored to *strangle* the sufferer." The Port Ontario Aurora said, "His neck was not broken till the hangman on the cross-tree had pulled him up by the collar and let him fall four times in succession."

On the 22d day of December, Joel Peeler and Sylvanus Sweet, two of the most inoffensive men in the lot, were sent to the gallows. The Prescott affair was the first and only movement they had been identified with. When they were dragged to the scaffold, it really seemed as if an indiscriminate slaughter of all the prisoners had been decreed. None of us were less deeply implicated, and their martyrdom shows how utterly regardless the bloody executioners were of all discrimination, so long as they could find subjects for their malignant revenge to operate upon.

On the 4th of January, 1839, four others were escorted to the gallows, namely, Christopher Buckley, Sylvester A. Lawton, Russell Phelps, and Duncan Anderson. They were brave men; but what they had done, to be singled out from the rest and sacrificed on the scaffold, I have never been able to learn. Poor Anderson was sick, and could not have lived many weeks, if they had taken the best care of him! He was so weak that his murderers were obliged to support him on the scaffold! Comment on such atrocious barbarity is needless. In the evening, after this inhuman execution, Colonel Dundas and his officers had a gay and mirthful pleasure party! O, shame! where is thy blush?

On the 11th of February, Leman L. Leach was executed. He was one of the most daring and fearless men I ever saw. He was so perfectly reckless of danger that nothing could intimidate him. Not having finished his breakfast when the officer came to escort him to the gallows, he insisted on being allowed to enjoy his last meal, and kept the officer waiting till he had coolly and deliberately concluded his repast. This heedless indifference in regard to his fate was characteristic of the man. Aside from his bravery, there were not so many attractive points in his character as were exhibited by the other martyrs.

The Democratic Review, for March, 1839, expressed the following just sentiments in relation to these and other executions in Canada:—

"The most foul atrocities with which this part of our continent has ever been stained, taking into considerate connection

all the facts and circumstances of the case, are unquestionably the late British executions in our neighbor state of Canada. In the present age of the world, and the present maturity of the public mind, to extinguish human life for political opinion is not a whit less infamous or revolting than it would be to revive the fires of Smithfield, and burn men, women, and children, for religious belief. It is impossible to apply to this case the justification of legal right. The laws of England, which have been defiled by her monarchs with penalties for every crime, sanguinary as the code of Draco, authorize the penalty of death in unnumbered instances, where the daily practice of her courts shows that it is necessary, for justice's sake, to preserve the life. The law of high treason, in particular, under which these hideous murders have been committed, is as old as the reign of Edward III., and ordains capital punishment for conspiring the death of the king! If the great Jefferson, in the sincere respect of a philosophic lawgiver for the rights of posterity, and with a sacred deference to the progress of opinion, questioned the power and doubted the propriety of a legislature's enacting laws binding for more than one generation, what shall we think in our land, and in an age subsequent to Jefferson, of the horrid criminality of these bloody executions in Canada, under a law some hundreds of years old, and for an offence an American and a republican cannot commit. No, the spirit of murder is essentially combined with the spirit of British monarchy. The sanguinary selfishness of its fear of light, truth, justice, and patriotism, has traced its long career, in the pages of British history, in the best blood of its own land; and it is not to be borne that the monster appetite is now to be satiated with American and republican victims. We say American, without especial reference to the natives of the United States who perished at its bidding, but also of the more friendless Canadians, natives of the same soil, children of the same sun, and inheriting the same sympathies and associations, as ourselves.

"We attach no blame to the *people* of England, for these atrocities. Their influence, wherever it has found its way into the legislation of their country, has been—like that of the *people* in all countries—uniformly beneficial, enlightened, and humane. The influence of her monarchy has been, on the contrary, as uniformly bad. * * * * * * *

"What a noble army of martyrs, soon to be honored as they deserve, would not these names compose; from the Cobhams and Balls of her early history, to the Russells and Sidneys, or Em-

mets and Lounts of her modern annals, whose fame will shine in brightness undiminished, when the loathing and wrath of aroused and free opinion shall have prostrated forever the system that destroyed them, because it could not exist in the same age with so much purity and worth. The inexpressible indignation and disgust which the perpetration of these atrocities, in this hemisphere, has occasioned, throughout the whole length and breadth of this land, may image forth the reaction of that tide of virtuous feeling that ere long will swell up in a strength that will at once atone and avenge the whole. Yes! let it go forth. Never, never will the loathing which the judicial murders of these hapless Canadians has attached, in all enlightened opinion, to the British monarchy, be effaced, nor the indignant abhorrence they have excited, subside, until a power thus disgustingly alien to the feelings, the interests, and the sympathies, as well as the soil of freemen, *shall have been utterly expelled from the broad expanse of the North American continent*, whose free soil its odious and cruel policy has thus foully polluted."

On the 17th of December, I was arraigned before the court-martial, with eleven others, for trial. The court consisted of about a dozen militia (or malicious) officers. Previous to this time I had been called out of my room, in company with O. W. Smith and others, to make a statement to the Queen's Attorney. As we did not exactly like this method of furnishing testimony to be used against us, and had some doubts as to the legal right of the court or its officers to exact it, our statements were as guarded and cautious as we could well make them. The Attorney pretended to take them down in writing. In a few days he came to our room, and wanted us to sign the documents he had drawn up. On reading them, we found he had colored them as much as possible, to our disadvantage. I refused to sign the one prepared for me, and Smith also refused to sign his. The Attorney insisted upon it, but all to no purpose. He said it was useless for us to undertake to be stubborn, as he knew all about us, and we were *sure to be hung!* I told him, if the government had already decided to hang us, as he had intimated, they could do so, but they must not expect us *to furnish the rope!* He left us, not very well satisfied with the result of his attempt to bamboozle the Yankees. A few days afterwards, having had time to cool down a little, he allowed us to make new statements, which he drew up with tolerable accuracy, and we then signed them. All hope of a fair and impartial trial, with such men for accusers and judges, must certainly have rested on a sandy foundation.

The accusation was the same against us all. I received a copy of the charge against me, a few days before the trial. It read as follows:—

"For the said Daniel D. Heustis, on the 12th day of November, and on divers other days between that day and the 16th day of November, in the second year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, defender of the faith, with force and arms, at the township of Augusta,* in the District of Johnstown and Province of Upper Canada, being a citizen of a foreign state, at peace with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, that is to say, the United States of America, having joined himself to several subjects of our said Lady the Queen, who were then and there unlawfully and traitorously in arms against our said Lady the Queen, the said Daniel D. Heustis, with the said subjects of her said Majesty, so unlawfully and traitorously in arms as aforesaid, did then and there, armed with guns and bayonets, and other warlike weapons, feloniously kill and slay divers of her said Majesty's loyal subjects, contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace of our said Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity. You are hereby notified that the foregoing is a copy of the charge preferred against you, and upon which you will be tried before the Militia General Court-Martial, assembled at Fort Henry, in the Midland District, on Monday, the 17th day of December, 1838. You will forward to me the names of any witnesses you may desire to have summoned for your defence. Dated the 10th day of December, 1838.

(Signed) WM. H. DRAPER, Advocate-General."

We all pleaded "Not Guilty." Five or six witnesses were sworn against me, among whom were Levi Chipman, a Canadian by birth, Alonzo Mayatt and Baptiste Raza, French Canadians, who were of our own party, and had turned queen's evidence. Their testimony amounted to nothing. Captain Sandum testified that we surrendered to him, and he appeared to be very proud of the honor. An ensign of the 83d regiment testified that twenty-eight men were killed out of his company; also, that about twenty officers and more than three hundred privates were killed, on the British side, and a great many wounded. None

* The battle-field was in Augusta, but being near Prescott, the fight has always been called "The Battle of Prescott."

of the witnesses could identify us but Chipman, and he knew but little. John Graves, another traitor and queen's witness, had been giving private information against us, but he was not produced at the trial. Smith and myself retained a lawyer to assist us in our defence, but he was only permitted to remain in the room during the trial, without saying a word.

After the farcical ceremony of examining the witnesses, the members of the court busied themselves for about two minutes and a half, apparently in a very profound exchange of opinions among themselves, and then we were remanded to our prison again, without any intimation as to what the verdict was; and never, from that day to this, has it been communicated to us, or any sentence passed upon us, though we have seen and felt some things that have induced us to believe that we were adjudged guilty.

We had some droll specimens of humanity among us, who, amid all our trials, occasionally excited a flow of mirth, which relieved the tediousness of our confinement, and enabled us to look with more stoic philosophy on the dark spots in our experience. Among these fun-provoking geniuses was Garret Hicks, or, as he was commonly called, "Old Hicks," a coarse, careless, independent sort of a fellow, who was always telling some big dog story, and displayed a wonderful knowledge of the marvellous achievements of the canine race. When he was arraigned for trial, his uncouth appearance led the Judge-Advocate to suppose that he was "threepence short of a shilling," as the English say, when they suspect a man is a little deficient in shrewdness.

"Well, Hicks," said the Judge-Advocate, "did you fight any?"

"Yes, I fit as well as I could," said Hicks, in a blunt, indifferent, care-for-nothing manner.

"How many did you kill?"

"Well, I don't know; I guess I killed as many of them as they did of me."

The court enjoyed a hearty laugh, at this happy reply of "Old Hicks," and finding him not so verdant as they had imagined, let him go without further questioning.

Each of the five rooms in which we were confined had a captain, whose duty it was to see that every thing was kept in order. All communications to the Sheriff had to be made through the medium of the captains. I was elevated to this high post of honor in my room, which brought me in contact with the Sheriff and other officers every day, and, in the course of our long confinement, gave me an opportunity to study their characters.

Sheriff McDonald was a large, stout, and good-looking Scotchman. He was a proud man, and was colonel of the Glengary regiment. Prompt and faithful in the discharge of his duty as an officer, he was not destitute of humane feelings, and never insulted us, as did others, with ungentlemanly and abusive remarks, calculated to irritate and annoy us. He was in the habit of using quite too much profane language; in fact, he rarely spoke without introducing expressions that it would be improper for me to repeat; we soon got used to his oaths, and paid no attention to them. One day I observed to him, "I think you ought to allow us a little money to spend for ourselves."

"G—d d—n your soul, you've no right to think; there are men paid to think for you," was the characteristic reply.

Some time before we were sent to Fort Henry, Colonel Brophy and about a dozen other patriots made their escape from the fort, and reached the United States. The Sheriff, a little nettled by their escape, kept a close eye on us, lest our Yankee ingenuity should also devise some plan for eluding his grasp. He often told us that it was our business to get away, if we could, and it was his business to keep us, and, with a tremendous oath, he would assert his intention of doing his part of the work effectually. Every day our rooms were examined, and great precautions taken, to frustrate any scheme that we might contrive to liberate ourselves. With only ordinary vigilance, it is doubtful whether he would have kept us as long as he did.

Our friends from the United States were frequently over to see us, and by various stratagems we contrived to get in private money, with which, through the agency of the cook, we procured various little essential articles of comfort. By previous arrangement with their friends, some of the men received bank bills sewed up in clothing sent to them.

My friends made an arrangement with the Catholic priest, who visited us frequently, to be the bearer of money to me. In this way I received twenty-five dollars in silver, which was of much service to me. This Catholic priest was much more attentive to us than the Episcopalian clergyman; he would converse with us freely, without reserve or cold formality, and appeared to sympathize with us in our trials.

One morning, during the winter, while we were waiting for breakfast, with appetites well sharpened, Henry Shew, a very small man, but full of life and motion, offered to bet that he could eat five men's breakfasts in fifteen minutes. Here was a chance for fun, if nothing else.

"I will bet you a coat you can't do it," said one.

"Agreed," said Shew.

Others staked shirts, handkerchiefs, and stocks. Shew accepted the offers, and four of us were to give up our breakfasts to be added to his own, to enable him to try the experiment. In turning them into a large tin pan, we managed to smuggle in an extra one, making six. Shew then commenced operations, while the rest of us stood by, to watch the progress of the work. At first we had hopes of winning; but these hopes were soon dissipated. Before the expiration of the time, the pan was scraped clean, and Shew declared he could have eaten more with ease. The unfortunate wights who had bet with him, had to console themselves as the man did who lost his nice fat rabbit, and after it had escaped, concluded it was rather lean, and that a great quantity of butter would have been consumed in cooking it!

At various times, between the first of December and the first of May, sixty-four of our number were pardoned and sent home to the United States, and twenty-two others were discharged without a trial, making in all eighty-six, leaving sixty still in captivity. Some time in the spring, twenty-five of the latter, including myself, were pardoned by Governor Arthur, and an order for our liberation had just been put into the Sheriff's hands, when the pardons were withdrawn, and we were reserved for a punishment worse than death itself. This is another fact going to show how completely we were subject to the caprices of the unprincipled mercenaries of royalty.

My cousin, Mrs. Skinner, of Watertown, went to Toronto, and had an interview with the Governor, Sir George Arthur, in the hope of aiding numerous petitions which had been sent to him by my friends in Jefferson county, praying for my liberation. The Governor said he could do nothing, as the whole subject had been left at the disposal of the home government. When he wished to send men to the gallows, his authority was undisputed, and he not only refused to consult the home government, but denied the prisoners a trial by jury, to which they were entitled by the laws of England. But a generous act of clemency was such an unusual thing with him, and so uncongenial to his nature, that he must needs be driven to its performance by orders from his superiors! I am inclined to think, however, that the Governor fabricated the story which he told Mrs. Skinner, to get rid of the strong appeal in my behalf.

Governor Arthur visted us once during our imprisonment. He was a short, stout-built man, and had a tyrannical look about

him, which did not belie his character. He put several questions to individual prisoners, and when, in answer to one addressed to me, I told him my name, he said, "I recollect; 'Squire Gilbert, of Watertown, has written to Chief Justice Jones respecting you." Just before he left, he made a brief address to us; in which, among other things not so complimentary, he said, "If you had been fighting in the right cause, you would have been an honor to your country."

The ever glorious Fourth of July, we celebrated as well as circumstances would permit. Out of several pocket handkerchiefs a flag was manufactured, as nearly resembling the "star-spangled banner" as we could conveniently make it. This emblem of freedom and national independence we hoisted in our room, taking good care that the officers did not get a peep at it. We procured some lemons and sugar, which enabled us to pass round a refreshing bowl of lemonade. We then let off our toasts, in which the heroes of '76 were duly remembered. Their success had saved them from the gallows, and bequeathed freedom to their posterity, while our failure had procured us a dungeon, and riveted the chains which bound the hapless Canadians as vassals of the British throne. If we had been tortured with the thought that our own cowardice had been the cause of our defeat, we should indeed have been the most miserable of men. But we had faced the enemy, as did the heroes of Bunker Hill, if not with equal success in the final result, at least in the same spirit and for the attainment of the same object, and we saw no cause for self-reproach.

The reanimating season of spring, and the hot and sultry days of summer, came and passed, and we still remained shut up in the gloomy prison. How we longed for an opportunity to exercise in the open fields, where the pure air of heaven would invigorate our bodies and revive our drooping spirits, and where the beauties of smiling nature would delight the eye and refresh the heart! The blessing of personal freedom, like all other blessings, is never appreciated until we feel its loss. The sick man can estimate the value of health; so can the prisoner, who has passed months in a dark and dismal cell, living on the meanest food, and breathing the foulest atmosphere, appreciate the worth of freedom. To him, wealth, honor, and renown are but idle shadows! His soul pants for liberty! Give him that, and his joyous spirit will leap forth into the world, in raptures of delight!

CHAPTER VIII.

Removal from Fort Henry to Quebec — Embarkation on board the Ship Buffalo — An Account of the Battle of Windsor — Description of the Buffalo — Division of the Prisoners into Messes — Our Manner of Living — A Storm — Scheme to Capture the Ship — Death of Asa Priest — A Funeral at Sea — Arrival at Rio Janeiro — Yankee Seamanship — A Flogging — Doubling the Cape — Van Dieman's Land.

On the morning of the 23d of September, Deputy-Sheriff Richardson came into our room and told us that we were to be removed from Fort Henry, and wanted us to get ready for a start. Our destination we could not ascertain, and this was the first intimation we had received of our removal. We had scarcely finished packing up our clothing, when several blacksmiths came in with irons to fasten around our ankles, and handcuffs for our wrists. We were to be chained together, in couples, and had the privilege of choosing our mates. I went with O. W. Smith. The irons were riveted on our ankles by the blacksmiths, but the handcuffs were fastened with padlocks. There was a key to every padlock, though one key would fit them all. I put the handcuffs on to Smith and myself, and then put the key in my pocket.

After the sons of Vulcan had thus invested us in a complete uniform of iron jewelry, we were marched from the fort to the wharf, escorted by a company of the 83d regiment, and accompanied by Sheriff McDonald and three Deputy-Sheriffs. On arriving at the wharf our names were called, and we were then huddled on board a canal-boat. In addition to the sixty Prescott prisoners, there were eighteen who had been taken at the battle of Windsor, and three who had been convicted of crimes in the courts of justice, so called. A small steamer towed the canal-boat through the Rideau canal to Montreal, and we had a long, tedious passage. At night, we had the soft side of a plank to repose on, and iron fetters for bed-clothes! The key in my pocket enabled me to relieve myself and some of my companions of the handcuffs, during the hours of darkness, which bettered our condition considerably.

On the evening of the 27th we arrived at Montreal, and were immediately transferred to a British steamer, bound to Quebec, where we arrived at night on the 28th. As we approached the latter place, our attention was directed to a ship anchored off the city. It was just high water, and the wind, blowing lightly, had canted the vessel across the stream, so that I had a broadside view of her. She was a vessel of about 700 tons, and loomed too high out of the water to be a ship of war, although she mounted guns, and had a long pendant flying from the main, which made it evident that she was not employed in the merchant service. Approaching nearer, I could see her topgallant forecastle crowded with sailors and soldiers, and then the thought crossed my mind that she was a convict ship, destined to transport us to some penal colony. This impression was soon confirmed. We found, as we went alongside of her, that she was indeed the convict-ship Buffalo, commanded by Captain Wood. She had royal yards across fore and aft, and the blue peter flying at the fore, (a signal for sea,) the transports' pendant at the main, and the English red ensign at the mizen peak.

The irons, which had severely tormented us all the way from Kingston, were taken off on the deck of the steamer, and we were then transferred to the Buffalo. As I passed from the steamer to the ship's deck, I saw Sheriff McDonald standing at the gangway, and having my watch with me I inquired of him whether I should be permitted to retain it, and if not, I wished him to send it to my friends. He gazed upon me for a moment with a look of the deepest commiseration, and in faltering accents told me to keep it, at the same time bursting into tears! My watch had been sent to me, while in prison, by my friends. I could not have kept it from the greedy grasp of the military thieves who made us prisoners, if I had carried it at the battle of Prescott. Sheriff McDonald, I have since been informed, died in one of our lunatic asylums, only a short time after we parted with him on board the Buffalo.

After being thoroughly searched, we were passed along forward and down into the hold. Here we found fifty-eight patriots and two civil prisoners, from Lower Canada, who were to be our companions during the voyage, and fellow-sufferers in a land of exile. The whole number of prisoners was 141.

The following are the names of the Prescott prisoners; those marked with a star have since died: David Allen, Orlin Blodget, John Bradley, Thomas Baker, John Berry, Chauncey Bugby, George T. Brown, Lysander Curtis,* Robert G. Collins, John

Cronkhite, Hugh Calhoun, Leonard Delano, Moses A. Dutcher, Luther Darby, Aaron Dresser, Elon Fellows, Michael Fraer, William Gates, Emanuel Garrison, Gideon A. Goodrich, Nelson Griggs, Jerry Griggs, John Gilman, Daniel D. Heustis, Garret Hicks, David House, James Inglish, Joseph Lefore, Daniel Liscomb, Andrew Leeper,* Hiram Loop, Calvin Matthews, Andrew Moore, Jehiel H. Martin, John Morriset, Chauncey Matthews, Foster Martin,* Alson Owen,* Asa Priest,* Ira Polly, Jacob Paddock, James Pierce, William Reynolds, Asa H. Richardson, Solomon Reynolds, John Swansburg, Hiram Sharp, Henry Shew, Orin W. Smith, Joseph W. Stewart, Thomas Stockton,* Joseph Thompson, John Thomas, Stephen S. Wright, Nathan Whiting, Riley Whitney, Edward A. Wilson, Samuel Washburn, Bemis Woodbury, Patrick White—60.

As before stated, there were eighteen prisoners among us who had been taken at the battle of Windsor, and, as I have given no account of that battle, a brief description of the fight will not be out of place in this connection. In the latter part of November, 1838, several hundred men left Cleveland, Ohio, in small parties, and assembled at Brest, Michigan, where they recruited for a short time. The expedition had been planned principally by refugees quartered at Cleveland. The weather being cold, and the authorities of the United States, as usual, manifesting a strong disposition to interfere, many became disheartened at what they considered tardiness on the part of their leaders, and began to desert. The patriots in Michigan were now for the first time asked to join the expedition, which they were willing to do, but time was necessary to call out their force. The capture of thirteen boxes of muskets belonging to the party, by the government authorities, and other unfavorable events, conspired to make the men impatient, and they then insisted on crossing immediately, without waiting for reinforcements from Michigan. General Bierce, the commander-in-chief, told them it would be folly to go without an extensive addition to their numbers; but General Putnam, a Canadian refugee, and Colonel Harvell, a Kentuckian, pursued an opposite course. On the 4th of December, three weeks after the battle of Prescott, one hundred and sixty-four men crossed over from Detroit, and landed on the Canada shore. In two divisions, they marched to Windsor, attacked the military barracks, shouting "Remember Prescott," and crossing guns with the enemy, through the windows, fought with determined courage for about forty minutes, until the barracks were on fire, and then the British force surrendered, having lost about thirty

men in killed and wounded. Eight of the patriots were killed, and seven wounded.

The latter were conveyed, in small boats, to Detroit, where General Hugh Brady, of the United States army, attempted to prevent their landing; but the people on the wharf, disregarding his drawn sword, and threats to cut them down, soon convinced him that a ducking in the river would be the consequence of persisting in his inhuman conduct.

Securing their prisoners, the patriots resumed their march, and, on reaching the centre of the town, encountered the troops from Sandwich. A fire was opened by both parties, and the British were soon driven back into an orchard, where they took position behind a fence, while the patriots made their way through a gate, incurring a most deadly fire. Then followed a skirmishing fight, until the British were reinforced by 200 regulars from Malden. This reinforcement cut off the rear-guard of the patriots, and forced Putnam to retreat to the woods back of the town. On the retreat, his party were exposed to a very hot fire, and General Putnam himself was shot dead in the act of getting over a fence. His aid likewise fell, with the patriot standard in his hands, which he wrapped around his body and expired. The gallant Harvell refused to retreat, but drawing his bowie-knife, faced the enemy, declaring that he would never surrender. He was instantly shot down. A few of the party escaped to the American shore, some perished in the woods, and the remainder were hunted and captured by the British and Indians. Four of them were made prisoners in the neighborhood. Of these Colonel John Prince, a fiend in human shape, in his official account, remarks: "Of the brigands and pirates, twenty-one were killed, besides four, who were brought in just at the close, and immediately after the engagement; *all of whom I ordered to be shot upon the spot, and it was done accordingly.*"

The rear-guard of the patriots, which had been separated from the main body on the arrival of the regulars, from Malden, seized upon such canoes as they could find, and crossed over to Hog Island, where Major Payne, of the United States army, who had command of the steamboat Erie, *ordered his men to fire upon them*, which was done! Several American citizens only escaped death by taking refuge behind the trees, so sharp was this firing on the part of United States troops!

Of the prisoners taken, Joshua G. Doan, Daniel (or Charles) Kennedy, Cornelius Cunningham, Hiram B. Linn, Davis D. Bedford, Albert Clark, and Julius Perley, were tried by court-

martial and executed at London, Upper Canada, and eighteen others became our companions on board the Buffalo. The following is a list of their names, those marked with a star having since died:—

Names.	*Age.*	*Residence.*
James M. Atchison,	28	London, Upper Canada.
Henry V. Barnum,	25	Long Point, " "
James DeWitt Fero,	25	" " "
John L. Gutridge,	30	Cleveland, Ohio.
Robert Marsh,	25	Detroit, Michigan.
Michael Murray,	32	Lockport, New York.
William Nottage,*	38	Amherst, Ohio.
Samuel Snow,	38	Strongville, Ohio,
Eleazer Stevens,	27	Lebanon, New York.
John Sprague,	23	Amherst, Ohio.
Riley M. Stewart,	31	Avon, "
Alvin B. Sweet,	22	Windfield, New York.
John H. Simons,*	23	Lockport, "
Chauncey Sheldon,	57	Utica, Michigan.
John B. Tirrell,	24	St. Thomas, Upper Canada.
John C. Williams,	38	Rochester, New York.
James R. Williams,*	24	Cleveland, Ohio.
E. C. Woodman,	42	London, Upper Canada.

I account for the 182 men engaged in the battle of Prescott as follows: Killed, 17; wounded, and afterwards died, 3; escaped before the surrender, 5; executed, 11; pardoned, 64; discharged without a trial, 22; transported in the Buffalo, 60; total, 182.

A brief description of the Buffalo will be necessary in order to convey to the reader an idea of our new home. She had a full poop-deck, which extended before the mizenmast, and under which were the great cabin and the state-rooms for the officers. Forward there was a topgallant forecastle, divided into two galleys, or cook-houses. Before the mainmast, and abaft the foremast, there were two strong gratings or barricades, of oak, lined with iron, and about eight feet high. In the midships of this space, the long boat and spare spars were stowed, leaving about eight feet space of gangways on each side. On the quarter-deck, she mounted six nine-pounders, carriage guns, but as she was pierced with ports fore and aft, it is reasonable to suppose that she had guns below, which, if required, could easily be hoisted on deck, and mounted. Her between-decks, and the squares of her hatchways, were also gratined off, having only small doors of communication with the deck above. Forward there was a sick bay, or doctor's shop, and the other parts of the deck were fitted for the accommodation of the sailors, marines, and soldiers,

each class, however, occupying distinct divisions. In the hold, about seven feet below the between-decks, was a platform-deck, constructed of rough deals, laid on the ballast, and stanchioned down. In the wings were two tiers of berths, each berth designed for the reception of four persons. A grating extended fore and aft, and the squares of the hatchways were also barricaded. This place was to be the home of 140 prisoners, during a long and monotonous voyage at sea. It did not afford room for us all to stand, and some were obliged to occupy the berths, day and night, being relieved at suitable intervals. We had no air except what came down the hatchway. Abaft, the hold was stowed with stores, provisions, and water. Such was the ship Buffalo. The officers, sailors, soldiers, and marines, together with a few women and children, numbered 141, making the whole number on board 281.

The ship was immediately taken in tow by a steamer, and we glided swiftly down the River St. Lawrence. We then had an opportunity of writing to our friends, which several of our company gladly embraced. In brief letters, I bid farewell to those near and dear to me, informing them of my situation, and the probable destination of the ship. Our letters were forwarded by the pilot, and those I wrote were duly received by my friends. A dark and gloomy prospect was now before us; we were captives, and a life of slavery, under cruel taskmasters, in a distant penal colony, was to be our future destiny. But I never despaired of visiting again the home of my childhood, and the friends I loved. This hope, more or less strong in all our hearts, served to buoy up our spirits, in some measure, during the whole of our imprisonment. But, alas! many of our companions closed their eyes in death, without realizing it! They sleep in a land of strangers, with no stone to mark the spot where they lie, and no kind friend to shed a sorrowing tear over their graves!

The prisoners were divided into messes. Each mess consisted of twelve men, who were directed to choose from their own number a captain. I was selected for that office by the ninth mess, and my duty consisted in superintending the labor assigned to my messmates, and in the exercise of a general supervision in regard to them. Our platform-deck was holystoned, and our quarters cleaned, every morning, each mess in its turn performing that duty. Our berth-boards, too, were occasionally whitewashed; but, notwithstanding these salutary regulations, our quarters were infested with vermin, such as cockroaches, fleas, and the like. The ship had probably been employed in the

sugar trade, in which she had taken on board, as usual, an ample supply of vermin to last her as long as she would be able to float. At first, we wet-holystoned our deck, by sprinkling water and sand on the planks, and then kneeling and rubbing them with freestones, until every particle of dirt had been loosened, after which they were washed with water, and then dried up with swabs. The ship's doctor soon discovered that wet holystoning was injurious to our health, and he therefore substituted the dry operation, which consisted in rubbing the deck as before, without using water. The dust created by this method of cleaning, was almost as bad as the dampness of wet holystoning, but cleanliness was indispensable, and the last alternative was adopted and adhered to throughout the voyage.

Our fare was scanty and bad. We lived, to use a sailor's phrase, six upon four; that is, the usual allowance for four marines had to serve six prisoners. Skilly, composed of oat-meal, bran, and dust, mixed with boiling water, was our breakfast; and this stuff was almost as black as the kids in which it was served out. We had neither plates nor spoons, to eat with, but were under the necessity of dipping a piece of biscuit into the kid, and licking therefrom the skilly which adhered to it. Each mess had its kid, containing six quarts, or a pint for each man, around which, at meal times, a circle was formed, to enable us all to partake of the glorious feast! We could heartily exclaim, in the language of Wackford Squeers, as he gave the well-diluted milk to one of the pupils of his celebrated school at Do-the-boys Hall, "here's richness!" For dinner, we had pork and pea soup one day, and beef and duff the next. The pork was not as bad as it might have been, but the beef had doubtless served an apprenticeship of seven years at Gibraltar, besides going two or three voyages around the world, before it was opened for our use. It was salt as brine, hard as Pharaoh's heart, and about as nutritious as wooden nutmegs. For supper, we had some fair cocoa. Add to the foregoing luxuries half a pound of biscuit, and a quart of water, for each man, and you have our daily bill of fare during the voyage. I cannot, however, leave the biscuit without mentioning its quality. Whether it was originally composed of rye, ground peas, oat-meal, or of all together, I cannot positively assert. It was so hard, coarse, and unpalatable, that there would have been no danger of our growing dyspeptic upon it, if it had been perfectly clean. But when we found there was a peculiar feline odor attached to it, indicating that it had been in the vicinity of cats, we felt little incli-

nation to eat it. On this disgusting fare, our bodies and souls were expected to keep company during a long and changeful voyage.

Before we cleared the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the ship encountered a violent storm. Although down in the ship's hold, and consequently less exposed to motion than those on deck, we could hear the rushing of the waves, as they bounded to leeward, or broke in foaming fury over the deck. The shrill screaming of the boatswain's whistle, — followed by his hoarse voice, bellowing forth, "All hands reef topsails," or some other order, — rose high and dismal amid the wailing of the tempest. Our situation below was extremely nauseous and suffocating. The hatches were battened down, which excluded the air, and two thirds of our number were vomiting with sea-sickness. I was one of the first to be attacked by this horrid sickness, and for more than one hundred days it kept me in misery. I can truly say, that of all the disagreeable sensations I ever experienced, not one can be compared with sea-sickness.

The storm gradually subsided into a steady breeze from the northward, and once more the gallant ship, under a press of sail, was gliding along to the southeastward. We were allowed one hour on deck each day, twenty-four at a time, and in this hour, on regular days, we had to wash our clothes. The part of the deck allotted to us was amidships, on the lee side, between the gratined barricades, already described. On the long-boat amidships, on the quarter-deck and forecastle, and at every other point that commanded a view of us, armed sentinels were placed, whose duty it was to watch our motions. When we wanted to smoke, a light was passed to us through the forward grating; upon no pretence whatever were any of us allowed outside of the barriers that separated us from the rest of the ship's company. For several days after the recent storm, I felt too sick to take much interest in what was transpiring around me, when on deck, but I could not avoid reflecting upon the loneliness of our situation on the waste of waters by which we were surrounded. Day followed day, and still the scene was unchanged; sky and water bounded the view, above and around us. The weather was rough and variable, after we cleared the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the ship made slow progress to the southward. To my mind, there appeared little hope of escape from the doom that awaited us. It was said, by some of the more sanguine among us, that as the ship must traverse more than half the ocean, some lucky accident might occur, that would restore us to liberty. As

drowning men catch at straws, so does the fettered prisoner stand ready to grasp the first shadow which promises deliverance.

We had not been long at sea before we discovered that we were not regarded as felons by the ship's company, and although we were narrowly guarded, no one felt himself disgraced by holding familiar conversation with us, when an opportunity offered, while we were on deck. Having a little money left, several of us bought mess utensils, such as spoons, knives, and pannakins, from the soldiers who kept guard over us. In this way, after a time, we were enabled to eat our food more like men. This addition to our comfort soon created a stir among the sailors, who, as we increased our stores, found that theirs diminished in the same proportion. It turned out that the soldiers had stolen from the sailors the articles they had sold to us. This was reported to the officer of the deck, who immediately compelled us to return our newly-acquired table furniture to the rightful owners. Not disheartened by this summary proceeding, we again opened trade with the soldiers, and soon supplied ourselves with a similar assortment of mess utensils, which we were allowed to keep.

Among our number were several sea-faring men, who had closely examined the various arrangements of the ship, and had distantly sounded the disposition of the sailors towards the prisoners. These men, after studying the characters of their messmates, cautiously communicated to such as they thought could be relied upon, a scheme for taking possession of the ship. Such of our mess as were made acquainted with the plan, pledged themselves to coöperate, heart and hand, in the undertaking. The utmost secrecy was enjoined, until the arrangements should be finally completed, and a proper organization effected.

The night at last arrived on which the arrangements of our daring enterprise were matured, preparatory to carrying them into effect the next morning. Notwithstanding we were prohibited from leaving our beds, after eight o'clock, and were watched by an armed sentinel, who had a light placed in such a position that he could observe all our motions, one of the principal leaders managed to crawl from berth to berth, for the purpose of assigning to each the duty expected of him the next morning.

In the morning, if the chance of success was in our favor, the leader of the party whose turn it was on deck, by a concerted sign, was to communicate the fact to those who followed; then, as the last man was passing through the door, an impediment to its closing was to be inserted, and while the sentinel's attention

was engaged in removing it, he was to be seized, disarmed, gagged, and thrust back into the hold, which would enable those below to rush hastily on deck. In the mean time, those already up, leaving a guard of six men to protect the fore hatchway, were to rush aft, in a body, secure the small-arms racked in front of the poop, block up the main hatchway, cabin doors, and every outlet from below, except the fore hatchway, which would be in our possession. Serious opposition from the sailors was not expected; besides, only one watch would be on deck, and as for the greater part of the soldiers and marines, they would also be below, leaving only the regular sentinels and the officers of the deck, at different points, to be overcome. The possession of one side of the deck would be sufficient to enable us to keep the communication open below, until all our comrades were up, and then, even if all the watch and officers were armed, we could not fail of clearing the decks, by a simultaneous rush fore and aft, armed with belaying-pins, heavers, boarding-pikes, or whatever small-arms we could capture. We knew, moreover, that one of the great guns was always loaded with blank cartridge, as a signal gun, into which a cannister of grape could soon be inserted, and then, pointed aft, it could easily command the cabin. Once in possession of the deck, we designed that all, excepting such of the crew as we could control, should be sent into the hold, and there guarded, while we shaped our course for New York. No violence was intended, beyond what was absolutely necessary to the success of our enterprise. We had seamen enough among our number to work and navigate the vessel; but, as the ship's company, generally, were kind to us, we were willing to employ such of them as we could persuade to lend us a hand. The morning was considered the most favorable time, as then the forenoon watch would be below, while the soldiers and marines would be busy in cleaning themselves and clearing up their messes. The greatest opposition was expected from the officers, who, if we were not quick in securing the cabin, would sally out with their side-arms and pistols from the poop, and open a communication with the main hatchway; hence the design of three-fourths of our number being detached to secure these important points, and the muskets in front of the poop. Our main object in obtaining possession of the fire-arms, was, to prevent the crew or soldiers from using them, for we had no prospect of reaching the magazine to obtain powder. The boarding-pikes, and whatever we could pick up about the decks, were deemed of far more importance, in a hand-to-hand encounter, than fire-arms.

These details were skilfully arranged; and each man of the morning party on deck, to whom had been intrusted the duty of commencing operations, knew what was expected of him. Here, then, was a chance for liberty; indeed, the precious boon seemed almost within our grasp. Before another sun had set, not a man, acquainted with our plot, doubted that we should be free. No fears about our success crossed my mind; nor did a thought of personal danger shade the path before us. Still, I was not free from anxiety. Every hour and half-hour that was struck, seemed to sound nearer and nearer, as the time approached. The relieving of the sentinels, the calling of the watch, and every movement about the decks, attracted my attention. Even the ticking of my watch, and the breathing of my comrades, during the silent hours of that sleepless night, were sounds not unheeded.

The breakfast hour arrived, and in the bustle incident to the assembling of the several messes around their respective kids, our sea-faring comrades, who were the soul of the approaching enterprise, by silent signs encouraged us to hope, that, if true to ourselves, our captivity was near its close. "Firm and true," could have been read in the face of every man appealed to. Never was an insipid meal eaten by men filled with higher hopes than those which lighted up the countenances of the party who were expected, in a few minutes, to strike the first blow for our liberty. Dissimulate as they would, there was still perceptible, in all their acts, a restlessness which betrayed their feelings. Perhaps my own anxiety, which was now bordering on enthusiasm, might have led me to judge others by myself. Be this as it may, one fact, at least, seemed certain, namely, that our leaders were fully determined to carry out their designs, or perish in the attempt. Breakfast was at last despatched, the mess utensils cleared away, the deck cleaned, and every thing in order, according to the rules of the ship. We sauntered about, endeavoring to appear as unconcerned as usual, and speaking, occasionally, to those who were not intrusted with the scheme of our intended movements. As our rising was an affair of life and death, none but men of known integrity were trusted. Eighty good and true men were deemed sufficient to take possession of the ship, as our mode of attack was arranged; but we supposed, at the same time, that those whom we did not trust with the secret in advance, would not be idle spectators when the fray had been commenced. When their own liberty is at stake, it requires but little effort to rouse brave men to action.

Eight bells (eight o'clock) were struck, and now the hour had come. Another minute, and we should be mustered on deck; in fact, we could hear the sergeant's tread along the between-decks, walking forward to open our prison door. It was the sergeant; I could see him through the gratings; and now, high heaven assist us, we crave but liberty! A few moments will decide our fate!

He descended,—my heart sinks while I record it,—not to open our door, but to double the sentinels, and to oversee the securing of the hatchway! Not one word did he speak to us, or we to him. He left us to our own reflections. Hours and days passed away, and not a soul was permitted to go on deck; and even when the requirements of nature rendered it necessary that we should go to the water-closets, which were in the between-decks, we were strictly guarded by marines. It was evident that our scheme had been discovered by the treachery of some of our comrades. This, to a great extent, destroyed our confidence in each other, and very few words were exchanged upon the subject. Every night, Captain Wood, attended by the officer of the deck and the surgeon, visited our prison, after we were in bed, to satisfy himself that all was right below. Nor was a single individual, on any pretence, after a certain hour, permitted to leave his bed. This order was rigorously enforced throughout the voyage.

Every day our situation was becoming more wretched. At last, by way of opening a communication with the captain, we ventured to question the sentinels about the cause of our being excluded from the deck. They informed us that two of the civil prisoners had overheard some conversation between our leaders, which let them into the secret of our plot; and, doubtless in the hope of receiving a free pardon as the reward of their treachery, they communicated the information, thus acquired, to the officers of the ship, which was the cause of our being confined below. The names of our betrayers were William Hiland and Edwin Merritt; one of them had been convicted of the crime of stealing, and the other of murder. I left them at Van Dieman's Land, in irons, and there they deserve to remain, as long as they live.

After consultation, it was agreed that a letter should be addressed to the captain of the ship, in which the good conduct of the men should be solemnly pledged, if they could again be allowed to go on deck. This letter was signed by James M. Atchison, Orin W. Smith, John Thomas, and Daniel D. Heustis. Captain Wood, who was really a kind man, complied with our

request so far as to allow twelve men on deck at a time, instead of twenty-four, but he took care that they should be well surrounded by armed sentinels.

On the 18th of October, after we had been twenty days at sea, and while we were on the Banks of Newfoundland, Asa Priest, one of my messmates, died. His complaint was a broken heart. The thought of being separated from his wife and children, and compelled to drag out a miserable existence among convicts, in a land far away from home and its endearments, was too much for him. He made no complaints, but the slow progress of the canker which was eating at his soul was plainly visible. Gradually he pined away and died. He was forty-five years of age, and belonged to Auburn, New York, where he left a family.

The body was sewed up in a hammock and carried on deck. All his messmates, and the captains of the other messes, were permitted to witness the funeral rites. The body, with two shots slung to the lower end of the hammock, was laid on a grating resting on the lee gangway, and was covered with an English union jack. The decks were cleared up, and all hands, except those on immediate duty, were summoned, by the tolling of the ship's bell, to attend the burial of the dead. The captain and officers, in uniform, stood on the break of the quarter-deck, and the rest of the people were ranged along the gangways. The burial service of the Church of England was read in a clear and impressive manner, and, as it drew toward the close, the maintopsail was hove aback, the ensign hoisted half-mast, and the words, "we therefore commit his body to the deep," were uttered, when the grating was raised, and all that remained of our lamented comrade was launched into the ocean. A moment's pause ensued, as if to afford us the melancholy chance of hearing the last ripples that closed over the departed, before orders were given to fill the maintopsail, and pipe the watch down. For days afterwards this sad event occupied our minds, and the many excellent traits in the character of our deceased friend passed in review before us, and formed the chief topic of conversation. Our thoughts were also turned to his bereaved family; we pictured to ourselves the heart-rending scene, when the sorrowful story should be communicated to the wife and children he was no more to visit on earth, and many silent prayers arose, that Heaven would protect and sustain the widow and the orphans, in the time of trouble.

After knocking about for several weeks, on different tacks, we at last caught the northeast trade winds. Studding-sails on

both sides, fore and aft, watersails, ringtails, and skysails, were spread to the breeze, and beautifully did the noble ship skim along the deep. In watching her motions, during my "brief hour" on deck, I sometimes almost forgot that I was a prisoner, so delightful was it to contemplate her onward course, under a cloud of canvas. The ocean was alive with fish; whales, porpoises, black-fish, dolphins, sharks, and hosts of others, were seen sporting around us, far as the eye could reach. At last, we run the trades down, or, in other words, the northeast wind died away and left us becalmed, two or three degrees north of the equator. Our situation below now became truly terrible. The heat had warmed into life myriads of vermin, that no cleanliness on our part could prevent from preying upon us. Cockroaches, ants, and flies, mingled even with our scanty fare; and, as if our bread was not bad enough before, maggots and other animalcules made it their home. At night, the heat was extremely suffocating; yet not a man was permitted to leave his berth, although many of us prayed for permission to lie on the decks.

Two or three days wore away, without our making the slightest progress on the voyage; the ship lay wallowing in the long undulating swell, entirely unmanageable. At times, a cat's paw would darken the edge of the horizon, but would invariably melt away before it freshened into a breeze. On the night of the fourth day, we had lightning, thunder, and rain, but no wind. And such rain and thunder! The sailors swore, the next day, that they had to swim about the decks in rainwater, and that the thunder might have shaken out the teeth of a handsaw. Squalls and rain followed, until we crossed the equator. Many times the ship was almost surrounded with waterspouts. I saw four of these, so close together that they appeared to form three arches and pillars, supporting a dark cloud, while the water boiled and foamed around their bases. When about crossing the equator, the old salts were busy preparing tools for shaving the greenhorns; but Captain Wood would not permit this time-honored practice to be enforced on board his ship; hence Neptune received no honors from the Buffalo.

At last, we were favored with the southeast trade winds, and soon cleared the sultry weather of the tropics. Nothing worthy of notice occurred, until we cast anchor at Rio Janeiro, in the latter part of November. The harbor of Rio Janeiro is said to be the most beautiful in the world. In it might ride securely the navies of all nations. Nor is the scenery around it surpassed in beauty and sublimity by any that I ever saw. More than a

hundred islands, of various shapes and sizes, adorn the bosom of the capacious bay, and form a natural breakwater, that leaves the inner harbor smooth as a lake, however angry the ocean may foam and swell without. Hills piled upon hills, rising in picturesque gradation from the beach till they seem to rest against the sky, form the frame-work of this finest of nature's paintings. The city itself, its fortifications, the spires of its numerous churches, and the whitened houses, as seen from the ship, looked very well in the foreground, relieved with many beautiful villas, that were nestled among the hills and along the margin of the bay. Of course, a prisoner on board of a ship cannot be expected to give a minute description of the city. I have only attempted to sketch things as they appeared to me from the place where they were seen.

While we remained in port, the emperor's birthday was celebrated with uncommon splendor. All the vessels in the harbor — and among them almost every Christian maritime nation was represented — were ornamented with flags and streamers. The foreign ships of war wore the Brazilian flag at the fore, and were also clothed with colors from the trucks to the rails. Boats innumerable, filled with people from the shore, singing and waving flags, were continually rowing and sailing about the bay. Ashore, the batteries belched forth their thunder, which was answered by the ships of war, who manned their yards at the same time. All Rio Janeiro was boiling over with joy, excepting us poor prisoners, whose misery was increased by the contrast.

When the sea-breeze set in, one of the English ships of war (I believe it was the Stag frigate) got underway, and attempted to work out of the harbor; but, after making half a dozen tacks, the wind became so baffling that she mis-stayed twice or thrice, and actually fell to leeward of the point from which she started. Of course she came to an anchor. Another English vessel (I think she was called the Bullion, but am not certain) made a like attempt, and also failed. Ere the latter had furled her sails, an American brig of war was seen to leeward of the frigates, stretching across the bay, her long pennant streaming out from the main, and the stripes and stars waving proudly from the peak. Most beautifully did she thread her way among the fleet of merchant vessels, and, when in stays, came round like a pilot-boat, darting to windward without impeding her headway. Thus she worked dead to windward, in the teeth of a strong sea-breeze, until she had passed out to sea. Then her yards were squared, and she came in before the wind, with studding-sails on both

sides, skimming along like a sea-gull, until she reached within a cable's length of her anchorage, when, as if by magic, at the order, "shorten sail," even before the echo of the words had died away, every stitch of canvas disappeared, and once more, head to wind, she was riding at her anchors. The American merchantmen in port manned their rigging, and gave the brig three cheers. Our captain, who was himself every inch a sailor, was heard to remark that he had never witnessed an exploit of that kind which displayed better seamanship.

We were visited by the captains of the English vessels of war in port, who seemed to regard us rather as unlucky fellows than criminals. Here we had a couple of dinners of fresh beef and soup, and such as had the means were permitted to buy various kinds of fruit, from the boats which came alongside.

After remaining in port five days, and replenishing our water and provisions, we got underway with the land breeze, and stood to sea. The wind was unfavorable for several days, and even at the end of a week we could still see the land under our lee. The ship at last was hove about, and stretched into the broad Atlantic, until all traces of the land had vanished beyond the horizon. Day after day, we saw ships under a press of canvas standing before the wind to the northward, and a few, like ourselves, close hauled, crossing the trades; for, after we had obtained sufficient offing, the ship was once more headed to the south.

One of the prisoners got into a dispute with one of the sentinels, in the course of which language was used which the petty officer regarded as insulting, and he threatened to prefer a charge of insolence against the poor prisoner, and have him punished. The threatened individual went immediately to the sergeant of the guard, alleging that the sentinel was in the habit of selling rum to the prisoners. This charge being well substantiated, the soldier's complaint received no attention, but his own misconduct procured him three dozen lashes on the bare back, in man-o'-war style. This, I believe, was the only instance of punishment which occurred during the voyage. From what little I saw of the sailors, I judged them to be a fine set of jovial fellows, active in the performance of their duty, and respectful to the officers. In the evenings, in fine weather, they had singing and story-telling, but our confined situation excluded us from making any observations upon the merits of their amusements.

As we approached the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, the weather became so boisterous and squally, that for several days we were not permitted to go on deck, as the sea frequently rolled

in over the gangways, filling the place allotted to us for breathing a little fresh air. Indeed, one night, the ship, while scudding before a gale, was suddenly taken aback, and fears were entertained that she would go down, stern foremost, before she could be boxed off. At last we were favored with a strong westerly gale, and on the first day of January, 1840, we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. As we looked back to the many happy frolics we had enjoyed on New Year's Day, and contrasted the joyous sunshine of youth with the cloud of wretchedness which then overshadowed us, a feeling of uncommon sadness came over the heart. We thought of the many happy firesides, in our native land, around which little groups of merry souls would that day cluster, and is it strange that we sighed for "home, sweet home"? During the year that had just closed, our home had been a dismal prison, and the future we hardly dared to contemplate.

In this latitude, the sea was long and regular, but so high were the waves, that, as we descended between them, they seemed to tower over our stern, like tottering mountains, about to roll on board and crush us in their ruins. And again, when perched upon the giddy summits, the noble ship would tremble, and appear to pause for a few seconds, and then descend again into the boiling valley, with such tremendous velocity as to becalm the sails, and make the inexperienced tremble for fear that she would never rise again; but, buoyant as a bird, in the long lull between the waves she would recover herself, and again impelled onward, ascend the giddy height that foamed before her. Thus, for several days, she flew before the gale, under a close-reefed maintopsail and a reefed foresail. The sailors caught several albatrosses and sea-gulls, many of which continued hovering about in the wake of the ship while the gale continued.

We passed between St. Paul's and Amsterdam islands, but did not heave to, as ships generally do, to fish. During the rest of the voyage nothing worthy of recording occurred. On the 12th day of February we made St. Patrick's Head, a high sugar-loaf mountain, on Van Dieman's Land. The wind was unfavorable, but we reached the mouth of the River Derwent on the 14th. Here we took on board a pilot, and proceeded up the river. Just before sundown we cast anchor in the harbor of Hobart Town, having been 140 days on the passage from Quebec to Van Dieman's Land.

CHAPTER IX.

The Disembarkation — A Speech from the Governor — Change of Clothes — Work on the Road — The Rations — Death and Burial of McLeod — Fruitless Endeavors to find his Grave — Lines by L. W. Miller — Deaths of McNulty, Van Camp, Curtis, Nottage, and Williams — An Attempt to escape, by Reynolds, Paddock, Cooley, and Murray — Their Capture and Sentence to Port Arthur — Interesting Incident — Sufferings of the Prisoners.

The termination of the voyage gave rise to mingled feelings of joy and pain in our bosoms. We longed to escape from the floating prison in which we had suffered such horrid deprivations, such intolerable sea-sickness, such annoyance from vermin, such suffocating heat, and such prolonged nauseous feelings as inevitably resulted from our long confinement in a place so poorly ventilated. On the other hand, we knew not what treatment was in store for us after leaving the ship. Whether we should receive such indulgence as is usually allowed to state prisoners, or be doomed to suffer the same punishment that is awarded to the vilest of criminals, was a problem yet remaining to be solved. Our past treatment did not afford us much ground for hope; and we knew that the page of British history was blotted all over with dark spots of cruelty; that England had always tortured those who had dared to oppose the extension and perpetuation of her rule in the four quarters of the globe. In view of these things, it was doubtful whether our situation would be much ameliorated on shore.

On the morning of the 15th, the health officers came on board the Buffalo, for the purpose of inspecting the ship and inquiring about our health. They said it was a wonder we were not half dead, after being confined so long in such close quarters, and gave orders to have us sent on shore the next morning. Mr. Gunn, the principal superintendent of convicts, also paid us a visit, accompanied by his clerks, and took our descriptions, very minutely, and asked us a great many questions, like the following: "What is your name? What is your trade? What is your age? What is your religion? What is your father's name?

Your mother's? Have you any brothers and sisters? What are their names? Are you married? What is your sentence? Can you read and write?" The answers to these and other questions were all recorded by the clerks in a large book.

On the following morning, the 16th, before sunrise, Mr. Gunn sent a number of police constables, with boats, to superintend the landing of the prisoners. We were turned into a large yard, which enclosed the "Tench," or prisoners' barracks. At one end of the yard was a large church, the basement story of which was converted into cells; on one side were offices for the superintendent and clerks, and a large hospital; on the other side was the superintendent's dwelling-house; and at the other end a block of buildings, containing a store-house, cook and bake-house, mess-room, treadmill, and barracks capable of holding fifteen hundred men. We were furnished with a breakfast of coarse bread and skilly, which convinced us that no improvement in the food allotted us could be expected there.

At eleven o'clock, Sir John Franklin, Governor of Van Dieman's Land, and his attendants, paid us a visit, in company with Mr. Gunn, and Captain Wood, of the Buffalo. We were formed into a line, two deep, by a Yorkshire convict, who was to be our overseer, and, as the Governor approached, we were ordered to take off our hats. It was the first time I had ever uncovered my head to a servant of royalty, and if there had been any chance of successfully resisting the order, my Yankee blood would have prompted me to do it. But, situated as we were, unconditional submission, however revolting to our feelings, was the best policy. The Governor was a man of about the ordinary height, and of sufficient corpulency to indicate that his own larder was well supplied, whatever might be the fare meted out to the prisoners. A dark complexion, low forehead, dull hazel eyes, and large and prominent nose, mouth, and chin, presented some of the leading features of his countenance, in which it was impossible to discern any indications of superior intellect. Clad in his official garb, he strutted about, "as large as life," apparently entertaining a most exalted opinion of himself, though in reality he was an imbecile old man, and was usually styled the "old granny." He made an edifying speech to us, in which he was pleased to say that we were very bad men, very bad, indeed; and intimated that we all deserved to be hung, and ought to be eternally grateful that such had not been our fate. He said we had been sent there for "one of the most *aggravating* crimes," putting much emphasis on the word "aggravating," and, at the same time, as

if unwilling to look us in the face, rolled his eyes up to heaven, like a dying calf, in the hands of a butcher, if I may be allowed to use a comparison suggested by my former business. He assured us, however, that "good conduct should be rewarded." Captain Wood, in answer to a question as to our conduct during the voyage, said we had behaved remarkably well. In conclusion, the Governor told us he had received no orders from government in relation to us, and that he should set us to work on the road until he could write and obtain instructions from Lord John Russell, as to what our treatment was to be, and when those instructions arrived he would inform us.

As he was about leaving, Mr. Gunn observed that there were five civil prisoners who had been sent out with us. The Governor inquired, for what crimes? The answer was murder, theft, arson, &c. Sir John then turned to these prisoners, and gave them a very severe lecture, telling them what their doom would be, but repeating his promise to us, that "good conduct should be rewarded."

After the Governor had left, one of the civil prisoners, who had shot a man for invading the sanctity of his domestic relations, said he could not see the propriety of calling him a "murderer," when he had only shot one man, while some of us had probably shot twenty, and we were honorably denominated "political prisoners."

All our clothing, except the linen, was taken from us and placed in the government store-house, where we subsequently found a small portion of it, eaten and torn to pieces by the rats, and completely ruined. Another suit was furnished us, consisting of a pair of pantaloons, a vest, and jacket, made of coarse and unserviceable woollen cloth, of a dirty grey color. Such superflous things as pockets and collars were dispensed with. This was all we could have for six months, though it would not last half that time. We had a pair of slop-made shoes once in four months, but no stockings. The shoes were often worn out in less than two months, and then we had to go with bare feet, it being of no use to "ask for more," after the manner of Oliver Twist. Once in six months we had a coarse striped shirt, and had to go without any while we washed it. For the head we had a scull-cap, of leather, which fitted quite close. The fit of our clothes was a point about which very little thought was expended by those who rigged out the new suits. They sat like the coat of Daniel Lambert on Calvin Edson, or, to use a common expression, like a shirt on a bean-pole.

For bedding, each man had a small tick, (which we filled with grass, not having any straw,) and two coarse blankets. Bedsteads were an article of furniture altogether too extravagant for our use. A tin plate, tin cup, and an iron spoon, for each man, completed the outfit. All these articles had "B. O." (board of ordnance,) and the broad arrow, or "devil's claw," as we used to call it, marked upon them, and were numbered.

We were taken to the Sandy Bay Station, two miles below Hobart Town, on the River Derwent, where we were set to work on the road, on the morning of the 17th of February, 1840. We were all kept together, and not allowed to mix with other prisoners, which we had no inclination to do. Some were made to draw cart-loads of gravel and stone. Twelve hundred pounds is a government load for five men, but the overseers more frequently put on fourteen or fifteen hundred. Others were compelled to wheel heavy loads in wheel-barrows. In this way we were kept at work from sunrise till sundown, with an intermission of one hour for dinner, being driven by some of the vilest convicts, who had been made our overseers. In the long days, we had half an hour for breakfast, at 8 o'clock. One day we were driven a distance amounting to twenty-nine miles, drawing loaded carts one half the way. The average distance we were made to travel, in this manner, was about twenty miles each day.

Our food consisted of one pound and five ounces of coarse bread, baked in the most indifferent manner, three fourths of a pound of fresh meat, half a pound of potatoes, and half an ounce of salt, with two ounces of flour for skilly in the morning, and the same at night. This was the daily ration for each man, without variation, from one end of the year to the other. The meat was boiled, or half boiled, and the broth served us for drink. From a pint of this broth, it was frequently no difficult matter to scrape off a spoonful of maggots. It may be proper to remark, that a peculiar kind of fly is found at Van Dieman's Land. It is considerably larger than our common house-fly, and, instead of depositing an egg, or fly-blow, on a piece of meat, to be hatched, it leaves a small but perfect maggot. By killing the fly these small maggots can be found in the body. One day, our meat was so full of this live stock that we refused to touch it. It was exhibited to the doctor of the Station, who said it was unwholesome, and we need not eat it. Nothing was substituted, however, and we had no meat for that day's dinner.

There were two sets of weights at the Station, one to buy with, and another to weigh out the rations, the former being much the

heaviest. Every Saturday, the salt for the coming week was weighed out, for all the men on the Station. I was sent after it for four weeks in succession, and, as we had a new superintendent, who did not know the difference between the weights, I succeeded in weighing it with the heavy one for three weeks. The fourth time, the superintendent having put in the light weight, I changed it, which he noticed, and asked me why I did it. My answer not being satisfactory, he put the two weights into the opposite ends of the scales, and discovered the reason of my shifting them. He then deducted what I had overdrawn for the last three weeks, which left me but a small allowance to convey to my companions.

We found at Van Dieman's Land ten prisoners, who were taken at Short Hills, Canada, and had arrived some time before us, by way of England. Their names were Linus W. Miller, John Grant, James Gemmel, John Vernon, James Waggoner, Horace Cooley, Norman Mallory, Samuel Chandler, Benjamin Waite, and Jacob Beemer. Alexander McLeod, John J. McNulty, and Garret Van Camp, belonging to the same party, died shortly after reaching the Island, and before our arrival. McLeod was a noble specimen of the human race, and invariably won the confidence of his associates, and the sympathy even of his opponents. After his death, the surgeon of the hospital said to Mr. Wait, "I wish to heaven I could have saved him, but he came too late for our skill. I never saw as perfect a model of a man as his, and I am sorry to say that I candidly believe him to have fallen a victim to the barbarity of the surgeon of the ship, who ought to be placed in the same situation that a dozen of his men are already in, since landing."

Mr. Wait, in his interesting Letters from Van Dieman's Land, informs us that, five days after McLeod's death, a number of prisoners who had come in the same ship with him, from England, were sent to the hospital to bury the dead. They found the body on a table, cut in many pieces, with the entrails lying beside it. They gathered the pieces together and put them in a coffin of rough boards, and behold, it was poor McLeod, whom they all knew and respected. The scene was revolting, but there was no alternative. They carried him away and laid him in a stranger's grave, among felons, with no mark to distingnish the spot from the thousands of mounds around him.

Four years afterwards, Linus W. Miller, having obtained permission to visit Hobart Town, spent considerable time in fruitless endeavors to discover the resting-place of his friend. The

prisoners had it in contemplation to erect a grave-stone, as a simple tribute to the worth of their departed companion. When compelled to abandon all hope of finding the grave, Mr. Miller sat down and penned the following lines, which were published in the Colonial Times, printed at Hobart Town. The concluding stanzas are exceedingly appropriate and beautiful:—

I sought the grave of my friend,
Amid the slumb'ring dead;
In the yard where outcast men
Are doomed to lay their head;

Where the wronged and injured lie,
Neglected and forgot,
And the raven's mournful cry
Alone bewails their lot;

Where the felon finds at last
An end to sin and crime,
His weary pilgrimage passed,
And sorrow healed in time;

Where the free and bond both sleep,
In earth's cold, dismal cell;
And the jailer, Death, doth keep
And tend his pris'ners well.

I sought in vain the place
Where they had made his bed;
The sexton had left no trace
Of the forgotten dead.

Stranger! wouldst thou wish to hear
Why I thus sought that grave,
To mingle a comrade's tear
With ashes of the brave?

'T was to bid him sweetly rest,
Though in a foreign land;
And plant a rose on his breast,
Culled by a comrade's hand.

To erect an humble stone
In honor of the brave,
With this inscribed thereon:
"*This is a Patriot's grave.*"

McNulty died of consumption, and Van Camp from an injury received *while drawing a cart!* Thus they escaped British thraldom through the grave. They were upright men, and much esteemed by their companions.

A few weeks after our arrival, Lysander Curtis, whose health was quite feeble during the voyage, and who had been allowed to pass a few days in the hospital, was again set to work, and

compelled to wheel heavy loads. He was often under the necessity of setting down his barrow to rest. The overseer, a convicted felon, named Thomas Hewit, would then utter some horrid oath, and threaten to send the poor man to the cells, if he did not go on with his work. In the afternoon, one day, he sat down his barrow, completely exhausted, and said he could go no further. He told the overseer he was sick, and could not wheel his load. "D—n your bloody eyes, wheel it or die by it; I don't care which!" was the inhuman taskmaster's reply. Poor Curtis again attempted to wheel the barrow, but soon fainted. A comrade threw some water in his face, and, when he recovered, he said, "I feel that my stay in this world will be short; I do not regret it, for it is better to die than to live here." Several of the prisoners spoke to Hewit, begging that Curtis might be allowed to go to the Station, but received nothing but oaths in reply. He lay on the ground till night, when he was carried in. During the night he was very sick, and at one time was thought to be dying. In the morning, the superintendent ordered that he be taken to the hospital in a hand-cart. When he left, a tear stole down his cheek, as he said to his comrades, "Farewell! we shall not meet again; but write for me to my poor friends. O! this is indeed very hard to bear!" He lingered a few days in the hospital, and then his earthly sorrows terminated in the sleep of death. None of us were allowed to visit him; he had no sympathizing friends around his dying bed, to minister to his wants, and offer consolation in the hour of final dissolution. We were not even permitted to see the corpse, or to witness its interment. The next Sunday, we cut up some black silk handkerchiefs into strips, and tied them round our arms, as a token of respect for our departed comrade. As we were marched up to church, two by two, with these badges of mourning on our arms, we encountered the vile sneers and derision of the by-standers, who looked upon the death of a prisoner as of no more consequence than the death of a dog!

After we had been there about three months, William Nottage, one of the Windsor prisoners, was blown up, by the explosion of a charge of powder, which he was drilling out of a rock. He was badly cut to pieces, and was taken to the hospital, where he lived but a few days, suffering great agony. He was from Amherst, Ohio, where he left a family, to whom this afflictive event must have been peculiarly distressing.

About this time, several of us were severely troubled with sore eyes. For four or five weeks I could hardly see, and the pain was intense. Nevertheless, I was kept at work all the time. The

doctor would lift up our eyelids and rub in blue vitriol, which was enough to take a man's life from him. He gave me several pills, intending to salivate me. I threw his physic to the dogs, and by an application of tobacco-water effected a cure. Another man, one of the Windsor prisoners, who was tried under the name of James P. Williams, but whose real name was Nelson Recker, took the doctor's pills, was salivated, and afterwards became totally blind. He was then sent to the invalid hospital at New Norfolk, about twenty miles from Hobart Town, up the River Derwent, where he died eight or nine months afterwards. Good treatment would undoubtedly have saved him. He formerly resided in Onondaga county, New York.

About the 20th of May, William Reynolds, Jacob Paddock, Horace Cooley, and Michael Murray, having had three months trial of slavery, made an attempt to escape. They left in the dusk of the evening, hid themselves in the woods for a few days, and then took a boat and put out to sea, in the hope of falling in with an American whale-ship. In going ashore on an uninhabited island their boat was stove in pieces, and they were compelled to remain there about two weeks, subsisting on shell-fish. They all came near starving to death, and Murray was taken sick. He was apparently at the point of death, when they concluded to give themselves up to some constables who were searching for them. They were tried and sentenced to Port Arthur for two years. This latter place is a penal settlement, where offenders against the laws and regulations of the colony are sent for more severe punishment, and closer confinement. The sufferings of those sent to Port Arthur are represented as most appalling. It is considered a very wicked thing for a man to attempt to escape; and the Governor, in his speeches to prisoners, on their arrival, was careful to tell them how extremely naughty it would be for them to endeavor to avoid the punishment they so richly merited, by absconding!

The following is an extract from a very interesting work by Linus W. Miller, just published, entitled "Notes of an Exile, on Canada, England, and Van Dieman's Land." Mr. Miller is a talented young lawyer, and the author of the verses inserted on a previous page. I cheerfully commend his book to the attention of the readers of my humble narrative. The following incident is related by him so much better than I could do it, that I beg leave to quote it:—

"The party in general bore their misfortunes with manly fortitude. There were several aged men among us, who mostly set

the younger an example worthy to be followed in the school of adversity. Elijah C. Woodman, of London, Upper Canada, and Chauncey Sheldon, of Michigan, were the eldest. I shall never forget a little circumstance which occurred, connected with the former. We had worked hard all day, in the cold rain, and, as usual, were locked into our cheerless huts after the day's toil, to sleep in our wet clothing until the morrow should again call us to the performance of our cruel tasks. Some sat upon the forms, some in their berths, while others had covered themselves with their thin blanket and rug, to court the warmth, sleep, and rest which they so much needed. All were silent. Drooping heads and sad countenances indicated that the thoughts of the melancholy party were of bitter wrongs, or perchance of distant home and friends. Occasionally a heavy sigh might be heard, and anon a slight groan from the sick, for there were always sick among us. Suddenly, Mr. Woodman sprang from his berth to the floor, and in a tone of voice that might have been heard a mile, struck up '*The Hunters of Kentucky.*' The effect was instantaneous. As if electrified, every man sprang to the floor; sick, blind, and halt, joined in the chorus; some danced, others shouted, and all shook off the gloomy horrors of Van Dieman's Land."

Already five of the political prisoners at Van Dieman's Land had been consigned to the grave, and the sixth, sick and blind, was soon to follow them. Four others had been sent to Port Arthur, to endure sufferings far worse than death, as the penalty for endeavoring to recover their freedom! The constitutions of others were breaking down, in consequence of excessive toil, miserable food, scanty clothing, and inadequate shelter. The tyranny and brutality of the overseers, and the impossibility of obtaining any redress of our grievances, by appealing to the superintendent, added to our bodily sufferings the tormenting reflection that we were *slaves!* Ay, slaves, in hopeless bondage, with the very meanest of God's creatures set over us to extort the last particle of strengh, and then to abuse us because we had no more! O! when I look back upon the horrid scenes we passed through, and the wretched life we led, my blood chills at the very thought, and I am astonished that we did not all perish in our captivity! I am sure that none but strong hearts and iron constitutions could endure such an ordeal, without sinking under the weight of accumulated burdens!

CHAPTER X.

Lovely Banks — Robbery in Bagdad Jail — Horrid Sufferings — A Scheme to obtain Liberty — Miller and Stewart sent to Port Arthur — Our Removal to Green Ponds — Atchison, the Negro Driver — Dishonest Superintendents — The Bridgewater Station — Dispersion of our Party — The Author and twenty-one others sent to Brown's River — Cruel Floggings — Criminality of eating a Sheep's Head — Captain Jones.

Sometime about the middle of June, we were removed from the Sandy Bay Station to a place called Lovely Banks, about forty miles in the interior, on the road leading to Launceston. This removal from the seaboard was doubtless designed to prevent our escape. There were no inhabitants living within two miles of the Station, which was in a beautiful valley, surrounded by high hills. The march to Lovely Banks occupied two days, and we carried our bedding and one day's provisions on our backs. We stopped over night at Bagdad Jail, and twenty of us were locked up in a room with twenty-three convicts, who had just been tried and convicted of various crimes, and were then awaiting the execution of their several sentences. We piled our bundles in a heap, and Daniel Liscomb was charged with the duty of watching them, until he should be relieved. In about an hour I went to him, and found him sitting on one of the bundles, in a quiet sleep, and every other bundle had been removed. We found them in different parts of the room, cut open, and rifled of all the articles our "fellow-boarders" had a fancy for. By the assistance of some one outside, these articles had been passed out of the room, and we never saw them again. The inveterate thieves even went so far as to blow out the light, that they might have an opportunity to steal the dough which we had mixed for the next day's batch of bread. When we had obtained another light, about half our dough had disappeared; the rascals had got it in their hats, on the top of their heads!

June, July, and August, are the winter months in Van Dieman's Land. The ground is seldom covered with snow for more than an hour at a time; yet there is much disagreeable weather. It not unfrequently rains or snows all day, and the nights are

exceedingly cold. During the three months we remained at Lovely Banks we suffered almost every conceivable hardship. Notwithstanding the weather was wet and cold, our clothing was worn to tatters, and many poor fellows were entirely destitute of shoes, and blood marked their footsteps, as they travelled over the frozen ground! Hiram Loop, for refusing to labor without shoes, was shut up in a loathsome cell for several days, and fed on bread and water! Many were sick, some of whom were thrust into the cells for not performing the cruel tasks required by the overseers. No matter how stormy the weather might be, we had to do our day's work. Finding it difficult to drive us as hard as they wished, our taskmasters began to threaten us with the cat-o'-nine-tails; but we assured them we would all fight till death before that ignominious punishment should be inflicted on any of our party, and it was not attempted. We had no fires to warm ourselves by, or to dry our wet garments. Wet and cold we went to bed, and in the morning I have repeatedly found my body and limbs so benumbed and stiff, in consequence of hard labor and exposure, that I could hardly raise myself up. And yet I enjoyed better health than many others. The horrors of such a life, mortal pen is inadequate to describe.

We were constantly on the lookout for an opportunity to escape. About the 20th of August, we learned, by some convicts who had just come from Hobart Town, that several American whale-ships were in port. It was agreed that Linus W. Miller and Joseph Stewart should make a trip to town, and see if some arrangement could not be made with the captains to take us off. We had a scheme matured by which we hoped to bid adieu to Van Dieman's Land. On the evening of the 29th, having been provided with a stock of provisions saved out of our rations, they commenced their journey. Previous to leaving, they wrote a note to Major Ainsworth, the visiting magistrate to the Station, and left it where it would be found the next morning. In this note they complained of being "treated far worse than African slaves in any part of the world," and said they had been driven to take the bush, as the only chance of prolonging their lives. The design was to put the authorities on the wrong track in their pursuit. They travelled all night, and then made their bed for the day under cover of a thick cluster of the wattle-tree. The next night they resumed their journey, carefully avoiding the habitations of men, and making their way over hills and through valleys, where their progress at times was very much obstructed by underbrush and high grass. The second day they were dis-

covered in the woods by a district constable. Miller, by appealing to his feelings as a father, a brother, a son, finally touched the constable's heart, and he let them go unmolested. On the evening of the 2d of September they arrived at Sandy Bay, where they had previously become acquainted with some men who had promised to render assistance in such an enterprise. The first man to whom they applied was terror-stricken at seeing them, and, instead of affording them assistance, went and notified several constables. All persons are forbidden by law to harbor or assist any prisoner in escaping from the Island, under a penalty of five hundred pounds, and the fear of being himself detected in harboring our friends, led the very man in whom they trusted to betray them. Thirty pieces of silver possess a wonderful charm in some cases. The prisoners fled, with constables at their heels. The pursuit was a hot one, but our friends escaped, and took refuge under a stone bridge, three miles below Sandy Bay, where they remained the following day, during which time more than thirty constables crossed the bridge in search of them. At night they commenced a retreat, with the intention of returning to Lovely Banks. On the 11th of September, they voluntarily surrendered to the authorities at Bagdad, where they were confined in prison a few days, and then were taken to Green Ponds for trial before Major Ainsworth. The charge was, "being illegally absent twelve days," to which they pleaded guilty, and were immediately sentenced to Port Arthur for two years.

Of their subsequent sufferings and trials, Mr. Miller gives a detailed account in his recently published work. During the first part of their stay at Port Arthur, almost every conceivable torture was inflicted upon them. After a few weeks, however, the Rev. J. A. Manton, chaplain of the Station, and a very worthy man, became acquainted with Miller, and finding him an intelligent and upright young man, appointed him clerk of the church and school-keeper. This situation he held until his sentence expired, when he obtained the appointment of tutor in the family of General Lempriere, the commissariat officer of the Station, where he remained, in comparative comfort and happiness, until he entered the law office of Edward MacDowell, Esq., the first barrister of the Australian Colonies, and formerly Attorney-General of Van Dieman's Land. Having previously obtained his "ticket of leave," — a partial emancipation, which allows the prisoner, under certain restrictions, freedom to choose his employment, and to receive the wages of his labor — Miller had a handsome salary, as clerk, while in Mr. MacDowell's office.

Stewart, Miller's companion at Port Arthur, at the expiration of one year, obtained a comfortable situation in the family of an officer, where he gradually recovered from the effects of the hard treatment he had experienced.

Their attempt to escape caused the rest of us to be very closely watched, and we were dressed up in convict uniforms, or what are there called suits of "magpie," one half being black, and the other yellow, arranged so that the front of one leg was yellow and the other black. We had leather caps, and altogether a more striped-looking set of fellows was never seen.

On the 13th of September, having been at Lovely Banks about three months, we were removed to Green Ponds Station, nine miles nearer Hobart Town. Here we remained nine months, and were kept at work on the road. The government was constructing a great macadamized road between Hobart Town and Launceston, the two principal towns in Van Dieman's Land, and on opposite sides of the Island. It was on this road that we were employed most of the time during our two years' probation.

We had to go three miles to our work in the morning, and return at night, often travelling a mile after the stars were shining. On reaching the Station, we had a pint of skilly, and then laid ourselves down on miserable pallets of straw, to be aroused by the bell as soon as the grey morning dawned. If not on hand, at roll-call, the absentee would be doomed to seven or fourteen days' solitary confinement, in a loathsome cell, full of vermin, where he was fed on bread and water. Men were often sentenced, for thirty days at a time, in these detestable dungeons.

The superintendent, a Scotchman, who went by the name of Bobby Nutman, had the reputation of being the severest taskmaster in Van Dieman's Land, and that is saying a great deal. When he was superintendent at Long Meadows, the number of men flogged every morning was said to average *twenty-five*. On one occasion, *thirty-seven hundred lashes* were served out to his gang before breakfast, the men being tied to a cart to receive them.

We got along with Bobby, however, as well as we did with others. He worked us hard, and so did all of them. He made an overseer of another Scotchman, named Atchison, who had been a negro-driver in the West Indies, and who boasted that he had flogged all the men and women in his gang, being more than seventy, at one time, for a trivial offence, and that among them was a young female slave, with whom he was in the habit of improper intercourse, and by whom he had a child that he left in

slavery! Under such an overseer, it could only be expected that we should meet with hard usage.

In the course of two or three months, Nutman left for Scotland, and his place was supplied by one John Pooke, a new hand at the business. As he was inexperienced, he left the direction of matters, in a great measure, to Atchison, who was principal overseer, and who exercised his authority with the utmost rigor and severity.

With a view of promoting his own advancement, he endeavored to excite the men to revolt and refuse to work, taking good care to keep the plan from a few of us, who knew his character, and would have detected his purpose at once. After he had enlisted a few men in his project, he went to O. W. Smith, who had been promoted to the place of sub-overseer, and said, "Now is the time for us to raise ourselves; I have talked with the men, and they have agreed to revolt; let us write to Captain Spode, divulging the plan, and we shall get promoted for it." Smith indignantly spurned the nefarious proposition, and immediately cautioned the men against having any thing to do with the plot. Atchison was ever afterwards a relentless enemy to Smith, and also to others who had used their influence to defeat his project. I had been made a sub-overseer, but as I would not drive the men as hard as they had previously been driven, my term of service in that capacity was very short. I was "broke," and set to work again on the carts.

Pooke, the superintendent, was detected in selling flour that belonged to government, and pocketing the money. For this he was dismissed from office, and a Captain Wright appointed in his place. He very soon began to appropriate a considerable part of our rations to his own use, of which we complained to the magistrate, and, strange to say, our complaint was listened to, and the purloiner of our "daily bread" received his walking-ticket. During his administration, he sent Solomon Reynolds and Thomas Baker out into the woods to cut timber, and furnished them with a saw and other implements to work with. This was contrary to the government regulations. After the timber was cut, Wright took it for government use, charging the usual price, and transferring the money to his own pocket. Reynolds and Baker sold the tools they had used, and told Wright they had been stolen. The superintendent disbelieved the story, but dared not say anything to the magistrate about the affair, as it would lead to the exposure of his own peculation. He found the Yankees were a little too shrewd for his purposes.

While we were at the Green Ponds Station, and when we had been fourteen months in the colony, the Governor came to see us for the third time, and told us that he had received the instructions from Lord John Russell, in relation to our treatment, which he had written for immediately after our arrival. In answer to the Governor's inquiry, whether he should grant us "tickets of leave" at the expiration of two years, Her Majesty's Secretary had authorized him to allow us whatever indulgence he saw proper. The Governor then assured us that, if our conduct remained good, he should, at the end of two years, give us tickets, conferring the privilege of free labor in every part of the Island except the District of Hobart Town.

On the 14th day of May, we left Green Ponds for Bridgewater, twelve miles from Hobart Town. Here, for the first time, we were herded with English convicts. There were about 300 of these criminals at this Station. They were the vilest of the vile, and it was only by the strictest watch that we prevented them from stealing our rations. The moment a man's back was turned, "grab" was the game. We were employed in building a bridge across the River Derwent, for which we had to quarry and cart the stone. A nephew of Sir George Arthur, named Mason, officiated as a magistrate at this Station. He was called about the meanest man there was in Van Dieman's Land; but, among so many mean characters, it would be difficult to decide which was entitled to the highest place on the scroll of infamy. Mason found it difficult to subdue certain independent traits of character, which Yankees are in the habit of manifesting when tyrants undertake to domineer over them, and he wrote to the government at Hobart Town, that we had the old spirit in us yet, and he thought we had better be separated, and sent to different parts of the Island, as it was dangerous to keep so many of us together. In reply to this intimation, orders were received to disperse us in various directions.

On the 28th of May, fifteen days after our arrival at Bridgewater, eight of our men were taken off, we knew not where, but afterwards ascertained that they went to Jerusalem, in the interior. On their journey they passed through Jericho and crossed the River Jordan, and at Jerusalem they "fell among thieves." There were no Samaritans in that region, and the Levites, as of old, "passed by on the other side."

On the next day the rest of us were divided into six lots, and sent to as many different Stations, remote from each other, and each party was kept ignorant of the destination of the others.

The company that I was in was a large one, numbering twenty-two, and we were taken to Brown's River Station, nine miles south of Hobart Town. Here we found a chain-gang. I had seen several of these gangs before, but this was the first time I had been located with one.

The conveniences for flogging, at this Station, were in a high state of perfection. A portion of the time, these floggings took place as often as five mornings in a week, and the number of culprits thus doomed to ignominious punishment, varied from one to ten. All hands were called together to witness these inhuman whippings. We were formed into a hollow square, one side of which was a guard of soldiers. The superintendent, the overseers, the physician, the flagellator, and the men to be scourged, were stationed in the centre of the square. The superintendent having read the warrant of the magistrate, ordering the punishment, and prescribing the number of lashes to be inflicted, the offender was then tied to a triangle, with his bare back exposed, and the flagellator pulled off his own coat, that he might have a free use of his brawny arm, and be enabled to strike a heavy blow. The doctor stood by, to decide whether the men could endure their sentence; if he thought they could not live through it, he ordered the remaining lashes to be reserved until such time as the man would be able to bear them. The flagellator then commenced his task, and at every stroke of the cat-o'-nine tails, a scream would come from the sufferer, and his body would writhe in agony. After a few lashes had been inflicted, the blood would begin to run, and, before the close, the flesh on the poor man's back would be lacerated dreadfully. The marks of these floggings almost invariably endure as long as life lasts. Some of the men, who had iron nerves, would receive an ordinary sentence without much wincing, even though their backs were badly mutilated; they had a notion that it was a mark of unmanly weakness to scream, but their countenances showed that it was difficult to refrain from it themselves.

The lowest punishment is three dozen lashes, which is inflicted for the most trivial offences. Seventy-five lashes is a common sentence; and the highest punishment which a single magistrate can order is one hundred lashes. If the offence is considered heinous, the culprit is tried by two magistrates, who can order any punishment they see fit. They occasionally go as high as six hundred lashes. Men are sometimes flogged to death; but I never witnessed the infliction of more than one hundred lashes, and that is enough to shock every feeling of humanity.

None of the Americans were flogged; we had solemnly resolved never to submit to it. Instant death, in our minds, was far preferable to such tortures. It was probably deemed unwise to attempt it, and we escaped the most odious of all punishments. Solitary confinement, on bread and water, for many days at a time, was awarded to several of our party; but not even this was ever administered to me.

I became acquainted with a man who told me that he was once sentenced to receive 300 lashes, for attempting to run away. After he had taken 200, the doctor — who had occasionally felt of his pulse, to determine how far life would hold out — said he could not bear the other hundred then. With his back gashed and bleeding, he was thrust into a cell, where he remained two or three days, and was then taken out to receive the other hundred. He begged that the doctor would defer the punishment a few days, till his back was better, alleging that maggots had got into it. "Yes, I see there a few," said the doctor, as he hastily examined the wounds, "but it will only stir them up; go on, flagellator."

On some Stations it had been customary for the magistrate to ride out to the place where the convicts were at work, every morning, for the purpose of hearing such complaints as the overseer had to make, and awarding the punishments. Such incidents as the following were not of unfrequent occurrence, as I was assured on good authority. The magistrate would sit on his horse and order the men mustered before him. He would then ask the overseer, "How many have you for trial?" The answer would be a call on Tom, Dick, and Harry, to step forward, and the number thus called out of the line would perhaps be twenty. They were sure to be punished, if the overseer preferred any charge against them, however unfounded or trivial it might be, and it was useless to attempt to make any defence. Sometimes the magistrate would remark, "You haven't as many as usual." The overseer, to make up the complement, would glance along the line in quest of more victims. At length his eye would rest on one, and the potent call, "Come out here, Sam!" would insure the unfortunate wight an introduction to the cat-'o-nine-tails.

Sam would venture to remonstrate, saying that he had been guilty of no misconduct, and had done his task the day before.

"Never mind," replied the overseer, "you won't do it to-morrow; three dozen will square it."

The Brown's River Station was a new one, and we assisted in erecting the buildings. After cutting the timber in the woods,

it was borne on our shoulders to the Station, a distance little less than a mile; and, in carrying some of the large logs, as many as 100 men would be required on a single stick.

Our party were quite unwilling to associate with criminals from the lowest sinks of iniquity in England, and we asked permission of the magistrate and superintendent to build ourselves a separate hut, which we would do in the Saturday afternoons allotted us to do our washing. The request was granted, and we worked zealously in cutting and carrying the timber, and in building the hut. At last it was completed, and we were congratulating each other on the prospect of being speedily separated from our disagreeable companions, when a company of soldiers came down from Hobart Town, and the magistrate gave them our hut for their barracks, without saying a word to us about it. Thus much we got for our extra toils.

In like manner, on Saturday afternoon, we built a kitchen for a sub-superintendent, for which he voluntarily gave each man a sheep's head, which we boiled for our Sunday dinner, and esteemed it a great luxury! The principal superintendent, when he heard of our feast, entered a complaint to Captain Jones, the visiting magistrate, who instantly dismissed the sub-superintendent, and said he had a good mind to sentence us to an additional year's probation on the road, for receiving the present!

This Captain Jones was a hard-hearted and tyrannical man. As we were bathing in the river, one Sunday morning, we caught a few crayfish, a species of lobster, which we cooked for dinner. Jones heard of it, and told us if we ever did it again he would punish us severely. We had every reason to believe that he would execute his threats, for we witnessed a specimen of his conduct, on one occasion, which assured us that he would not hesitate in the commission of any act of barbarity. A working ox, which had broken its leg, was knocked in the head by the teamster, its hide taken off, and the carcass left near the place where the prisoners were at work. About forty of the English convicts cut off pieces of meat from this ox, which they roasted over a fire where their dinner was cooking. For this offence, all of them were sentenced to an additional term of probation, varying from one to two years, and some were sent to Port Arthur to work out this sentence.

Only two or three days before we were to receive our tickets, this infamous magistrate ordered all the hair to be cut off our heads as close as possible, notwithstanding the superintendent remonstrated against it.

CHAPTER XI.

Our partial Emancipation — Journey into the Interior — The Good Woman's Inn — Lodgings by the Wayside — Mona Vale — Mr. Kermode's Farm — Agreement to cultivate it on Shares — Death and Burial of Alson Owen, at Rothbury — Celebration of the Fourth of July — A successful Experiment in cradling Wheat.

On the 16th day of February, 1842, our two years' probation having expired, and notice having been given in the government gazette that we were to be allowed "tickets of leave," we went up to Hobart Town to obtain our passes. Instead of giving us the liberty of the whole Island, as the Governor had promised, our tickets restricted us to one district, each man being allowed to choose one out of six of the interior districts.

After a prisoner gets a "ticket of leave," he is allowed to work for himself, and has the proceeds of his labor. He is still, however, kept under very strict regulations. He is not permitted to go even from one house to another, or into the woods, without a pass, signed by his employer, or by a magistrate. If he should go without a pass, or, having one, should go to any other place than the one named, he is liable to be sent back again to work on the government road, a year or more.

The general practice, in regard to granting these tickets, is as follows: Those sentenced for life have to work eight years, with good behavior, before they are entitled to one; those sentenced for fourteen years, must work six; and others in like proportion. This rule is very frequently violated, however, when the government desire to keep prisoners in their service. The way it is done is to get up some fictitious charge of bad conduct, hire a few perjured villains to swear that it is true, and then sentence the victim to an additional term of probation. Such is the justice found in Van Dieman's Land.

The cause of Canadian liberty had many friends in England, including several influential men, members of Parliament, and eminent philanthropists, whose sympathies were strong in our behalf. Their efforts, in conjunction with the appeals of our

friends on this side of the Atlantic, undoubtedly saved us from years of slavery. The wife of Benjamin Wait, one of the party taken at the Short Hills, crossed the Atlantic and spent several months in England, in earnest endeavors to procure the pardon of her husband and his associates. Doubtless we are much indebted to her for our partial emancipation; and the story of her devoted and heroic services, embalmed in all our hearts, shall be handed down to other generations, as a bright example of conjugal fidelity and active philanthropy, worthy of an immortality of honor. She is doubtless rejoicing among the angels in heaven.

When a prisoner has obtained a "ticket of leave," his first business is to seek employment. This, in most cases, is a discouraging task. At best, he is barely able to earn a living. The best of English laborers could be hired for *twenty dollars a year!* The Yankees would not work for less than an English shilling a day, or about seventy-five dollars a year. Even these low wages were very much reduced before we left the colony. Many employers keep their laborers so meanly, that they expend a considerable part of their wages in buying additional food, and the remainder would scarcely suffice to procure very indifferent clothing. The holder of a ticket is not absolved from the liability of again being pressed into the government service, whenever he is wanted. Notwithstanding all these things, a ticket is an object of earnest desire, as affording the means of escape from the tyranny of the government overseers.

Having obtained our tickets, we went to the Tench in quest of the clothing which had been taken from us two years before. We found a small part of it, covered up with casks and other rubbish, which it took us half a day to remove, and then we discovered the rats had ruined what two-legged thieves had left. The clothes we had on had been worn six months, and they were little better than their weight in rags. We were to travel one hundred miles into the country, destitute of money, friends, or credit, but with joyous hearts, in view of our emancipation.

No provisions having been furnished us, I went to Mr. Gunn, and told him we should need food on our journey, and had no money to buy it with. He said we were off the hands of government, and they had nothing more to do in finding us provisions; but, in conclusion, he told me he would furnish us some bread and meat, on his own responsibility.

Each man took his bread and meat under his arm, and we all marched off, as independent as hogs on the ice. We travelled about four miles that day, before night set in, when we halted

to build a fire by the wayside, where we intended to camp out on the ground. While we were making these preparations for the night, a landlord, whose house was not far distant, invited us to go and sleep in his bar-room, where there was a fire. He also loaned us a frying-pan, to cook our meat. We lodged on the bare floor, and thought ourselves quite lucky in getting even such accommodations.

Early the next morning we resumed our journey, and at night we arrived at a public house, called the "Good Woman's Inn," and known throughout the country as "Mother Barnes'." This house was near the Green Ponds Station, and Mrs. Barnes had been acquainted with several of our party. She gave us a supper and comfortable lodgings, and in the morning we left very early, after thanking the good woman most heartily for her kind hospitality.

On account of sore feet, and other infirmities, some of the party began to lag, and we became divided into small flocks, as we pursued our journey. At Green Ponds, some of the men diverged to the left, and went to Bothwell, distant about twenty miles, where they obtained employment. The rest of us kept on the main road toward Launceston. On the third night, six or seven of us arrived at Lemon Springs, where a man named Page kept a hotel. We asked permission to sleep in his barn, which he refused. We finally camped down by the side of the road, on the bare ground, where the little twinkling stars of heaven kept watch over us, and the gentle night breeze fanned our cheeks. The next morning we again resumed our march, and arrived at the town of Oatland, in Oatland District, before we breakfasted. Here we learned that William Kermode and Son, wealthy farmers, on the Macquarie River, eighteen miles distant, wanted to hire us. Mr. Kermode was one of the Governor's Council, and had heard favorable reports concerning us, which made him desirous of securing our services. The name of his estate was Mona Vale, and it was situated partly in the Oatland District and partly in the Campbelltown District, so that those who had tickets for either of these districts could work in both, on his farm. We went direct to Mona Vale, where we found four or five of our comrades, who had been working out their probation at a Station near by, and who, after receiving their tickets, had been employed by Kermode and Son, at a shilling a day. Our friends procured us a supper, and we had a good night's rest on the straw which they had been threshing, and that was a bed of down to us.

The next morning Mr. Kermode proposed to let us have a large tract of land, called the Blackman farm, to cultivate upon shares. After exploring the land, twenty-eight of us engaged to till it, the agreement being in writing. Mr. Kermode furnished us with cheap clothing, beds, provisions, &c., at prices agreed upon, for which he was to take his pay in grain, at the market price, when the crops had been secured. There was a house on the farm, in which we lived in comparative comfort. We sowed between four and five hundred acres of wheat and oats, from which good crops were obtained. To do the ploughing we had sixteen yoke of oxen, and the harrowing was done with horses.

At Rothbury, on the River Isis, Orin W. Smith, and three or four others, had taken a job of "grubbing trees," that is, digging them up by the roots, for the purpose of clearing the land, on the estate of Mr. Sutherland. Rothbury is about twenty-five miles from Mona Vale. Before it was time to plough, four or five of our party went up to assist Smith, and he in turn was to assist us.

On the morning of the 24th of March, Alson Owen went into an epileptic fit, and lived only thirty hours after it, during which time he had forty-five fits. We immediately sent for a doctor, who came and bled him, and gave directions in regard to his treatment. We did every thing in our power to relieve the sufferer, but all in vain. When he was in the fits, his whole system was shaken by the most violent convulsions. During the intervals, he lay in a stupid state of unconsciousness. I sat on the bed and held him in my arms all night. After his death, Hiram Sharp and myself went to Mona Vale, on foot, to get a coffin. Mr. Kermode gave us the stuff, and Solomon Reynolds and Moses A. Dutcher made the coffin. Mr. Kermode then sent a man with a horse and wagon, to carry us back.

Mrs. Sutherland gave us linen to lay out the body. On the next Sunday we followed the remains of our friend to the grave. There was no clergyman in the vicinity, and the Episcopal burial-service was read by one of the neighbors, who usually officiated on such occasions. Mr. Sutherland's son, and a schoolmate who was making him a visit, put on mourning, and walked in the funeral procession. The body was laid in the ground, by the side of Mrs. Sutherland's child and sister, there to sleep until the final resurrection. Though there was no parade or ostentation, I never attended a funeral where greater solemnity or more heartfelt sorrow seemed to prevail. Our departed friend — we might almost call him our brother — was endeared to us by many noble traits of character, which had rendered him a favorite companion

in all our trials and sufferings. To part with him, in this sad manner, was painful in the extreme. His age was twenty-seven years.

After we had finished sowing the grain, we concluded that a much smaller number of men would be adequate to take care of the farm, and do the harvesting. With Mr. Kermode's consent, about half our party left, to seek employment elsewhere. Previous to leaving, however, the anniversary of our national independence arrived, and we honored the day by such a celebration as our limited means would allow. Our thoughts were of home, our dear native land, where liberty hath her dwelling-place, and where British tyrants are not allowed to pollute the soil with their odious system of government.

One of our number, acting under that strong feeling of independence which the associations of the day are so well calculated to inspire in the bosom of every American, went to Ross, three miles distant, without a pass. He was arrested by a constable, and taken before a magistrate, charged with being intoxicated. The magistrate, whose name was Tollis, had travelled some in the United States, and knew that the Fourth of July was our great national holyday. When he found an American arraigned before him for getting somewhat *high* on that day, he remarked, "If every one of those men had been found so drunk that they couldn't walk, on the Fourth of July, I would not punish one of them;" and then dismissed our friend, without so much as reprimanding him for his improper conduct.

On the 5th of July, I went to Campbelltown, in quest of employment. The first business I engaged in was making winnowing machines. Some of my comrades learned the trade from me, and, being more expert workmen, became such powerful rivals that I was compelled to abandon my new occupation.

I next turned my attention to getting out shingles. Three of us took a job that lasted till January. During that time, we were robbed of bedding, clothing, and provisions, to the amount of fifty or sixty dollars, by the bush-rangers. As we had to learn the trade to begin with, we simply made a living by the job.

In January, 1843, Elon Fellows proposed to go out and take a job of cradling wheat. I told him I had never swung a cradle in my life. He said, neither had he, but, if I would go, he would make a couple of cradles. I agreed to do so. Fellows was a regular Yankee, who could make any thing, from a German flute down to a penny whistle, and make it well, too. There were no cradles in the country, all the grain being cut with sickles. The

cradles being completed, we travelled twelve miles, and then called on Mr. Benton, whose estate is on the South Esk River, and asked him if he wanted his grain cradled.

"Are you cradlers?"

"Yes; cradlers in our own country."

"Well, I should like to try the experiment; if it works well, I will in future have all my grain cradled. I will give you ten shillings an acre and board you, which is the same I give reapers; and if you do it satisfactorily, I will give you a pound (five dollars) extra."

We told Mr. Benton we were experienced cradlers, because an Englishman always thinks a man must needs be a bungler, unless he has served an apprenticeship of seven years at his business, let it be ever so simple.

Mr. Benton had between two and three hundred acres of grain, and he and several others went down to see us commence. Unaccustomed as we were to the work, the presence of so many spectators — including our employer, whose good opinion we were anxious to secure, at the outset — was somewhat embarrassing. When we first struck in, as a matter of course, our skill was not exhibited to much advantage. I at once complained of the cradles, and insisted that the fingers were not right, and that we must go and alter them. Off we went, and took good care not to go back until Benton and his friends had left the field. We then began anew, and in a very short time got "the hang" of the cradles, and could lay the grain as handsomely as the very best of cradlers. Mr. Benton was so well satisfied with the manner in which we performed the work, that he very cheerfully paid us the extra pound.

The reapers threatened vengeance against us and our cradles. We had to lock up our "labor-saving machines" every night, to keep them out of the hands of those who would have been glad to destroy them. Before I left the Island, the price of cradling was down to three shillings an acre, not one third as much as Mr. Benton paid us. By this job of cradling we earned $130, which was the first and only money we accumulated in the colony, and we expended nearly the whole of it in the purchase of clothes, of which we were in very great need.

CHAPTER XII.

The Author visited by his Brother — Hunting Bush-Rangers — Dresser and Wright pardoned — The new Governor — His Opinion of the Legality of our Imprisonment — A Petition for our Pardon — Another unsuccessful Attempt to Abscond — Trial before a Magistrate — Cheating the Laborer of his Wages — The Pardon — Captain Skinner, of the Phœnix.

Toward the latter part of February, my brother, Charles P. Heustis, arrived at Hobart Town, in the whale-ship William Hamilton, of New Bedford, then on her passage to the North-west Coast. Captain John Cole, the commander of the ship, had been a townsman and schoolmate of mine. My brother came up to Campbelltown to see me, and the captain sent a letter, in which he referred to our school-boy days, and also sent word that if I were aboard his ship, he would put me where the constables of Van Dieman's Land would never find me. My brother stopped with me two nights, and through him I heard from my other friends in America. This, and one letter, which the government allowed me to see after they had broken it open, was all the intelligence I received from my friends, during the five years I was kept on the Island. Other letters were sent, but they never reached me.

I knew it to be worse than useless for me to attempt to escape with Captain Cole, as I was very closely watched. Indeed, as soon as it was known, at Hobart Town, that I had a brother on board the William Hamilton, a messenger was despatched to Campbelltown, to admonish the police officers to keep an eye on me. I sent a letter by my brother, which he forwarded by the first vessel he fell in with bound to the United States, and it was received by the person to whom it was addressed. I wrote several letters home, but only one of them, beside the one just alluded to, were received here.

After the job of cradling was finished, Fellows, Whiting, and myself, went to getting out shingles again. We made a contract with a man to furnish him with shingles by the thousand. The timber was cut on government land, for which we had to pay twenty-five cents a week for each man employed. We also got

out felloes, for wheels, in which we successfully competed with the sawyers, and thus excited their enmity. We took out a license to cut timber for ten weeks, and paid in advance. Four weeks before the expiration of the time, the government required our services in hunting bush-rangers, and we were obliged to abandon our work, besides being defrauded of the money we had paid in advance.

Bush-rangers are convicts who have escaped into the forests and mountains, where they live by plunder and robbery, and become a terror to the whole Island. They are driven to this mode of life by the severity of their treatment. High-spirited and resolute men, as they generally are, they prefer even death itself to the odious tyranny of the government overseers. They flee into the unsettled parts of the country, and get arms and ammunition from the shepherds who are watching their flocks in those regions. They generally go in couples, though sometimes ten or twelve are together. The caves of the mountains afford them hiding-places, but they do not long remain in the same locality. In their wanderings, they embrace every opportunity to plunder those who come within their reach, and commit murder whenever the success of their schemes cannot otherwise be secured.

At the time I am speaking of, two of these bush-rangers, named Jeffs and Conway, had committed several depredations on property in the vicinity of Campbelltown, and had also done violence to the persons of some of the inhabitants. About three hundred men, including forty of the Americans, were armed and sent out from the Campbelltown District, in search of these famous bush-rangers. We were divided off into parties of six or seven, each man armed with a musket and five rounds of ammunition, which was all the government dared to allow us, lest we should use the means thus placed in our hands to regain our own liberty. Each party was headed by a constable, whose orders were in all cases to be obeyed. All of us were sworn as special constables, and the time of our service was entirely at the pleasure of the government.

We were away from home, at the time we were called into this service, and had no opportunity to provide ourselves with a change of linen. The party that I went with were out *seventy-three days*, during which time I never had my clothes or boots off. We slept in the woods, in robes made of opossum skins. After we came in, we were again sent out, and remained fifteen days. Constantly scouring the woods, in all directions, we occasionally got on the track of the bush-rangers, but it never hap-

pened to be my good or bad luck to meet them. They were eventually taken by a party in which were Aaron Dresser and Stephen S. Wright, two of the Prescott prisoners. The reward for this service was a free pardon, $166,66 in money, and a passage to England, for every man of the party. It was a rainy day on which the capture took place, and the powder of the bush-rangers being wet, they were unable to make any resistance; had it been otherwise, a bloody fight must have ensued. They were hung, shortly afterwards.

On the 3d of July, we were called out again. The mail had been robbed, on the Launceston road, by three desperate bush-rangers, named Cash, Cavanagh, and Jones. I was out this time about seven weeks. Cavanagh was taken by a party of constables, at a shepherd's hut, but he would give no information of the others.

Cash was taken in the following November, at Hobart Town, where he had gone to see his wife. He killed a constable who attempted to arrest him, after he had been discovered. Jones was captured in March, near Bridgewater, fifteen or sixteen miles from Hobart Town. He had both of his eyes shot out in the encounter with his captors.

Cash and Cavanagh were tried and sentenced to Norfolk Island for life. Jones was executed. During his confinement, he lost all the flesh on his bones, and was nothing but a blind skeleton when they hung him. Cash was the leader of the gang, and to his other crimes had added that of murder. Why his life was spared it is difficult to conceive, unless it was thought that his sentence was worse than death; an opinion which those who have experienced the "tender mercies" of Van Dieman's Land would not consider very irrational.

I think it was in August that Sir John Eardley Eardley Wilmot arrived at Hobart Town, to take the place of Sir John Franklin, as Governor of Van Dieman's Land.

In November, he attended the cattle-fair at Campbelltown, and Mr. Kermode, at our request, spoke to the new Governor in our behalf, urging our pardon. In reply to Mr. Kermode's earnest appeal, the Governor said, if he had been in Sir John Franklin's place, when we arrived, he should not have received us, as the documents, on the authority of which Captain Wood had brought us there, conferred no power on the Governor to detain us on the Island. He intimated that the "old granny" did not know his duty, or he would have discharged us as soon as we landed. This opinion was fully sustained by Mr. MacDowall, the

ablest lawyer on the Island, who examined the papers that accompanied us, and told L. W. Miller that there was not a scrap of authority for detaining us. Such being the admitted state of the case, it would seem to have been Governor Wilmot's duty to let the captives go free. If there was originally no legal precept for holding us in bondage, the fact that we had been wrongfully and illegally deprived of our liberty for several years could certainly confer no power to continue the wrong. However, as matters then stood, he said he could do nothing but use his influence with the home government, which he would cheerfully do. He wished the settlers and magistrates who had known us would get up a petition, and, after signing it themselves, forward it to him, and he would endorse it, and then transmit it to England. He thought we should get a favorable answer in nine or ten months.

In accordance with the suggestion of the Governor, a petition was drawn up, and signed by about fifty of the most respectable and influential men in the colony. The petition and signatures covered several sheets of paper, as each man who signed it made a separate statement of what he knew respecting us, before he added his name. It was forwarded on the 28th of March, 1844.

We had not the fullest confidence in the success of this effort to procure our release, and continued to watch for opportunities to escape. Just about the time the petition was forwarded, we heard that there were several whale-ships at Hobart Town, and James Pierce and myself obtained passes to go there, with the view of making an arrangement with the captains to take twenty of us off. We had consultations with the officers of the ships, and they all manifested a readiness to help us escape from slavery. It is deemed prudent not to divulge the names of these generous-hearted men, as they may hereafter have occasion to visit the Island. I had two offers to go on board of ships, with a good prospect of escaping. My companion, Pierce, had the same offers made to him. We declined them, because we were anxious to get our comrades away also, and we knew that our escape would only cause them to be treated with increased severity, and their movements more strictly watched.

We finally made an arrangement with a captain to take twenty of us away. He was to sail along the coast, round the Island, nearly 200 miles, to a place called Wabs' Boat Harbor, on the east side of Van Dieman's Land, and thirty miles from any settlement. He was to be at this point on a certain day, in the afternoon. Several months previous, Garret Hicks and Riley

Whitney had taken a farm, about five miles from the coast, for the purpose of maturing this plan of escape. By getting passes, we could go and see them; and there was no difficulty in bribing a clerk with a dollar, and getting a pass, whenever we wanted one. There were very few officers, from the Governor downwards, who could not be bribed, if the poor prisoner had the means. It is called taking "tip," and is so common that it excites no astonishment, even when those who are considered respectable are the transgressors. The courts are full of it, and there is no tribunal where its influence is not felt.

Some of our comrades were in Campbelltown, sixty miles from the point on the coast where we expected to embark; some in Hobart Town, more than one hundred and fifty miles; some in Oatland District, ninety miles; and some in Swanport, thirty miles. We had to notify them, and then, by marches that would appear altogether incredible, were I to give the particulars, we made our way to the coast. Hicks and Whitney had a fine lot of potatoes, which they had cultivated expressly for the adventure in which we had engaged. They were to afford us subsistence on board the ship. We dug and carried on our backs, a distance of five miles, more than two tons of them.

The whale-ship made its appearance, at the point designated, early on the morning of the day agreed upon. The captain came ashore with two boats. There were only three of our men there, the other seventeen being at the hut, five miles distant, where it was deemed more prudent to remain until the time stipulated for the ship to arrive, which was in the afternoon. The captain said he would lay off and on till four o'clock, at which time all the men were to be on the spot. How our hearts beat in view of speedy deliverance from captivity! In imagination we were already grasping the hands of our friends, in our dear native land! The perils of the sea were not thought of, in those moments of joyful anticipation. We felt willing to endure any hardship to recover our freedom.

The captain returned to his ship, and put out to sea. He had not been gone more than an hour, when an armed vessel, in the government service, made its appearance off the coast, and remained in that quarter several days. Thus were our hopes again blasted! The whale-ship occasionally hove in sight, for many days, but the presence of the armed vessel prevented us from communicating with the noble-hearted captain, to whom we owe many thanks for the persevering though fruitless efforts he made to get us on board his ship.

We remained on the coast ten days, and employed most of the time in fishing and hunting. After we had been there about eight days, three constables, from Swanport, visited us, and endeavored to elicit some information as to our designs. We told them we were merely hunting and fishing, and they discovered nothing to contradict our statement. Two days after the constables arrived, we were summoned to appear before the police magistrate, at Swanport, charged with trying to abscond. The witnesses against us told different and very contradictory stories. Some said the vessel which had been seen off the coast, under very suspicious circumstances, was a ship; others said she was a bark; and others still that she was a brig. Different witnesses testified that she carried English, French, and American colors. The magistrate tried to have us make a statement to send to the Governor, but we had seen too much of that kind of management, and preferred to let the government furnish its own testimony. All we knew about it, was the simple fact that we were hunting and fishing. After exhausting all his cunning, in unavailing endeavors to get some sort of a confession out of us, the magistrate said, that, notwithstanding there were strong grounds for suspecting the charge to be true, he could not prove it, and should therefore discharge us, and send us back to our respective districts. He sent a letter by me to the magistrate at Campbelltown, informing him of what had transpired on the coast, and telling him to watch us closely.

After my return to Campbelltown, I took a job of fencing, in company with Elizur Stephens and Michael Fraer. We made about three miles of brush fence, at ten cents a rod. It was a long job; we worked hard, early and late, boarded ourselves, and lived cheap, for the sake of saving a little, and after all *never got a cent for our work!* Our employer failed, and cheated us out of the whole. Three days before I left Van Dieman's Land, he was hung for murder. His name was Mayo Mix.

The fence being done, I was again called upon by the government to go out in pursuit of bush-rangers. I was out twelve weeks at this time. The incidents of these several excursions into the woods, and mountains, and desert places, would fill a chapter, if I had space to detail them.

On my return, Hiram Loop, Chauncey Matthews, and myself took another job of fencing, and strained every nerve to make something by it. It was a heavy log fence. Never did men voluntarily work harder, and, when it was completed, all we had left, after paying for our board, was just enough to get each of

us a pair of pantaloons, and provide us with travelling money till we could find other employment.

About the 20th of October, 1844, we received intelligence, by way of a letter from Mr. Everett, the American Minister at London, to Mr. Hathaway, our Consul at Hobart Town, that thirty-seven of our number had been pardoned by the Queen. My name was on the list. The official document did not arrive until some time afterwards, and the government minions were not a little chagrined that we should receive notice of our pardon in this informal manner.

On the 25th of October, Hiram Loop, James Pierce, and myself engaged to repair a dam for William Gray, Esq., twenty-two miles from Campbelltown. This piece of work lasted us till December, and proved about as profitable as the last. Labor was so cheap that it was impossible to get lucrative contracts.

Just as we had finished Mr. Gray's dam, official intelligence of my pardon reached me through the government gazette. On the 1st of January, 1845, I left Campbelltown for Hobart Town. As soon as I arrived at the latter place, I went to the Colonial Secretary's office, where I found a document, written on parchment, of which the following is a copy:—

"VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

To all to whom these presents shall come.

I, Sir John Eardley Eardley Wilmot, Baronet, Lieutenant-Governor of the Island of Van Dieman's Land, and its Dependencies, send greeting:—

[L. S.] Whereas, by Her Majesty's royal warrant, under the sign manual, bearing date at Buckingham Palace, the third day of June, one thousand eight hundred and forty-four, countersigned by one of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State, and addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Island of Van Dieman's Land for the time being, Her Majesty, the Queen, was pleased, in consideration of some circumstances humbly represented to her, to extend her grace and mercy unto Daniel D. Heustis, who was tried at a Court-Martial in Upper Canada, and sentenced to death, which sentence was commuted to transportation for life, and to grant him her free pardon for his said crime; now know ye, that I, the said Sir John Eardley Eardley Wilmot, Baronet, Lieutenant-Governor of the Island of Van Dieman's Land, and its Dependencies, have received Her Majesty's warrant, and do hereby certify and declare that the said Daniel D. Heustis hath, and ought to enjoy, Her Majesty's free pardon for

the said crime whereof he was convicted as aforesaid. And I do hereby discharge the said Daniel D. Heustis from all custody in respect to his said sentence and transportation.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the Island of Van Dieman's Land to be hereunto affixed.

Dated at Hobart Town, this second day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

J. EARDLEY WILMOT.

By His Excellency's command,

J. E. BICHENO, Colonial Secretary."

I concluded to remain at Hobart Town, that I might secure a passage from the Colony by the first opportunity. I was in destitute circumstances, 15,000 miles from home, and, during the last five years, not a ship had left the Island, bound direct to the United States.

On the 23d of January, the whale-ship Phœnix, Captain Skinner, of Bridgeport, Conn., anchored in the harbor. She was bound to the Northwest Coast, and I endeavored to persuade the captain to take a few of us to the Sandwich Islands, or any other place where we could get a passage home. He refused to do any thing for us, and I soon discovered that he was one of those men who never trouble themselves about performing a generous or humane action. One of his crew, a fine young man, whose name I have forgotten, died very suddenly while in port, and was buried from the colonial hospital. Captain Skinner wanted we should assist in conveying the corpse to the grave, and offered to pay us for it. Eight or ten of us bore the coffin about a mile, to the place of interment, the captain following us in a carriage. After the body had been deposited in the earth, the captain drove off in his carriage, without so much as thanking us for our services. We cared little for his money or his thanks; the reflection that we had done the last sad offices of friendship to a fellow countryman was all the reward we claimed. Sailors are proverbial for their kindness to the unfortunate, and I am happy to say, that, with the exception of Captain Skinner, we always found them disposed to assist us, even when there was much hazard of getting into difficulty as the consequence.

CHAPTER XIII.

Adieu to Van Dieman's Land — The Whale-Ship Steiglitz — The Boston Atlas Extra — Death of a Sailor — A Ship in Distress — Killing Whales — Dinner with a King at the Society Islands — Arrival at Honolulu — Kind Reception — Departure for California — Arrival at Monterey.

On the 26th of January, the whale-ship Steiglitz, Captain Selah Young, also from Bridgeport, put into Hobart Town. I met the captain on the wharf, immediately after he landed. There was something in his appearance which convinced me, at first sight, that an appeal to his generosity would not be in vain, and I was not deceived. I explained to him our unfortunate and destitute situation, and he accompanied me to the American Consul's office. After listening to my story, he said that his accommodations were not suitable for passengers; but, as we were anxious to get away, and were willing to take such fare as he could offer, he would agree to carry as many men as we could get together in three days, which was as long as he could remain in port.

Our comrades were scattered in different parts of the Island, some of them 100 miles distant. John Thomas, Nelson Griggs, and myself immediately set ourselves at work in collecting together those who had been pardoned, and, at the end of the three days, we had a jovial company of twenty-seven on board the ship. The last of them arrived about ten o'clock at night of the 28th, and I had the pleasure of escorting them on board.

Captain Young took us on his own responsibility, and personally incurred all the expense, that the owners of the ship might have no cause of complaint. Those of us who belonged east of Buffalo, being twenty, gave him a bond, by which we jointly and severally agreed to pay him $30 for each man, amounting in all to $600, after our arrival in the United States. Those belonging west of Buffalo, in Ohio and Michigan, gave another bond, of the same import. Since my arrival home, measures have been taken to raise this money, and if it has not already been paid, it is believed that the numerous friends of the unfortunate exiles will cheerfully contribute the amount.

On the morning of the 29th of January, 1845, the ship was got underway, and proceeded down the Derwent, in beautiful style. How different were my feelings, as I paced the deck, from what they were when I ascended the same stream, in the prison-ship Buffalo, five years before! Then, dark forebodings racked my imagination. Now, instead of gloomy despair, mirth and joy beamed in every face, and liberty's bright banner, the glorious stars and stripes, flaunted in triumph over my head. My inmost soul danced with joy, and but for the sad reflection that so many of my brave comrades still pined in the land of slavery, I should have been supremely happy. What was wealth to me? I was free! With scarcely a penny in my pocket, I felt as rich as Crœsus! British tyranny had fastened no stain upon my reputation, and already visions of home, and brighter days, were flitting before me, and I was buoyant with hope!

The breeze freshened, and onward dashed the gallant ship, leaving a wake straight as an arrow, whitened with the eddying foam that rolled from her sides. Houses and trees soon melted into naked outlines, the iron-bound shore became levelled with the ocean, and, ere the sun had set, Mount Wellington alone was seen towering above the ocean. I gazed upon this last landmark of misery's abode until it was lost in the darkness of night. Adieu, detested land of unmitigated wretchedness!

Captain Young had provided amply for our accommodation below. The half deck had been enlarged, and berths were constructed on each side, abaft the mainmast, for our sleeping quarters. A brief description of the ship will convey some idea of our situation, and also tend to explain our future movements. Her upper deck was flush, with a hurricane house aft, having state-rooms on each side, but open amidships. Amidships, abaft the fore hatchway, her try-works were located. They contained two large iron pots, under which were furnaces, facing forward. Alongside of the works were two square copper coolers, in which the oil was cooled off, preparatory to being put into casks. Abaft the try-works, the decks were covered with sheathing, to protect them from the edges of the spades, when the blubber was being cut up. The spare boats were stowed bottom up, on skeeds over head, on the quarter-deck; and, of those in use, three were suspended over the larboard side, and one over the starboard quarter. This last was the captain's boat; the others were headed by the mates. Below, forward, was the forecastle in which the sailors resided; abaft the mainmast was the half deck, the home of the boatsteerers, coopers, carpenters, blacksmith, and

other petty officers. In this division of the ship we were located. The captain, his three mates, and the steward, lived in the cabin. The ship's complement of men and boys numbered, in all, about thirty souls, but she was several hands short.

The space before the mainmast, across in the wake of the main hatchway, was the blubber-room. Here the blubber, as taken from the whales, was hove in, leaned, and cut up into horse pieces. The other parts of the between-decks contained provisions, stores, &c., and the lower hold was filled with casks and shooks.

The Steiglitz was a fine ship, of 390 tons register, and hailed from Bridgeport, Connecticut. Originally, like most of our whalers, she had been a merchant ship, and as such was extensively known as a very fast sailer. Connected with her reputation as a fast sailer, an incident occurred some years ago, which created considerable excitement at the time. The Boston Atlas, under the editorial management of the late Richard Haughton, a man of the most indomitable energy, had acquired an enviable reputation for obtaining important intelligence in advance of all the other papers, and also had the credit, at least among its political opponents, of manufacturing pretty large stories to influence the elections. Some wags attached to a rival establishment, for the purpose of enjoying a little fun at the expense of the Atlas, fabricated some exclusive intelligence for it. The ship Steiglitz was supposed to be on her passage from Liverpool, bound for Boston, and her arrival was announced in flaming capitals, in an extra, purporting to be issued from the Atlas office. The European intelligence by the previous arrivals was carried down to the time of the sailing of the Steiglitz, with considerable ingenuity. The predictions of excited politicians, in relation to the troubled state of Europe, were fulfilled by this intelligence, and war, if not actually declared, was, nevertheless, inevitable. The reports of the markets were also carefully made up, to correspond with the dolesome state of the times, and this intelligence, credited to the Boston Atlas, was extensively circulated and republished in all parts of the country. The extra was issued on Saturday afternoon, and sent off in the mails, so that no exposure of the trick would follow before Monday. In the evening, the city was flooded with the extras. The next morning, when the merchants visited Topliff's Reading Room, the stirring news brought by the Steiglitz soon became the theme of speculation. Numbers went to the office of the Atlas, to see the foreign papers from which its extra had been compiled, when, of

course, the hoax was discovered. But the excitement was so great, that the editor of the Atlas actually issued an extra, exposing the fraud, and offering a reward for the detection of those who had perpetrated it. For years afterward, when any important foreign news appeared in an extra, the question was invariably asked: "Is it by the fast-sailing ship Steiglitz?"

But let us return to a description of our voyage. In the morning, at daylight, one of the mates and a foremast hand went to the fore topgallant-masthead, a boatsteerer to the main, and one of the green hands to the mizen, to look out for whales. The officer generally remained four hours aloft, but the others were relieved every two hours regularly.

Our captain was a noble-hearted sailor, and those under his command were cheerful and active in the discharge of their duty. When we had been four days at sea, a gale sprang up, which blew with great fury, and created a tremendous cross-sea. In securing some of the casks on deck, with extra lashings, one of them unfortunately broke loose, and, as it bounded to leeward, knocked a Portuguese sailor against the bulwarks, and crushed him to death. This sad accident threw a damper upon the sports of the crew, and for several days the merits of the deceased formed the subject of their yarns. Every old salt who had witnessed a death at sea, had to relate how it happened, and what were the good qualities of the deceased, for sailors remember only the virtues of the dead, and esteem it a presage of bad luck to speak evil of the departed.

A few days afterward, a ship was reported from the mast-head, and, as we neared her, she threw out the American ensign, union down, as a signal of distress. We boarded her, and learned that her captain, whose name was Collins, (the ship's name has escaped my memory,) had died a few days previous, and that the crew refused to prosecute the voyage, and insisted upon going into port or else returning home, although the ship was just out, and almost empty. Captain Young mildly represented to them the unreasonableness of their conduct, and urged them to return to their duty like men, and fill the ship, as the best and surest way to reach home, and be rewarded for their labors. His advice was taken, the sailors returned to their duty, and the ships filled away, and were soon out of sight of each other.

We continued cruising, at the same time shaping our course for the Society Islands, but for weeks no whales crossed our horizon. The ocean, however, was alive with fish; and squid,

whales' food, was passed in abundance. "Keep a sharp look-out there, at the mast-heads," our anxious captain sung out more or less every day, as he walked the quarter-deck, and "Ay, ay, sir," would be the answer from aloft. In the mean time, the ship's company were employed repairing sails, fitting spare whaling craft, coopering, tinkering, &c. The watch on deck always had something to do, while the watch below were left masters of their own time. Some of the lazy ones would sleep; others would read, mend or make clothes, scrimshank whale-bone into canes, busks, or ornaments, for their friends ashore. The last dog-watch, between six and eight o'clock, was the season for sport. Then, all hands, in fine weather, generally came on deck, and sung songs, spun yarns, danced or frolicked, until the first watch was set. We were treated with great kindness by the crew, and often participated in their evening sports.

One afternoon, while the ship was dodging along, close-hauled on the larboard tack, under double-reefed topsails, foresail, jib, and spanker, a heavy cross-sea running at the time, the look-out at the main, in a clear voice, drawn out to the last note of his breath, sung out, "Thar she blows." The first sound gave warning of what would follow, and before the "*blows*" had died away, all hands were on deck, but so quiet in their movements, that not a sound arose to mar the music from the mast-head. Captain Young had his hand upon the foremost swifter of the main rigging, ready for a spring aloft, and the men, with up-turned faces, were distributed over the deck, ready to obey orders. "Where away?" in response, demanded the captain, in a quick and stirring tone, when the mast-head man had finished his long-drawn song. "Two miles and a half off to leeward, about three points abaft the beam, sir," was the reply. "Thar again," continued the look-out, "there's two of them, sir, sperm whales, by G—!" "Thar again," and "thar again," was continued, from all three mast-heads, at intervals of thirty or forty seconds, the time between the spouting or blowing of the whales. The sperm whale is more uniform in its blowing than any other whale, and its spout also differs in appearance. It ascends obliquely, and resolves into a bushy, smoke-like spray, and soon disappears, while the right whale and finback blow perpendicularly to a great height, and their spouting continues visible several seconds longer than that of the sperm whale. "Thar goes flukes, thar goes flukes," continued the look-outs, "headed to windward, sir; looks like a cow and a calf." "Note the time, on deck," shouted the captain, who was now aloft himself, "and

loose the mainsail and set it." Sperm whales, when making a passage, are generally very regular in the time they remain down, which is longer or shorter, according to their size. A large whale will stop down from twenty minutes to half an hour, and a school whale about fifteen minutes; but, if feeding, or playing round, they are irregular in their movements. When the mast-head men sung out, "thar goes flukes," the whales had gone below, and the subsequent order to "note the time," was given with a view to know when they might be expected up again.

The mainsail was set, the ship hove about on the starboard tack, the boats swayed up, and every thing got in readiness for lowering. "Black skin, on the lee bow; thar she blows," was sung out from aloft. "Thar again," and "thar again," was continued during another rising, and by this time the ship had reached far enough ahead to bring the whales on the lee beam. "Haul the mainsail up, ease away the jib sheet, back the main-topsail, and let her come to the wind, gently," were orders given by the captain, and quickly obeyed without confusion, or unnecessary noise. The whales were now about a mile and a half dead to leeward, heading right for the ship, but moving very slowly. When the ship's way had been deadened, the three larboard boats were lowered; but, before they had got many yards from the ship, the whales had gone down again. Each boat contained six men, five of whom pulled, and one steered. The headsman of a whale-boat is generally one of the mates or captain, and, when leaving the ship in pursuit of whales, he steers the boat, and the boatsteerer, so called, pulls the bow oar, until near the whale, when, in obedience to the orders of the officer aft, he peaks his oar, and fastens, after which he shifts aft and steers the boat, while the officer goes forward and lances the whale.

In a whale-boat, there are two tubs of lines, placed so as to ballast the boat properly for pulling. To one end of the line, an iron or harpoon is bent, and around the line another rope, with a running eye in it, is fastened to a second iron. Both of the harpoons are placed in a crutch, which is inserted in the foremost row-lock, having their poles (for they are socketed with heavy hard-wood poles) resting in such positions as to be seized readily, and darted without confusion. Six or seven fathoms of line for each harpoon is coiled into the bow or box of the boat, and the bight of the line, leading from the bow over the oars, is passed over a loggerhead aft, within control of the boatsteerer.

The boats pulled about a mile apart, thus spreading the chance to pounce upon the whales when they should appear,

and the ship had again filled away, and made sail upon a wind. The calf broke water first, almost under the bow of the mate's boat, and, in an instant, the boatsteerer's oar was peaked, and with the harpoon poised, ready for darting, he only wanted to be a few yards nearer to dart. He beckoned with the left hand to lay the boat on toward the young whale, which was now coming right for the boat, head on. Another stroke of the oars, and a sudden sweep with the steer oar, brought the boat almost square off and on to the whale; the boat was stopped, and both irons flew with well-directed vigor, but, ere they reached their aim, the cow whale broke water between them and her calf, and received both irons, abaft the hump. She fairly breached out of water, and covered the boat so entirely in a column of spray, as for several seconds to shroud her from view. "Stern hard, my boys," shouted the mate, who had now assumed his station forward, "so, stoppa, slack line." The whale had now taken to windward, throwing her head out of water, darting along at her utmost speed, blowing like a high-pressure steam-engine, and making the water fly over the boat, in whitened foam. Her calf kept close alongside of her, blowing and breaching about, as if conscious that all was not well with its mother. The sea was very rough, and the boat had to be managed with great caution, especially when the whale took a sudden turn, stopped short, or went down. Far as the eye could reach, the other boats were seen dead to leeward, pulling for dear life, in the oily wake, to reach the whale, for it was well known that if any more whales were in the vicinity, they would be sure to make for the wounded one. Having wearied herself with running to windward, the whale hove to, and began rolling over and over, thrashing the water with her flukes, and breaching. "Haul in slack-line, my lads," cried the mate; "pull, and I'll kill her dead with a lance; pull, lay on; there, now — stoppa; stern hard; stern, or you'll get knocked into minced-meat; that'll do," as he withdrew the lance from her vitals; "now, my lads," resumed he, "look out; she is in her flurry; mind your oars." Circling round, in the agonies of death, spouting thick blood, and accompanied by her calf, she continued running about ten minutes, then rolled fin out, turned her head toward the sun, and blowed her last.

When the other boats came up, they lanced and killed the calf, and then both were towed to the ship together, and made fast alongside. It was now dark. The boats were hoisted up, sail shortened, and the ship hove to for the night. As the ship was short of hands, several of our men went in the boats, and

pulled very well, considering the roughness of the sea, and their inexperience in the business.

The cutting-in purchases, which consist of two large tackles, from the mainmast-head, were rove during the night, and the next morning, at daylight, we commenced cutting in. The cow whale was a large one, being over forty feet in length. A sperm whale's head is square at the end, and is said to be one third as large as the body; the spout-hole is at the extreme of the head; the eyes are small, and far back in the head, near the body; the jaw is small, and is furnished with ivory teeth, with indentations in the upper part of the mouth to receive them; the fins, of which there are two, are small, and are abaft the eyes; next comes the hump, which presents a broken outline along the back down to the smallest part before the tail or flukes; the flukes are horizontal, not vertical, with a small slit in the middle, and are very hard; the skin is generally black, excepting about the belly and under the fins, which is a light slate color. The blubber on a whale bears about the same proportion to the whole as the fat of a pig to its body. In cutting up, the head is divided into two parts, termed *junk* and *case*, the former consisting of fine fat blubber, and the other containing oil, or fat, so tender that it can be squeezed into liquid, by hand. The entire head of a small whale can be hove in on deck, but with a large whale it is necessary to cut the junk from the case, and then to heave the latter into such a position that its contents can be bailed out with buckets.

For cutting in, the whale is made fast alongside, with the flukes forward and the head aft, nearly opposite the main channel on the starboard side. Before the gangway there is a stage over the side, upon which the second mate stands, secured round the waist with a belt, and abaft the gangway there is another stage, for the chief mate. The blubber spade is ground and oil-stoned as sharp as a razor, and has a blade about six inches wide, which gradually decreases and forms a socket, into which a long pole is secured. There is also a circular spade, used for cutting round holes, for inserting a hook or strap, as the blubber is not so liable to tear when cut round, as it is when cut square. The first hole cut is close abaft the head, and into it a large hook is inserted by one of the boatsteerers, who sits upon the whale for that purpose. This duty is termed *his hook on*, and is performed in turns. When the hook is inserted, the fall of the tackle or purchase attached to it is brought around the windlass forward, and then hove taut. Then a strip about four feet wide is marked,

the forward part of which is cut by the second mate, and the after part by the chief mate, who, also, as the windlass raises the blubber, and gives the whale a rolling motion, cuts off the head. When the blubber is hove as high as the blocks will admit, a hole is cut in it, close to the gangway, and into this hole the strap of the other purchase is inserted and secured with a toggle, (a large piece of wood,) and is hove taut. This done, the blubber is cut square off — now termed a blanket-piece — and lowered down the main hatchway into the blubber-room. In this way the whale is turned round and round, until the whole of its blubber is stripped off, and the head and flukes severed from the body, which is then termed a carcass, and cut adrift. In the blubber-room the lean is carefully taken off with knives, and then the blubber is cut up into oblong pieces, called *horse-pieces*, which are laid on a horse of wood, projecting from the windlass, with stout pegs on each side to prevent its rolling off, and a boy with a small iron hook, called a gaff, holds on to one end of it, while the horse-man, with a two-handed knife, minces it up. It is then pitched into the pots, and boiled out. The scraps which remain become fuel, and are used in the furnaces. When the pots are full, the clear oil is bailed out into copper coolers, and, when properly cooled, is stowed away in casks below, with great care, by the chief mate and the boatsteerers. Sometimes, when only a small whale is taken, its blubber is cut up on deck, which, as I have before stated, is covered with sheathing for that purpose. The heads, too, are always cut up on deck. The cow and calf stowed down about forty-five barrels of oil.

Such is whaling, as it appeared to me on board the Steiglitz, and as I learned it from those who had witnessed many scenes of the kind. It is a hard and perilous business, in which none but men of strong arms and lion hearts are suitable to engage. There is much about it that is disagreeable, and yet there are thousands who have become so much attached to this rugged mode of life, that they can hardly be persuaded to abandon it, even in their old age. After having been rocked for years on the rolling deep, in perils oft, amid tempestuous storms, and in hazardous and exciting encounters with the objects of their pursuit, they feel that life on shore is dull and tiresome.

The first place we touched at was Oheteroa, one of the Society Islands, where Nelson Griggs and myself went ashore with the captain, and dined with the king, the young princesses volunteering to keep off the flies, by waving cocoa leaves over our heads. The dinner was served up in pretty good style. We

had baked chickens, fish, and bananas, with a good cup of tea Various kinds of fruit were also on the table. We spent the day with the king, and Captain Young bought oranges, lemons, bananas, plantains, cocoa-nuts, &c., of the natives, for the ship's company. The king kept a book, in which the captains of ships recorded their names, the date of their visit to the Island, and where bound, with such other facts as might be useful to those who came afterward. In looking over this record, Captain Young ascertained that his brother had been there two years before.

The next place we visited was Otaheite, another of the Society Islands. We found this Island under martial law, in consequence of a difficulty between the French and English. We were not allowed to go ashore until we had reported ourselves on board the French man-of-war which was lying in the harbor. Not finding any vessel here bound to the United States, we again set sail for the Sandwich Islands, where we arrived on the 29th of April, and put into Honolulu, after a passage of ninety days from Hobart Town.

Captain Young interceded with the king, and obtained permission for us to remain there, without paying the sum usually required. The king said he would grant us this privilege, on account of his strong friendship toward the United States. To us, this favor was peculiarly gratifying, as it showed that our country was respected in these distant Islands.

The Steiglitz remained in port six days, and, being short of hands, seven of our men shipped for the remainder of the voyage. They were expected to arrive home in the spring of 1847.

The morning after we arrived at Honolulu, Captain Brewer — of the firm of Brewer & Marshall, American merchants at that place — called to see us, and procured us a boarding place for a week, at his own expense, to give us an opportunity to find employment, until we could engage a passage home. Captain Brewer, I believe, is a native of Boston; he is entitled to our warmest thanks for his generous attentions.

We also formed an acquaintance with Carter & Thompson, who went from Charlestown, Massachusetts, and were keeping the best hotel in the place. They interested themselves in our behalf, as did all the Americans residing there, except our Consul, Mr. Hooper, who treated us with marked coolness.

Hiram Grimes, formerly of Boston, and of the firm of E. & H. Grimes, called to see us. He wanted me to go to California to take the charge of a ranche, or farm, twenty-one miles square, which he and his uncle owned, and of which the latter had the

superintendence. It was situated about 300 miles north of Monterey, between the Sacramento and the American Fork Rivers. On this farm they had between three and four thousand head of cattle, and two or three hundred horses. Indians were employed to do the work, and I was wanted for an overseer. I agreed to go for one year, if they would also hire John Thomas. This condition was complied with, and the bargain concluded.

On the 7th of May, having stopped at Honolulu eight days, we embarked in the American ship Fama, bound for California. Our comrades still remaining on the Island, through the kindness of Captain Brewer and other Americans, had found such employment as would enable them to earn a living until they could get a passage home. The Fama was a Boston ship, employed in the trade between the Sandwich Islands and California. We had a pleasant voyage of eighteen days, and arrived at Monterey on the 25th.

We immediately called on the American Consul, Thomas O. Larkin, Esq., who received us in a very gentlemanly manner, and manifested a ready disposition to serve us. Our instructions being to remain at Monterey until we heard from the elder Mr. Grimes, on the ranche, Mr. Larkin directed us to a good boarding house, where we patiently waited about twenty days, at the end of which Mr. Grimes came to see us. He informed us that he had hired the overseer he had the year before, and should therefore have no occasion for our services. He said, however, that he was willing to do what was right by us, and wished us to think the matter over, and let him know the next morning how we should be willing to compromise. Finally, we told him if he would give us $100 each, and pay our bills up to that time, we would call it square. He paid us the money without any hesitation, and thus terminated our contract with Mr. Grimes.

CHAPTER XIV.

Preparations to cross the Rocky Mountains — Commencement of the Journey — Incidents on the Route — Arrival at Neuva Helvetia — Captain Sutter — Further Travels — Sickness of the Guide — Abandonment of the Expedition — Extensive Travels in California — Description of the Country — Its Agricultural and Commercial Advantages — Voyage to Valparaiso — Return Home in the Ship Edward Everett.

We remained in Monterey until toward the last of June, in the hope of getting a passage home. At that time we fell in with William Fellon, a trapper, who was anxious to cross the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis, where he belonged. He had spent twenty-two years in the mountains, and was perfectly acquainted with the route across them, and with all the Indian tribes that inhabit those regions. As we were very anxious to get home, we agreed to accompany him, and immediately commenced making the preparations. We bought six horses and four mules, with a suitable equipment of saddles and pack-saddles. We killed three cows, and dried the meat, for use on the way, and also laid in a stock of flour, coffee, sugar, &c. All these things, and a few cooking utensils, were packed up in alfocuses, or large leather bags, made to fit on the backs of mules.

On the evening of the 4th of July, Mr. Larkin, the American Consul, gave a fandango, or ball, in honor of the day, at which the principal citizens of the place were in attendance. We had a fine dance, an excellent supper, and a gay and happy company. Every thing was conducted with propriety, and in good taste. The Spanish ladies made an elegant appearance, in form, dress, and manners.

On the 9th of July, dressed in regular Rocky Mountain suits, made of deer-skins, and armed with rifles, we commenced our travels. Mr. Fellon, our guide, had seven horses, and three mules. We passed Mission St. John,* and, the second night,

* These *Missions* were settlements formed by Catholic priests, and were, at one time, in a very flourishing temporal condition, carrying on a lucrative trade in hides, tallow, and other articles, with vessels

encamped on the ranche of a Spaniard, named Perchaquer, who has the greatest herd of cattle of any man in California, at the present time. He has 20,000 head of horned cattle.

The next day we passed Mission St. Hosea, or St. Joseph. We then crossed the coast range of mountains — on which we encamped several nights — into the Tule Plains, on the San Joaquin River. On the mountains, we passed through fields of wild oats, more than a hundred miles in extent, of luxuriant growth, being more than three feet high. The elk, the deer, the antelope, and other wild animals, found in great numbers in those regions, feed on these oats. With our rifles we occasionally killed these animals, and made several hearty meals of the roasted meat.

We followed the course of the San Joaquin, downward, two or three days, and then crossed the stream, and travelled north, till we came to the Casna River, on the banks of which we found an English settler, William Daly, the first white inhabitant we saw after leaving Perchaquer's, a distance of more than 250 miles. During the journey, we had been obliged to keep a night-watch on our horses, to prevent their being stolen by the Indians, whom we encountered almost every day. We tied our horses with a lasso, six or seven fathoms long, which gave them a chance to feed, while we took turns in watching them. The prairie wolves would sometimes come and gnaw off the lasso, and let the horses loose.

We stopped at Daly's hut a few days, while Fellon went over the bay to Sanoma, on business. While stopping there, Captain Sutter, at Neuva Helvetia, sixteen miles distant, heard of us, and sent us a kind invitation to call upon him, which I accepted. Captain Sutter emigrated to this country several years ago, from Missouri, and formed the first settlement in the valley of the Sacramento, on a large grant of land which he obtained from the

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from the United States and England, and buying up whole cargoes of goods brought from those countries. The priests had a high reputation as traders, and were very rich, and very honest in their dealings. Their chief merit is to be found, however, in their kind treatment of the Indians, not less than twenty-five thousand of whom were living under them, as laborers. One of the results of the overthrow of the Spanish dominion in Mexico, was the suppression of these Missions. Some idea of their wealth may be formed, when it is known that many of them possessed 100,000 head of cattle each, together with horses and stock in the same proportion. The time of their greatest prosperity would seem to have been coeval with the last forty years of the domination of Old Spain.

Mexican government. He bought a large number of stock, and a variety of agricultural stores, pieces of artillery, and other munitions of war, of the neighboring Russian settlement at Ross, which was about to withdraw from the country. For these, he makes a regular yearly payment in grain. He has constructed a fort, mounting twelve pieces of artillery, and capable of admitting a garrison of a thousand men. The Sacramento is navigable for vessels, and Captain Sutter owns several, which he employs principally in his business. He told me he should sow 2400 acres of wheat. I saw as many as 300 Indians in his employ. He pays them in beads, trinkets, and clothing; but they were entirely naked when I saw them.

It was under Captain Sutter's hospitable roof that Captain Fremont and his party found shelter, rest, and refreshment, after being nearly starved to death on the mountains, as they were returning from their exploring expedition to Oregon, in the spring of 1844.

On the 2d day of August, we left Daly's, and encamped the first night by the side of the American Fork. The next day we crossed the river, and travelled north, reaching Bear River at night. On the third day we went to Feather River, and here Fellon, our guide, was taken sick. We found that we should be detained some time, and the prospect of being out on the mountains, in the midst of winter, was not very agreeable. We had also discovered that our guide was a man of less energy and resolution than we had supposed. Under these circumstances, we concluded to abandon the idea of crossing the Rocky Mountains. Fellon having been left in the care of an old friend of his, named Shadden, who would bestow on him every attention which his situation demanded, Thomas and I started on a retreat.

We went back to Neuva Helvetia, and sold our horses and other equipments to Captain Sutter, at a great sacrifice, and took in payment a draft on a Mr. Campbell, of St. Louis, which Captain Fremont had paid to one of his men, a blacksmith, named Neal, who had been induced to remain with Captain Sutter.

We learned that there was a whale-ship at Yerba Buena, bound to the United States. We started immediately, in one of Captain Sutter's schooners, and in six days arrived at Yerba Buena, just in time to be one day too late. Thomas concluded to remain there, to embrace the next opportunity to get home which might present itself. I met Mr. Willard Buzzell, who formerly lived in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and went with him to drive a herd of cattle to a new ranche, on the American Fork. We

drove up 300 cows and 200 horses. The journey occupied twenty-one days, and gave me a fine chance to examine the country. We then crossed the Sacramento, and went about 250 miles, to what is called Yount's Valley, after more cattle. We obtained 400 head of horned cattle, and 100 horses, and drove them to the ranche. In this trip, I went to Captain Smith's ranche, at Bodega, near Ross, on the coast. Captain Smith was formerly of Baltimore; he has a fine place, is building flour-mills, and making preparations to recruit vessels with provisions, &c.

When I arrived at Mr. Buzzell's ranche the last time, I found a letter from Thomas, informing me that there was a vessel at Sousaleta, eight miles from Yerba Buena, in which we could get a passage to Valparaiso. Buzzell offered to give me three miles square of his land, if I would stay in the country, or if I would return, after visiting my friends. He was a brother of the man concerned in burning the Convent, at Charlestown.

Having seen much of this interesting portion of the world, and public events having drawn the attention of the American people to the Californias, I will speak briefly of their agricultural and commercial capabilities. They are doubtless destined to become important sections of the American continent, and would long since have risen to eminence, had they been possessed by a race competent to develop their resources, and to complete the work so well commenced by nature.

Upper California is by far the most valuable, whether we consider its natural endowments or the promise which it gives of future greatness. Lower California, though in many respects inferior, is by no means a worthless territory. It cannot, in its present physical state, support a dense population, for, being a volcanic country, it necessarily suffers from the lack of water. Streams and springs are rare; and, where they do exist, much of the soil is unsuitable for cultivation. Violent hurricanes, accompanied by heavy rains, sweep away much of the soil; yet we should not hastily say that this land is irredeemable; that a country almost as large in extent as the entire of England, Scotland, and Wales, is condemned to perpetual unfruitfulness. In those portions of Lower California in which water and good land are found together, the productive powers of the soil are vast. I have no doubt that, in the hands of an active, energetic, and industrious people — emigrants, for example, from New England and New York — this country would be measurably redeemed. It suffers, in all likelihood, as much from the ignor-

ance, imbecility, and indolence of its inhabitants, as from any original defects in itself. Strong men, men of stout hearts and able hands, would cause the land to bend to their will and become fruitful.

Some portions of the country now yield, abundantly, wheat, maize, barley, &c.; and many of the tropical fruits are common. Among the animals are horses, mules, black cattle, goats, and hogs. The sea-coast rewards the toil of the fisherman with a great variety of fish, whose quantity is only exceeded by their quality. Thousands of Yankees might live easily on the coast, and, from the fish they caught, would create a mighty trade, as fruitful of wealth as that which the Dutch once carried on in the herring-fishery. There are profitable pearl-fisheries on this coast, which would undoubtedly yield far better than they now do, if managed by people with more of the "go ahead" principle in them. It is not improbable, from certain indications, that gold and silver abound in the country.

The people of Lower California consist of whites, blacks, and the mixed breeds, formed by marriages among the different races. They are three or four thousand in number, but are both ignorant and licentious.

Upper California is in many respects a very different country; it has been more favored by nature. Whether considered in reference to its commercial or its agricultural resources, it alike demands and receives the warmest eulogiums of the traveller. It is hoped that a superior race of men may one day inherit this country, so richly endowed with natural advantages.

There are several rivers which will be found useful in internal navigation, and are now the cause of fruitfulness to the soil. The valleys of the large rivers, as those of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, abound with rich soil, valuable productions, and useful animals; and need only be settled by industrious and ingenious people, to yield, bountifully, many of the most valuable articles of commerce. The valley of the Sacramento, particularly, is the scene of great beauty and excellence. The land is mostly rich, the productions varied, and the means of improvement vast. In wood, this valley is uncommonly rich, both as to quantity and quality. There is plenty of white pine, of the largest description; the common white oak, which grows to a great size, and in a form of singular beauty; abundance of live oak, furnishing timber of rare excellence, and the white oak proper, the noblest in the world; the ash, also good; and the beautiful plane-tree, which reaches to a very great height.

The climate of this valley is various. That portion of it which is near the mouth of the river, and for about one hundred miles up the stream, is very hot in summer, though modified by sea-breezes; while the upper country has a climate unsurpassed upon the face of the earth.

The valley of the San Joaquin is a beautiful country; but during the rainy season it becomes completely saturated with water, while the dry season causes it to resemble a blazing furnace. The exhalations from the water give rise to fatal diseases, but this difficulty might be remedied. The waters accumulated during the months of rain, and the drying up of which in the hot season causes so much injury, might all be carried into the San Joaquin, by artificial means. This would have been done long ago had the country been settled by the Anglo-Saxon race. It would pay for reclaiming, as it contains some six hundred miles of the richest prairie land in the world, vast forests, valuable timber, and a great variety of animals. Rice might also be cultivated with success on the islands near the mouth of the river.

The valley of the Jesus Maria River is also a fine country. That of the Clamet lies north of the Snowy Mountains, and, were natural boundaries regarded, would be held as belonging to the American portion of Oregon. It is represented as rich and beautiful, but the Clamet does not fall into the Bay of San Francisco, as do the other rivers above named. That portion of the country lying to the north of the regions already spoken of is very valuable, and without doubt will one day be the home of a powerful people.

Even now, as poorly as the soil is cultivated, agriculture yields immensely in Upper California. Indian corn, wheat, barley, and oats grow abundantly. The sweet potatoe, and the common kind, yield good crops. Hemp and flax might be grown in indefinite quantities; and of fruits there are grapes, olives, figs, lemons, oranges, &c.

I have said that California is destined to be a great commercial country. It would seem to be some contradiction to this, to say that it has only two good harbors, on a sea-coast of more than twelve hundred miles. But these harbors are among the finest in the world, and capable of supplying the wants of the most extended commerce that either the ambition or the avarice of man could create. That of San Diego is situated in latitude 33° 17′ north, and is both safe and commodious. The Bay of San Francisco is that which must, however, attract the greatest degree of attention, and toward which the eyes of the statesmen of

the old world have been directed for several years past. It is obvious that a revolution would be worked in commerce, should the country to which this bay belongs come into the possession of a hardy and industrious people, with tastes and abilities for maritime pursuits. There is no doubt that England has been looking at it, with covetous eyes, for a long time. That it is an object worthy of human ambition, and likely to give the utmost power to those holding it, in those seas on which future empire is to be contended for, will appear from a description of its situation and advantages.

The entrance to the Bay of San Francisco is in latitude 37° 58′ north, and the water on the bar is about fifty feet deep, at low tide. The passage into the bay is five miles long, and susceptible of thorough defence. The entrance is two miles wide on the ocean. Where the channel commences opening into the bay, are two islands, so placed as to allow those holding them to completely command the channel itself, and all points of entrance into the different parts of the bay. From the channel to the northeastern point of the bay, the distance is thirty-five miles; to the northern point, twenty-four miles. The bay itself varies in width, in different parts, from four to twenty miles. It is full of islands, and in all parts of it the anchorage is good, its shores abounding with havens, in which the largest ships can ride within one hundred yards of the land, and safe from the assaults of the hardest storms. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, and other streams of less magnitude, fall into this bay; and all the regions drained by their waters belong to that section of country which nature seems to have destined to become a mighty nation, with the Bay of San Francisco for its chief harbor. Were these regions settled by an enterprising people, and their various excellences turned to proper account, we should see, on the western shores of our continent, a country as powerful as any mentioned in history.

The only place of consequence on this bay is Yerba Buena, a small American village, at which vessels effect repairs and obtain provisions. This place is probably the germ of the future city that is to be enriched by the immense commerce that must centre here. Americans have commenced the work that they are, most likely, destined to complete, that of opening up to human enterprise one of the most wealthy districts of the earth, where universal humanity may find a home.

Recent accounts from Yerba Buena represent that many of the Mormons were living there, in tents, while building their houses.

An advanced guard of these people, about 5000 in number, had arrived in the country. A much larger number were expected to join them, and they will form a powerful settlement, should no internal feuds arise to break them up.

The animal kingdom of Upper California is varied, rich, and extensive. There are many species of quadrupeds, which I have not space to enumerate. Domestic animals are plenty. Game is found in such variety, and of such excellence, as to make Northern California the very Elysian Fields of sportsmen. The ornithology of California is exceedingly rich, and adds much to the general desirableness of the country. The waters, whether of lake, river, or the ocean, are well filled with fish. They are not so much used in Upper California, as in Lower, the former producing, so much more bountifully than the latter, other articles of food. Immense numbers of salmon are taken, many of them of great size, and all of superb quality. Salmon trout are also numerous in some rivers. Large sturgeons are sometimes caught. Near Monterey, mackerel are taken easily, and in large numbers.

The whites and half-breeds in Upper California are about 6000 in number. The Indians reach to 40,000. It is difficult to say which is the most contemptible race, Indians, half-breeds, or whites; but I think the latter.

In minerals, California is very rich, the bosom of the earth being filled with undeveloped wealth. There are beds of coal in various quarters; and in the vicinity of San Francisco some of a bituminous character, and very good, have been discovered. Gold and silver mines exist, some of which are well known, very rich, and easily worked. A most valuable mine of quicksilver is also reported to be in the mountains east of Monterey.

Were I about to leave my native country, there is no place that I would sooner select for my new home than Northern California. The human race has done little for it, while nature has lavished upon it her most bounteous gifts. Rich in natural productions, with a grateful soil, and the most magnificent harbors in the world, and needing only human exertions to rise to the highest pitch of power and renown, we might be justified in applying to it the words of the poet, respecting another fair region, and declare that

"All save the spirit of man is divine!"

Having devoted a few pages to a description of California, I will now resume the story of my adventures. As soon as the let-

ter from Thomas reached me, at the ranche of Mr. Buzzell, I started for Yerba Buena. I found the bark Fame, Captain Mitchell, from Connecticut, at Sousaleta, a small place on the opposite side of the bay from Yerba Buena. Captain Mitchell, in the spirit of that generosity which is so common among seamen, kindly offered to take Thomas and myself, free of expense, to Valparaiso, whither he was bound. We sailed the first day of November, having spent five months in California. On the 29th of January, 1846, we arrived at Valparaiso. The incidents of the voyage I have not space to detail, and must content myself with expressing, in this public manner, my heartfelt thanks to Captain Mitchell, for the extreme kindness with which he invariably treated us, while we were on board his vessel. May the blessing of Heaven reward him for his benevolent deeds.

I remained at Valparaiso until the 5th day of April, when, having secured a passage on board the ship Edward Everett, Captain Sweetlin, bound for Boston, I commenced my homeward voyage. The Edward Everett was a beautiful ship, of between seven and eight hundred tons, deeply laden with copper ore, hides, and other products of Chili. The first twenty-four hours spent on board satisfied me that Captain Sweetlin was both a gentleman and a sailor; and, as the saying goes, "a good captain makes a good crew," so I found the sailors well satisfied both with the captain and the ship.

We passed the Island of Juan Fernandez, with a strong breeze, and went dashing to the southward along the land. Long after the shore had been lost to the view, the ridges of the lofty Andes were seen above the clouds, with their rugged outlines defined along the sky. Every day became shorter, the weather colder, and the sea more boisterous and broken, as we advanced on our course. It was winter, and, as we approached Cape Horn, the royalmasts and yards were sent down, new canvass was bent, and every thing secured to meet the storms which rage at that season of the year. The wind still favored us, but became squally, occasionally accompanied with violent hailstorms.

When off the pitch of the Cape, I saw a mountain of ice, about seven miles to the southward of us. It was apparently between three and four hundred feet high, and of a rugged conical form, with a base that extended several miles in circumference; its apex was white as snow, but, about half-way down, it was shaded by the reflection of dark and heavy clouds, that formed a girdle about the horizon. Around its base, the long-rolling seas broke in ceaseless roar, towering aloft in whitened

foam, higher than our ship's mast-heads. We were scudding at the time before a westerly gale, under a close-reefed maintopsail, and, as evening advanced, the iceberg was soon lost in the darkness of night.

The Cape doubled, we hauled to the northward, passing Staten Island, and the Falkland Islands, the weather becoming milder every day, and the sun shining clearer and longer. Nothing worthy of note occurred until we crossed the equator, a few days after which we spoke the ship Courier, from Rio Janeiro, bound to New York. As we were very deeply laden, and she a very fast sailer, she soon left us out of sight astern, and, I believe, arrived in New York a fortnight before we reached Boston. We also spoke a Danish ship, and, learning that her captain was sick, we sent a boat to board her, with medicines, and other articles, of which she was in need.

When in the latitude of Bermuda, we were struck by a whirlwind, when under all sail, upon a wind, which in an instant snapped the cross-jack yard in two, in the slings, blew away the mizen topsail, mainsail, and the topgallant sails, fore and aft. It gave no warning of its approach, but burst upon us with a noise as loud as the report of a cannon, and, whirling along, passed to leeward, tearing the sea up in its erratic course. A new cross-jack yard was fitted, and sent aloft; other sails were bent, and once more we quietly dodged along for our port of destination. We passed through the South Channel, and saw hundreds of coasters standing north and south. We expected to make Cape Cod the next day, and, as I wished to have a look at my native land as early as possible, I went on deck at daylight, while the stars were yet twinkling in mellow brightness, and found the ship gliding along slowly before the wind, having every stitch of sail set to receive the passing breeze. A man was aloft, on the main royal yard, and, in answer to a question put by the officer of the deck, he replied, "Yes, sir, I can see two lights plainly, about a couple of points before the larboard beam." "That will do," said the mate, "come down;" and then, turning to me, he passed the compliments of the morning, and remarked that the Cape Cod lights were in sight, and, if the breeze but freshened a little, and continued fair, we might expect to be in Boston that night. Though far from being constitutionally nervous, I must confess that this intimation made me almost crazy with delight. I rambled about the deck, musing on the anticipated pleasures of greeting once more my kindred and friends, and treading the free soil of old Massachusetts. The sun rose from a hazy bed,

shorn of his beams, and, like a cheerless sluggard, toiled through the morning mist, in his ceaseless course. This was hailed by the mate as a favorable omen for the continuance of an easterly breeze; and, sure enough, before eight o'clock, we were spanking along most gloriously, at the rate of seven miles an hour.

The Cape was doubled, and old Massachusetts Bay opened to receive us. Onward the noble ship pressed, and every hour some well-known place rose to view. About noon, Boston Light was in sight from the mast-head, and a pilot-boat was seen stretching across our bows. It was the Hornet; and, the wind having lulled into a very quiet breeze, a pilot sheered alongside in a canoe, and came on board, without our shortening sail. "How do you flourish, Captain Hunt, and what's the news?" was the first salutation of our captain. "Why," replied the pilot, "you see me just the same as when you went away, only a little older, and, excepting an infernal noise which the newspapers are kicking up about the Oregon Territory, there is no news worth repeating." "What, do you expect war about it?" asked our captain. "No," replied Captain Hunt, "it will all end in smoke; the papers must have some goose to pluck, and, by the time they have plucked Oregon bare, and singed it like a Thanksgiving turkey, they will pounce upon something else." The conversation was continued, on various subjects, as the two captains walked fore and aft on the quarter-deck. I was much pleased with the manly appearance of Captain Hunt, and the plain straight-forwardness of his conversation. I learn that he stands at the head of his profession, and has several times displayed great presence of mind in the midst of danger.

We passed the Light, Boston was full in sight, and the glorious sun, from a cloudless sky, was gilding her numerous spires with his departing beams. The State House, Bunker-Hill Monument, and many other well-known landmarks, stood out from the common mass of buildings which formed the magnificent panorama before us. The sun went down, and yet we were not up; but the wind, though light, was fair, and still there was hope that we should arrive before the tide turned. Slowly and silently we moved along, and finally anchored off the end of Lewis's Wharf, about nine o'clock in the evening, on the 25th of June, after a passage of eighty days. Thus, having circumnavigated the globe, I was once more AT HOME!

Very soon after landing I was ushered into the presence of my mother, brothers, and sister, whom I found in the enjoyment of health and prosperity. It was just nine years, to a day, since I

had seen them. The feelings inspired by that meeting it is useless for me to attempt to describe. With hearts so full of joy as almost to choke their words, they bade me welcome to home and liberty. Like the shepherd, who rejoiced more over the lost sheep, when found, than he did over the ninety and nine that had not been astray, my aged mother seemed to manifest toward me a double share of that affection which mothers alone can feel. She was saying, at the dinner-table, that very day, that if she could only see me, and her brother, whom she had not seen for forty years, she should feel satisfied. At four o'clock in the afternoon the brother arrived in the cars, and, at nine o'clock, her wish was fully gratified by my appearance. In the language of the just and devout Simeon, she seemed ready to exclaim, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Thomas, my companion in California, sailed from Valparaiso a few days before me, in the Chilian bark Almendralina, Captain Brown, bound for New York, where she arrived about the 15th of June.

After spending a few days with my friends in Boston, I went to Jefferson county, New York, where I was received by my old associates and friends in a very kind and cordial manner. At Watertown, they fired cannon and called out a band of music, to manifest their joy at my return. I also visited the battle-field at Prescott, and viewed the scene of that desperate fight in which I had been taken prisoner. Time had worked some changes in the appearance of the place, but the recollections of the past were still fresh in my mind, and I will leave the reader to imagine the feelings with which I trod again that field of deadly strife.

CHAPTER XV.

The English Criminal Code — Establishment of Penal Colonies — Settlement of Van Dieman's Land — Description of the Country — Extermination of the Natives — Cruelty of Sir George Arthur — Ruthless Policy of England — Chartists in Exile — Interesting Letter from the Honorable Edward Everett.

The cruelty of the English criminal code has long been proverbial throughout the world, as has the tenacity with which she has clung to laws enacted in what were emphatically the "dark ages," so far as human rights and human feelings are concerned. Not only were her state trials "unclean shambles," but all her courts were courts of death, the loss of life being incurred for numerous *offences* that are now, in nearly all countries, left to the correction of either a mild discipline, or to public opinion.

The establishment of penal colonies, to meet as well the increase of crime consequent on such rigidity of the law as the demand of slowly-advancing civilization for its melioration, has had some effect in the way of checking the brutalizing tendency of the British code; and, in so far, these colonies are perhaps to be looked upon, if not with respect, at least with a spirit approaching to that of kindness. But it is only by comparison that the mind is led to this conclusion; and some conception of what the English code was, and measurably is, may be arrived at, when even these wretched colonies, and the odious system of transportation, are, by comparison, favorably regarded as *improvements!* Upon what must be the political effect of the system, in throwing a population of a peculiar character into the southern hemisphere, the members of which must become the progenitors of the founders of a mighty empire of "Anglo-Saxons," a curious and instructive chapter might be written. I must leave it, however, to other hands.

The Island of Van Dieman's Land, though discovered more than two centuries ago, by the Dutch, had no settlement on it prior to 1803, in which year a penal settlement was formed by the English, near the mouth of the Derwent. This settlement was the result of accident, rather than of design; but, the next

year, a colony of Botany Bay convicts was formed at what is now Hobart Town. It was a strictly penal settlement. As the population increased, and the capabilities of the country became known, the value of land increased, and a sort of speculation was the result. Then came reaction, and "hard times," with insolvency and ruin. The present population is about 90,000, of which number something more than one third are free emigrants, and the remainder either emancipated convicts, or those still under sentence. Though there are good people on the Island, as there are every where—there was one righteous man even in Sodom—their number is not large. The vice of intemperance is terribly prevalent.

What tends to keep down a better state of morals, is the contempt in which *labor* is held. The laboring class is mainly composed of convicts, and as it is the inevitable tendency of things to degrade all laborers to the condition of the lowest and worst of their number, the working-men of the Island sink to the level of the convicts, in public estimation, if not in fact, rather than elevate the convicts to the condition from which themselves start. Levelling upward is a difficult task; levelling downward, a very easy one. As, in the midst of slavery, all laborers, however politically free they may be, are looked upon as being part and parcel of a servile race, by the influential classes, because pursuing employments appropriated mainly to slaves; so, in a country where servitude is the punishment of crime, will the industrial classes find themselves degraded to the level of criminals.

There are churches, schools, and newspapers, in this colony. Some literary and scientific institutions are in operation. A lunatic asylum has been established, and I should think it might be well filled, considering the effect of oppression and cruelty in driving people mad.

The climate of the Island is good, and nature has done much for it. Health generally prevails. The soil in the valleys is good, but fit for nothing but pasturage on the high grounds, and not even for that in the dry season. The proportion of really good land to that of the bad and indifferent, is as one to four; but the former produces, abundantly, almost all the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life. Fruits common to mild climates are abundant; as are wheat, potatoes, oats, barley, &c. There are large flocks of sheep on the Island, and the exportation of their wool to England is a very important item in the trade of the Colony. Cattle and horses have more attention paid

to their improvement than men receive. The wild animals are the opossum, the kangaroo, the badger, &c.; and among the birds are the eagle, the emu, the swan, parrots, and cockatoos.

Of the natural features of the country I must speak with brevity. The Island is crossed by two ranges of mountains, which are called the Eastern and Western Ranges. Mount Wellington, which is but three miles from Hobart Town, is the highest point, ascending to more than three quarters of a mile, and being covered with snow most of the year. On its summit there is a lake, from which the town is supplied with fresh water, which is carried by an aqueduct. When the lake overflows, the waters find their way down a cataract, having a fall of more than 200 feet. The principal rivers are the Tamar and the Derwent, the pleasant names of which must often raise sighs in the bosoms of the exiles, reminding them, as they cannot fail to do, of the old country, and of their

"———— childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away."

The Derwent is navigable for upward of twenty miles from its mouth by large vessels. The other rivers are small. The Tamar is formed by an union of several small streams, and falls into the sea on the northern shore. There are numerous small lakes in the interior. The trees are abundant. Among them are the cedar, the oak, the pine, myrtle, cherry, peppermint, and several descriptions of the gum tree. These last grow to a great size, and their gum is used for food by the natives.

The aborigines of Van Dieman's Land rank very low in the scale of humanity. It would, I think, be hard to find a more degraded race. They are black, with hair much resembling that of the negro, and their whole appearance is the reverse of attractive. They are cannibals, and were in the habit of devouring the prisoners made in their wars. But, however degraded they are, the fact furnishes no excuse for the ferocious treatment they experienced at the hands of the English, by whom they have been almost exterminated. Having been encroached upon, they retaliated upon their oppressors. Then a war of extermination was commenced upon them. The Governor placed a bounty on their scalps, as British officials on this continent have repeatedly done on American scalps; and a mongrel army, composed of regular soldiers, emigrants, and convicts, was sent against them. The contest was marked by all that cruelty, vindictiveness, and treachery, which enter so largely into the British military system; and in a few weeks, several thousands of the natives were

murdered, without distinction of sex or age; the old man and the infant, the hardy male and the helpless woman, falling alike before that potent instrument of civilization, the British bayonet. Their bodies were left to rot on the soil they claimed as their own, and which they had sought to defend, the only *crime* for which they were so severely punished. And who was the leader in this most glorious enterprise of *war?* Who was the chief, under whose direction was thus woven another blood-stained garland, to be worn as a wreath by Britannia? By whom was this addition made to the brilliancy of the "meteor flag" of England? Why, by the same man whose atrocious deeds in Canada have made his name an archetype for all that is cruel and base — by *Sir George Arthur* himself, who was sent, reeking with the blood of savages, with whom he had broken faith, to pour out the blood of civilized men with equal profuseness, and to prove equally faithless in his engagements with them. As a reward for his base subserviency to inhuman power, he has been made Governor of Bombay, a portion of Britain's vast Indian empire. There he will give new proofs, in due time, of the ferocity of his nature, and of his indifference to his word. His course round the globe is marked with the blood of the victims of his rapacity, his ambition, and his faithlessness. When the time shall come for him to appear and receive judgment, before that tribunal to which all things are known, from what different regions will his accusing victims go up! From the banks of the St. Lawrence and those of the Derwent — from the forests of Canada and the jungles of India — will ascend those who will bear witness against this British proconsul, and demand of a just God that his vengeance be not spared from so barbarous a tyrant. The savage of Australia, the citizen of America, and the exiled Pole, will join their voices in that cry. Who, in that hour, would not rather be the meanest of his victims, than the "bold, bad man" himself! May we not hope, too, that the punishment due to crimes so great, shall not be altogether postponed until another life? Is it too much to ask that his fate, like that of other monsters in human form, shall serve to "point a moral," and afford another proof that mercy and justice and wisdom are the same? Shall not "mischief haunt the violent man"?

Misery and death are said to be the greatest of levellers; but I doubt if they are more remarkable for equalizing men's condition than is the transportation system of Great Britain. It was born of her bloody code, and is the motley child of a system that meted out the same *punishment* to the woman who stole five

shillings, to keep herself and child from starving,* that it did to the perpetrator of the most foul, malicious, and unnatural murder. The man whose breach of trust has carried woe to hundreds; the poacher, who has exercised merely a natural right forbidden by law; the pickpocket, who was trained to crime from his cradle, if cradle he ever knew; and the seeker after political or social reform, who has stepped a little beyond the line permitted by that anomalous concern, the British Constitution; — all these can meet, and have met, on the same level, in one of England's penal colonies. England has always pursued this course, and her action toward those who have excited either her hatred or fears, or both, has been as unjust as fortune, relentless as time, cruel as the grave. She has been impartial in her manifestation of power, in this regard; and, reversing the Roman practice, which spared the humble while it prostrated the proud, she has placed her feet on the necks of kings, and trampled on peasants; her vengeance being like the avarice of a miser, which disdains nothing. Mary, Queen of Scots, was first imprisoned, and then butchered, by the English, in violation alike of national faith, chivalrous usage, and the rules of law; and, in our own day, the French Emperor — the mighty Napoleon himself, "the foremost man of all this world" — having thrown himself upon the magnanimity of England, was only regarded by her as a superior kind of convict, sent to one of her most unhealthy islets, inhumanly treated, and, if not literally "done to death by felon's hand," at least persecuted in a way that put a speedy end to the greatest life that the world has seen since Cæsar. Ruthless is England's policy; hard is her treatment of all; and terribly fearful will

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* This is no exaggeration, but literal truth. The following is a well-authenticated story, and, though it may seem incredible, there is no doubt of its truth. One Jones, a sailor, was seized by a pressgang, in London, and sent on board a king's ship, his family being left in a state of destitution. His wife, who had an infant a few months old, stole a piece of linen, of the value of four or five shillings, from a draper's shop, intending to sell it, and with the proceeds to purchase food to save herself and child from starvation. She was arrested, tried, condemned, and executed. The peculiarity of her case caused intercession to be made in her behalf, but the king was induced not to exercise the "twice blessed quality of mercy," by the representations of certain traders, who stoutly contended that she should be made an example of, because there had been several cases of shoplifting about the same time, in the region that was the scene of her offence. The worst remains to be told. When the unhappy woman was placed in the cart, to be carried to Tyburn, she had her child in her arms, and it was allowed to nurse until she was called to mount the scaffold; and when it was taken from the breast, the mother's milk fell, drop by drop, upon the child's lips! To my mind, there is something more shocking in this solitary judicial murder, than in the accumulated horrors of the Bartholomew massacre.

be her punishment, when her long-accumulated arrears for offences against God and man shall arrive. The day on which her accounts shall be settled, will be an awful one, and will forever after excite among the nations thoughts as terrible as we now associate with the story of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain.

Reflections like those contained in the last paragraph, arose in my mind, after forming an acquaintance, at Van Dieman's Land, with Mr. Frost, one of the leading English Chartists. He and two others, named Williams and Jones, had been banished from home and all its endearments, and condemned to a life of unmitigated toil and suffering, because they were prominent members of the ultra radical party in the mother country. I found Mr. Frost to be a man possessed of fine mental powers, a pleasing address, and strong attachment to liberal political principles. The Chartists embrace the masses, who have no real power in England, save in times of great popular excitement, like those which shook the British empire at the time of the agitation of the question of Parliamentary Reform, some sixteen years ago, when "the pressure from without" forced the aristocracy to give up a portion of their privileges. They seek for more thorough changes than any other party in England dare avow, such as universal suffrage, annual elections of parliament, &c., &c., and they take their name of Chartists from their desire to have their principles set forth in a regular *Charter*, or instrument of government, like our Constitution; the British Constitution being nothing but laws, usages, and customs, which the tories call "the accumulated wisdom of ages," but which most people, out of the conservative party, consider a mass of undigested and indigestible absurdities and contradictions, allowing the fullest latitude for the practice of misgovernment. In seeking to carry out his principles, Mr. Frost gave offence to the ruling powers, and the result was his banishment to Van Dieman's Land, where he was confounded with the worst of criminals, and subjected to every kind of abuse. He was driven on the carts till his strength was completely exhausted, and because he could not do all that his taskmasters required of him, he was sentenced to fourteen days solitary confinement; and, when that sentence had expired, he was again harnessed to the carts, and driven till again exhausted, when another term in the dark and gloomy cell, with bread and water to live on, was awarded him! Such is the justice of England; but the day will come when the world will think him a far better man than the best of his persecutors, and rank him among

those who sought the good of all mankind; and it is a confident reliance on the advent of that time, that enables him to bear with a high heart his unjust exile.

Of the prisoners taken at the battles of Prescott, Windsor, and the Short Hills, ninety-one were transported to Van Dieman's Land. Of these, eleven died in the Colony, and one on the outward passage. Benjamin Wait, Samuel Chandler, and James Gemmell, made their escape from the Island, in 1842, on board of whale-ships, and reached home in safety. Aaron Dresser and Stephen S. Wright were pardoned, in June, 1843, for capturing bush-rangers. Fifty-eight were pardoned by the British government, on application of Mr. Everett, American Minister at London, as will appear by his letter, at the conclusion of this chapter; but, as one of them had previously been liberated by the hand of death, and is counted among the deceased, the number actually released was fifty-seven. Others may have been pardoned since Mr. Everett left England, but I have no information to that effect. If there has been no addition to the number liberated, seventeen now remain in captivity. Of those emancipated, Linus W. Miller states that there were sixteen in the Colony when he left, in September, 1845. They had not the means of procuring passages home. Forty-three had succeeded in getting away, nearly all of them in whale-ships, with a long voyage to make before they could return to America.

With a view of obtaining information in regard to the steps taken to procure our pardon, I addressed a letter to the Honorable Edward Everett, now President of Harvard University, and formerly American Minister at the Court of St. James. On the following day I received a very friendly note from Mr. Everett, acknowledging the reception of my letter, and assuring me that, as soon as his other engagements would permit, he would cheerfully comply with my request, and furnish me with the desired information. A few days afterward, I received the very interesting letter which is appended to this chapter, and which will be read with much satisfaction by the liberated captives and their friends. It was a fortunate circumstance for the exiles, that our country was represented, at the British court, by a man whose character and talents were such as to command the respect and admiration of those high functionaries with whom he was in constant diplomatic intercourse. Mr. Everett's letter is alike creditable to his head and his heart; and while I honor him as a ripe scholar, an eloquent orator, and a profound statesman, I must still say that his friendly deeds of kindness to his

unfortunate countrymen are more worthy of praise, and will secure for him a brighter wreath of fame, than the most successful of his literary and political labors. It is a coincidence worthy of remark, that the ship which bore me to my native land, was named in honor of the man who had been so prominently instrumental in procuring my pardon.

The suggestion of Mr. Everett, that a fund should be placed at the disposal of our foreign ministers, to be used in relieving distressed countrymen, is worthy of the serious attention of those who have the direction of our public affairs. The fact that American citizens are now in exile, unable to return to their native country, is, of itself, sufficient to urge immediate action on this subject. In the name of humanity, I call upon our government to assist those unfortunate men in returning to their home and friends.

The following is the highly interesting letter of Mr. Everett, above alluded to:—

Cambridge, 5th Dec., 1846.

DEAR SIR: I will now endeavor to comply with your request to be furnished with some account of the steps taken by me, to procure the liberation of the American citizens who were transported to Van Dieman's Land, for having taken part in the movement in Canada, in 1838. My official correspondence on this subject was quite voluminous, but the following is the substance, and will, I suppose, answer your purpose.

Among the papers which I found awaiting me in London, on my arrival there, in November, 1841, were petitions for the release of one or two of the Americans in Van Dieman's Land, with private letters requesting me to interfere in their behalf. These documents were transmitted to me through the Department of State, but it was left wholly to my discretion what use I should make of them. The relations between the two countries, at that time, were not favorable to any movement for the release of the prisoners. I bore their case, however, constantly in mind, and occasionally mentioned it informally to Lord Aberdeen. While Lord Ashburton was at Washington, in 1842, our government requested his good offices in this matter; and, after the ratification of the treaty, some correspondence on the subject took place between Mr. Webster and Mr. Fox. Having noticed this correspondence in the American papers, I took occasion, early in December, to call the attention of the British Minister to the subject more particularly than I had felt authorized to do before; and he assured me he was willing, whenever his government granted an amnesty to the Canadians implicated, that it should be extended to the citizens of the United States. This seemed to me all that could be reasonably asked; but a good deal of delay took place before the measure was decided on.

In the mean time, Messrs. Wright and Dresser, two of the Americans concerned, had been pardoned, in consequence of some services rendered to the local magistracy. They called upon me, in London, on the 26th December, 1843, and I am glad to learn from you that they were pleased with their reception, and that they reached home in safety.

In the month of January, 1844, information having reached our government that a general amnesty had been granted to the Canadians, I was directed to bring the case of our countrymen informally to the consideration of Lord Aberdeen. He told me that no such comprehensive measure had been adopted, but that the Governor-General had been clothed with a large discretion, to grant a pardon to all

such individuals as might, by themselves or through their friends, petition for it, provided there were no aggravating circumstances against them; and he renewed his promise that, as far as depended on him, the same course should be pursued toward American citizens. Lord Stanley, also, the Colonial Minister, gave me the same assurance. The application was to be forwarded through the Department of State to the American Minister in London. I immediately presented the only application, in proper form, which was then in my hands. It was in favor of Mr. David Allen, and was promptly granted. I of course gave our government immediate intelligence of these events, and also wrote to the friends of some of the individuals concerned, letting them know what was necessary to be done.

As soon as the information could take effect in the United States, petitions began to be forwarded to me by the Department in considerable numbers. Ten were received at once, in April, 1844, and seventeen in the month of May following. Your case was one of the seventeen. It was on the 31st of May that I wrote the letter to Mr. Hathaway, our Consul at Hobart Town, of which he spoke to you. In this letter, I gave him a list of those who had been pardoned, twenty-eight in number, in addition to Messrs. Wright and Dresser, and I informed him of the willingness of the British government to pardon all whose friends applied. Commiserating the condition of those who might not have parents or other relations, to take an interest in their release, I requested Mr. Hathaway, "if he heard of any poor fellow that had no friends, to let me know his name, &c., and I would endeavor to get him pardoned." Mr. Hathaway's answer did not reach me till May, 1845. It contained a list of a considerable number still in Van Dieman's Land, but I had already obtained the pardon of most of them.

I find by a dispatch of the 29th October, 1844, that forty-one in the whole had at that time been pardoned, and, on subsequent applications, seventeen were added to the number. I send you a list of the whole, but I am inclined to think that one or two individuals are given twice, under names somewhat varied.

I suggested to the Department the propriety of making some provision to aid those thus liberated, in their return, as there might be cases where, without such assistance, it would be impossible for them to get home. I was led to make this suggestion by the difficulty experienced by Messrs. Wright and Dresser, although provided with a free passage to London by the British colonial government. The Secretary of State decided, with great regret, that there was no appropriation from which such aid could be legally given.

I was led on this as on some other occasions, to lament that no fund is placed at the disposal of our foreign ministers, for the relief of distressed countrymen, and no discretion allowed in the application of the contingent fund of the legation for that purpose. So far is this from being the case, that, having once expended £13.18.2 for the defence of an American seaman, on trial for his life, whose friendless case had been represented to me by the chaplain of Newgate, that charge was disallowed in the settlement of my accounts, since my return, although I have reason to think my interference saved the man's life.

In reference to an expression in the warrant for your pardon, that it took place "in consideration of some circumstances which had been humbly represented" to the Queen, you express your belief that some personal application may have been made by me in your favor. Such, however, is not the case. The words quoted by you are probably words of official form in all warrants for pardon. The usages of the British government would not permit a foreign minister, under ordinary circumstances, to make a personal application to the Sovereign, on a matter of business; nor was there, in this case, any occasion for it. As soon as the ministry made up their minds to pardon the Canadians, every application which I made in favor of an American was granted, as soon as it could pass through the forms of office. If there was any casual delay, I always found it easy to hasten a decision, by dropping a hint in the proper quarter. The most friendly disposition was manifested throughout by Lord Aberdeen and Lord Stanley. It was my practice, when an application was forwarded to me from the Department of State, to address a note to the Foreign Office, as soon as it could be prepared, frequently the same day. I think I can say that no American had a day added to his captivity, by my neglect.

L. C. Bindery

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